BOOKS FOR SPRING READING

Saturday Review

February 25, 1967 35¢

COLLISION COURSE ON THE LABOR FRONT: MORE STRIKES— MORE INFLATION

BY A. H. RASKIN

THE HISTORIAN'S OPPORTUNITY
By Barbara W. Tuchman

THE MANY LIVES OF LUKAS FOSS
By Eric Salzman

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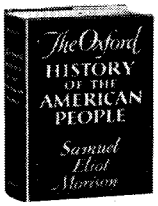

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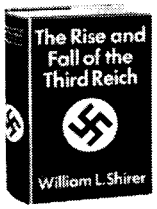

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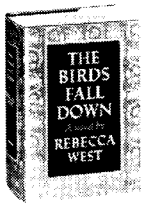

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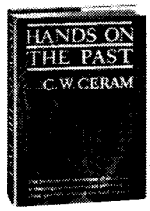

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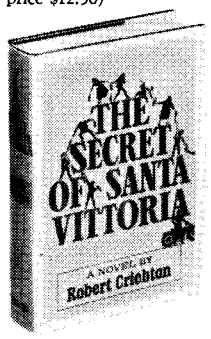

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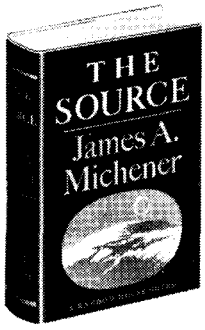

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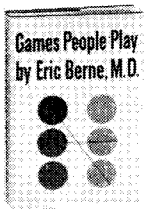

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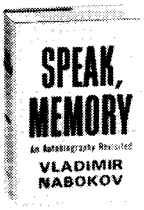

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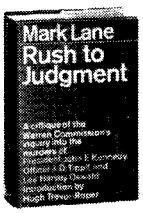

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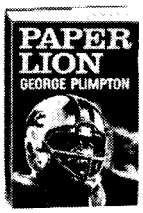

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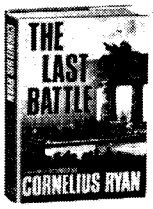

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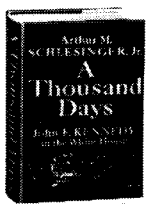

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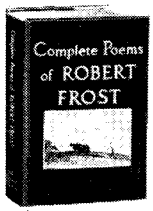

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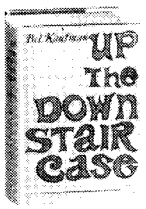

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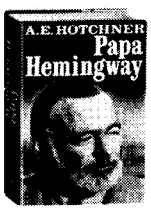

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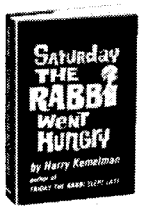

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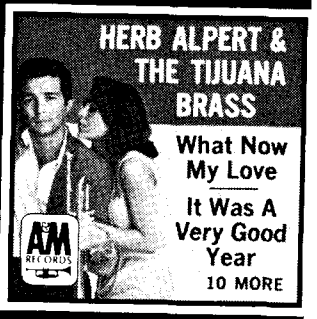

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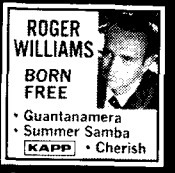

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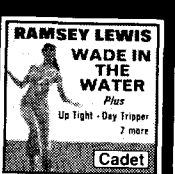

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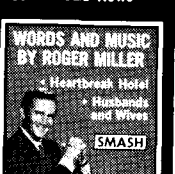

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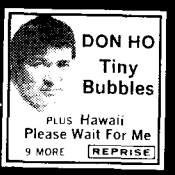

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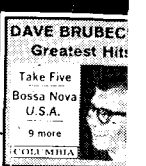

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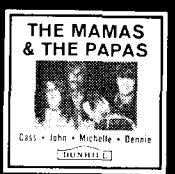

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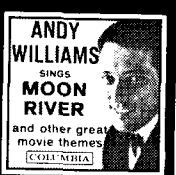

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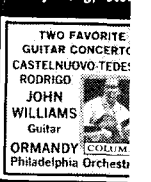

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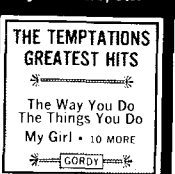

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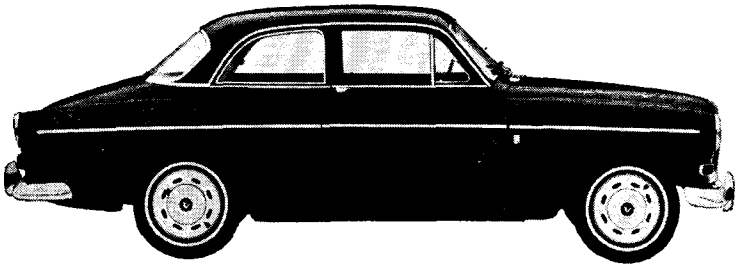

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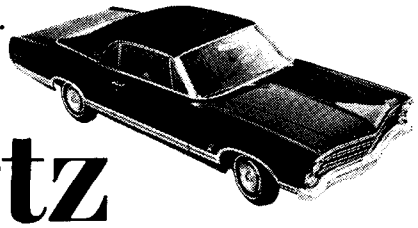

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Traveling Light

Book Reviews for Our Times

Grasnia on 10,000 Patushniks per Day, by Spoffard Vertigo.

GRASNIA is "in" this season. What better time, therefore, to publish this handy introduction to the new mecca of the scooter set, with its miles of gravel beaches, its impressive sumac forests, and its fun-loving if slightly paranoiac people?

"I believe everyone will need this poor man's guide to Grasnia," Vertigo tells us in his introduction. "If you aren't poor when you get there, you will be when you leave." The book lists a few simple formalities. A visa application must be filed, for example, but most Grasnian Consulates will accept a U.S. Income Tax Form 1040 if it is accompanied by an affidavit that the traveler has never belonged to any organization.

Vertigo also offers a brief guide to Grasnian politics, since the value of the patushnik varies from 3 cents to $463.14 depending on the government in power. The dominant groups are the Christian Conservatives (Communist), the People's Revolutionary Front (conservative), the All-Grasnik Workers-Artist Party (agrarian), the Monarchists (monarchist), and the Progressive Humanitarian Idealists, who usually side with the highest bidder. Experienced travelers wait on the other side of the border for a day or so until the Christian Conservatives' turn comes again. They offer the best rate of exchange, since they like to maintain a strong dollar reserve to subsidize anti-American propaganda.

The water is safe, Vertigo reports, but don't drink anything else. The visitor may wish to take home a bottle of Gaak, the national drink, as a gift for an in-law or business competitor. Gaak does not have to be declared as a part of the liquor allowance, since the U.S. Customs lists it under "industrial solvents."

Any visit to Grasnia, Vertigo says, should begin with Graspas, the picturesque capital city and seat of any government unwise enough to sit down. The Parliament Buildings have been pretty well reduced to rubble in the course o various social readjustments, but there is a magnificent statue of H. Pilchard Prouty of Tallahassee, Florida. In the evening, the visitor may wish to try hi luck at the luxurious Graspas Casino with the chance of winning a pig or ever a quick trip to the border.

Leaving Graspas, the traveler journeys south through gently rolling swamp land, dotted with broccoli farms, to Pqk the nation's largest industrial city and a leading producer of scrap metal. Here one may pause for a glass of water and plate of iron filings before pushing o to Sog, a picturesque seaport city and good place to get the hell out of th country.

Vertigo's other travel guides includ *Paris on $5 a Minute* and *New York o Credit.* —ALLEN R. DODD, JR..

The Midnight Express

AN AP PIECE out of Detroit the othe day carried the news of the deat of Eddie Tolan, my first college hero and, by 1932, everybody's hero, at leas in the United States, for at the Lo Angeles Olympics that year Eddie wo both gold medals in the 100 and 220 He beat George Simpson of Ohio Stat and Ralph Metcalfe of Marquette to d it and established Olympic records no much reduced even today.

The reason Eddie Tolan was my pe sonal hero involved freshman track i the fall of 1928, my frosh year at An Arbor. I had thrown a discus and sho in high school and, through the grape vine, learned early in September tha something creative would have to b done to get out of freshman gym, whic was compulsory. If you went out for a intercollegiate sport and made the tea you didn't have to show up at Waterma Gymnasium, a roundish red brick struc ture with a precipitous running track o its mezzanine and hideous rings an horses and mats on its main floor. Eve the two hours of chestweights and th ten laps each evening after classes wer worth it to avoid Waterman's torture

So out for freshman track I went When Charlie Hoyt, the track coach saw me limbering up and found out intended to be a weight thrower h snorted. I then weighed 142 pounds an at six feet looked like a high jumper o beanpole miler, not a discus-shot ma Charlie confided that I'd better stick t the discus and I agreed, since that ap parently meant I would be given chance to make the team and avoid gym Charlie gave the prop man my assign ment, and the prop man gave me locker, and that was when I first me Eddie Tolan. He had the locker next t mine.

"Hi," I said, not knowing who the he

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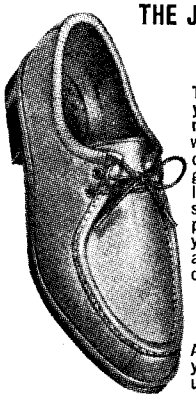

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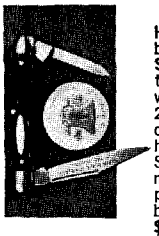

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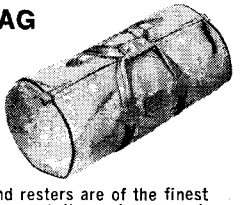

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he was, and stuck out my hand. "My name's Tobin."

"So's mine," said Eddie with a grin. "Eddie Tolan."

Well, of course I'd heard of Eddie Tolan. Who in Michigan hadn't? He had run faster than Charley Paddock, "the world's fastest human," and he was practically unbeaten in the Big Ten, which was saying something in those days of athletic supremacy. He had already run the 100 in 9.5 in an informal meet, breaking the world record, and his 9.8 seconds was Michigan's high school dash record. It still is, thirty-nine years later.

I knew very quickly in that first day's practice why Eddie Tolan had come to be known as "The Midnight Express." He looked, with his thick glasses, precisely like a tiny black engine coming down the track, its two headlights sparkling in the autumn sun of Ferry Field, its power irresistible, its ebony speed incredible. Sometimes I would leave off my whirling in the discus circle long enough to watch Eddie start over and over again—his only weakness. Once underway he could pass any human being then running in Ann Arbor, the Middle West, or, to be more precise, anywhere else in the whole world.

Eddie called me "Tolan" for the rest of that winter and I never dared disabuse him. In the first place I didn't want to

hurt his feelings and in the second place I was rather proud of the misnomer. Sometimes he would trot over to where Charlie Hoyt was trying to teach us discus throwers the intricacies of a faster turn and the proper angle at which a discus should leave the second and third fingers of the right hand—spinning clockwise, not counterclockwise as one would suppose—and Eddie would smile and say, "Come on Tolan, let's take a couple." Then he'd be off around the track, I panting after him, falling farther behind with every stride.

Twice the following spring Eddie Tolan ran the 100 in 9.5, a new world record, and officially became "the world's fastest human." Three years later in the Olympics he upset Metcalfe, who was better at the 220 because he was much taller and could get untracked only in a longer race. Two Olympic gold medals are not to be sneezed at under any circumstances, and I felt especially proud of the family name that Olympic summer.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

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"I won't buy a Renault no matter how good it is."

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We fixed everything that needed fixing and then some. When you're the seventh largest car-maker in the world, you don't just sit around wringing your hands.

In fact, if everything weren't absolutely A-1 now, do you think we'd be talking about it?

The February '67 issue of *Road Test Magazine,* for instance, a kind of consumer guide for car buyers, rates the Renault 10 ahead of all other imports in its class.

Unfortunately, the problem doesn't end with former owners. Some people who know nothing about our troubles of a few years back have also sworn off Renault.

Oh it's nothing personal, mind you. They simply hate all little foreign cars.

Typically, they've ridden around in a friend's little car. (Those people know who they are and they know what little cars we're talking about.)

So they're absolutely certain that any car for $1647* has to be a noisy, hard-riding little machine.

Anyway, with all the swearing going on for one reason or another, many people won't even test drive the Renault 10.

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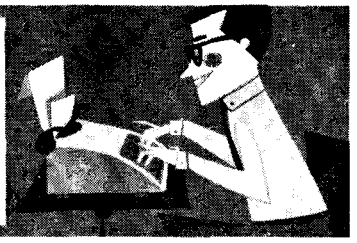
Top of My Head



Author! Author!

THERE IS a report from several Madison Avenue haberdashers that in recent weeks there has been a run on tweed jackets with leather-patched elbows. They interpret this unusual demand for this two-vented suit of armor as an emergence of promising authors who for years have been promising themselves that one day they will write a book. One day is here.

Having read recent front page newspaper accounts of untold gold to be panned by writing intimate stories better left untold, they have retooled their typewriters and tape machines and the birth of embryonic books is uncontrolled. Dreams of affluence fill their nights in living color. Because to the hard-cover racket has been added "serial rights." One fell swoop of $650,000 does not grow on trees. Money makes the muse go.

But before the clatter of portables splits the air with invectives and infinitives I offer a word of caution. Men, you are being led down a prim prose path!

Before you start spending that extra loot—a Volkswagen for her, one for him—hark to the ballad of an old typewriter pusher who was there, Charlie. Unfortunately, I was there too early: before the prices changed.

In my day, when I wrote a book—which was last summer—I had a contract with the publisher which said I would receive 10 per cent of the sale price of the first 5,000 books sold, 12.5 per cent for the next 5,000, and 15 per cent of the third 5,000. How far that escalated I'll never find out, for obvious reasons. But the publisher will tell you that's excellent for a book like that. They keep repeating "like that."

OK, so you say your book is going to sell a lot better than a book "like that." And besides, you say, there are serial rights. Allrighty! I had serial rights in my contract and I am happy to say that the Toledo *Blade* published three chapters for $75. This bonanza is somewhat less than the prevailing rate, or $649,925 less than the rate you've been reading about in the papers lately. And the $75 I split with the publisher right down the middle. Goodbye Volkswagen, hello skates.

OK, you say, that was before the time when authoring became Big Business. And besides, you say, what can you lose—your time, a little paper, a few typewriter ribbons? Let me caution you about a hidden and insidious expense that is not even in the small print of the contract. It works like this:

The first day you hear that your work is in the display window of a bookshop you pass leisurely by several times and gaze at the book "like that" fondly. You're the father peering in at his first-born through a maternity ward window. The second day you steer a friend down that street and hope that he will see the book "like that" lying there. He doesn't. It isn't there.

Later that afternoon you hurry back to the bookshop and you enter wearing dark glasses. For no reason. Casually you give the man the title of the book you saw in the window yesterday.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he says, "we are out of that book."

"You sold your entire stock?"

"That was it," he says. "But I can order it for you. What's your name?"

That won't do. The book must seem to be in demand by complete strangers. If word got around that the author himself was creating that demand—well, there go the serial rights.

"Your name?" he insists.

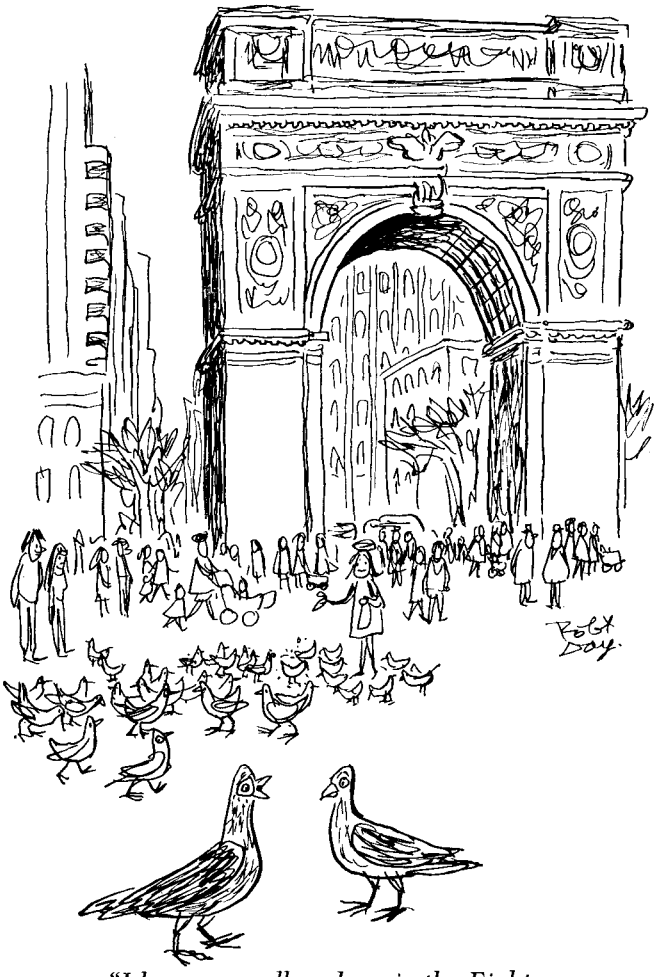
"Norman Mailer," you say.

It seems to your overwrought mind that it gives the book some sort of dash if it is being enviously sought and purchased by competitive authors. You will have many chances to give many names because most of the bookshops you go into just happen to be out of a book "like that" but could get it the following day.

In consequence, a book "like that" will be purchased in one week by Gore Vidal, Arthur Miller, Randolph Churchill, Sam Levenson, Lewis Carroll, John Steinbeck, George Plimpton, Robert Shaw, and many others including, one day, in desperation, Jane Austen.

Not only does this hidden expense wipe out your $75 serial rights, but there is another indignity. So deeply involved have you become with your book that when you attend an opening night at a theater and the cry goes up: "Author! Author!" you will rise and take a bow. It can happen. It did.

—GOODMAN ACE.



"I know a small park up in the Eighties that hasn't been discovered yet."

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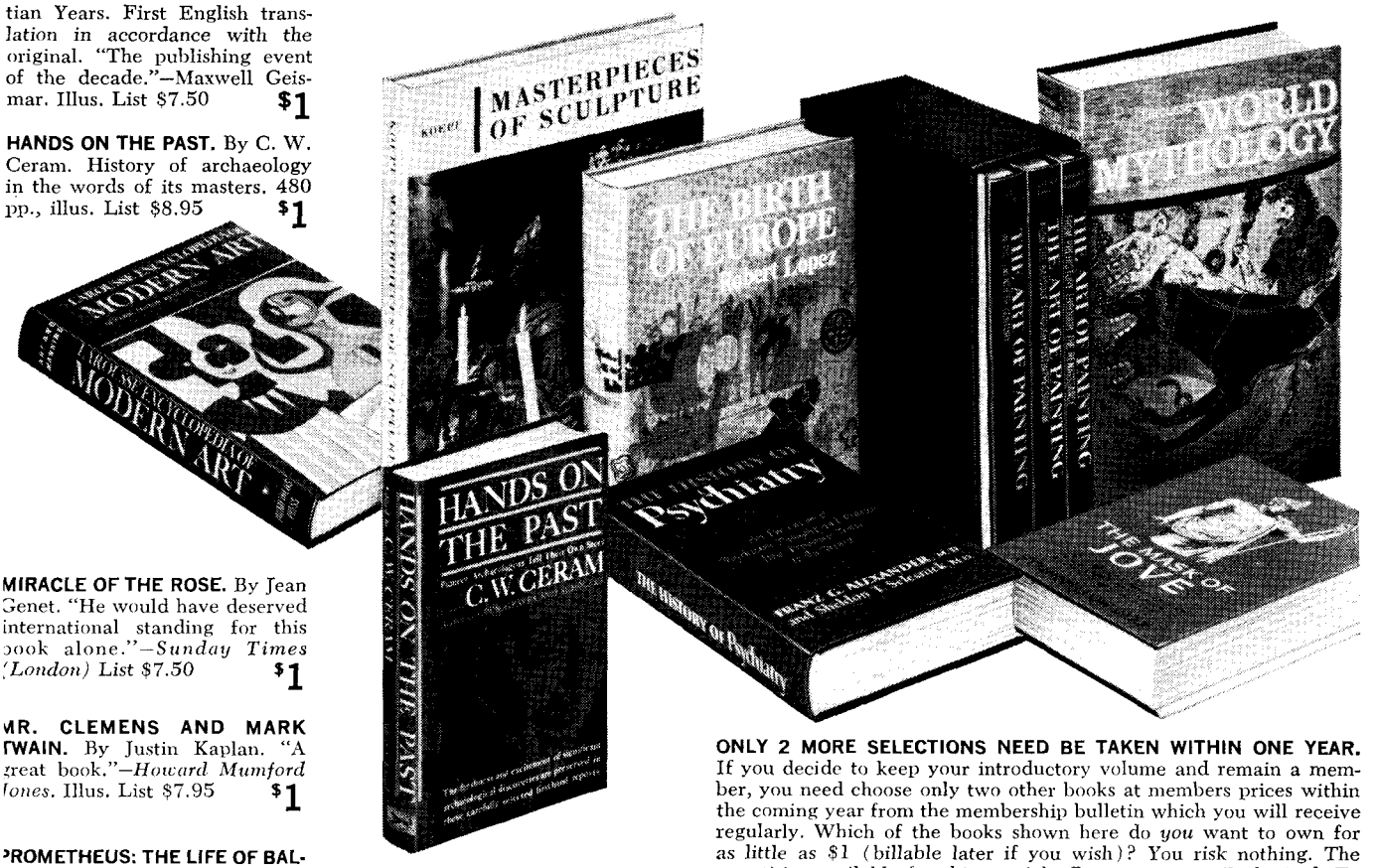

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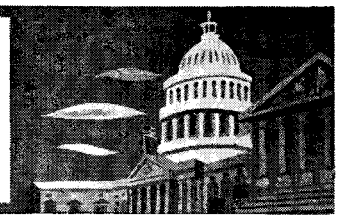
State of Affairs



Rumblings of 1968

WASHINGTON.

MOST OF the influential Republicans are consulting their heads, not their hearts this time as the Presidential sweepstakes begin to gather momentum. They have their preferences, but they are still reluctant to commit themselves; they are trying to play it cool. A note of caution and realism is being injected by the veterans of earlier wars; the heady feeling of triumph after the November elections is being purposefully damped down.

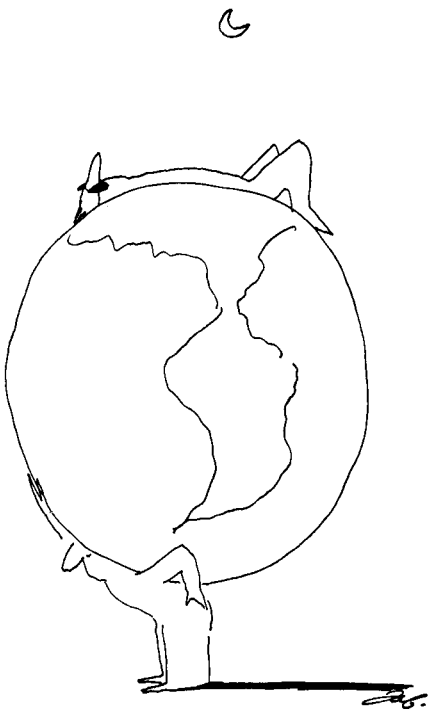
The other day, in a Republican caucus on Capitol Hill, some of the young Turks had to be reminded that the Republican party in fact does not have a majority in the House. After a new, soberer appraisal, President Johnson no longer looks the easy victim he seemed late last year, and the Republican candidates available, on closer inspection, seem to have more warts than had been assumed.

Ideology, at least for the time being, is not what matters. The search is for the man with the best chance to win. This does not mean that personal loyalties will not play their part but that it will be a smaller part than in the past. There is no doubt that the Republican chances are better than they were in 1964, probably better than they were in 1960, but even then Mr. Nixon lost by only a very narrow margin.

Certainly the first round is between Governor Romney and Mr. Nixon. At present all eyes are on Mr. Romney, and for a good reason. A secret poll taken for the Republican party shows that 13 per cent of Democratic voters mistrust President Johnson enough to switch their vote to the Republican candidate. This startling result has reinforced the belief of quite a few influential Republicans that Romney is the better bet. The Governor, they believe, could exploit this mistrust of the President more effectively than could Richard Nixon. He has that open, clean-cut face, they argue, that exudes sincerity, honesty, and trustworthiness—even without make-up. His eyes, on the television screen, convey rectitude, a good conscience; his words sound like common sense, and on the practical side what better recommendation is there than having been a success both in big business and in politics? Admittedly, a good many people are likely to think that there is something odd about a Mormon, but at the same time his religious convictions and rigid abstinence from smoke and drink will impress many that this is a man of strong character, self-discipline, and good intentions. The abstinence even from coffee, though, may arouse some doubts.

As a politician Romney is not fiercely partisan; on the contrary, he, too, is something of a consensus man, and he likes to remind people that it was a nonpartisan group, the Citizens for Michigan, which launched him on his political career. Here is the image of a "plain dealer" which could be the perfect antidote for the "wheeler-dealer." Here also is a man who, since he dissociated himself from Barry Goldwater in 1964, is generally being labeled as something of a liberal. And a liberal is likely to be a tougher man for President Johnson to beat than a conservative. In many ways, therefore, he looks and sounds like the most suitable candidate, especially if the assumption is correct that mistrust of President Johnson will be the decisive issue in 1968.

AND yet there are many doubts and reservations among the pros which are discussed only in the corridors. What seems to trouble them most is whether Governor Romney can acquire the kind of knowledge and understanding in depth, especially in foreign affairs, that will inspire confidence not only in his personal integrity, but also in his judgment. There is nothing wrong with his limiting himself for the time being to generalities and clichés and to seeking specialist advice before developing more concrete positions, as he has been advised to do, but the question many who would like to come out for him are asking is whether he can convincingly move beyond generalities and clichés.



In contrast, even Richard Nixon's enemies will admit that he has that quality. With all his accumulated experience in Congress and as Vice President, and after all the many pitfalls, he may also be a wiser man. The indefatigable campaigning last autumn has also won him new grass roots support right across the country and restored many old loyalties. But his big political drawback is not only that he has been a two-time loser, with his defeat in California being the more damaging, but that he lacks the outward qualities that would enable him to take advantage of what looks to most Republicans now to be one of the most promising issues—the credibility of President Johnson.

Nixon's credibility has never been one of his strongest cards. But is this really going to be such a winning issue in 1968? What will be the mood of the country if by the beginning of next year the war in Vietnam will have lost momentum or if negotiations will by then have been initiated or if, at least, President Johnson will have been able to ship home the first 50,000 American soldiers? Harrison Salisbury has caused the American government many embarrassments, but he has also impressed his view on Mr. Pham Van Dong, Premier of North Vietnam, that he would be wrong to assume that by waiting for the defeat of President Johnson in 1968 Hanoi's prospects under a Republican President would improve; that, as with President Eisenhower and Korea, a successor would offer better conditions.

And so there is good reason for Republicans to be in a quandary about who would make the best candidate, and for some to think that, perhaps, Senator Charles Percy would be a better bet than either Romney or Nixon. I would not be surprised if the Senator himself did not think that his own chances against President Johnson in 1968 are better than his chances would be against Senator Robert Kennedy in 1972. It is not easy, of course, for a freshman Senator to leap into a Presidential race. There are also ways of queering the pitch for overambitious freshmen in Congress, but nobody would even mention his name today as a possible alternative candidate if this tantalizing Republican quandary did not exist.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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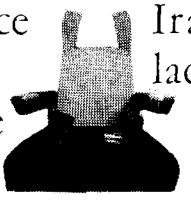

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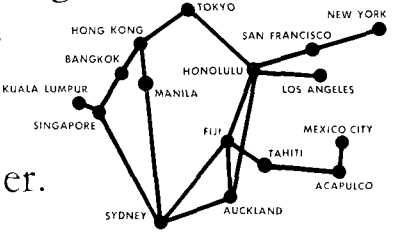

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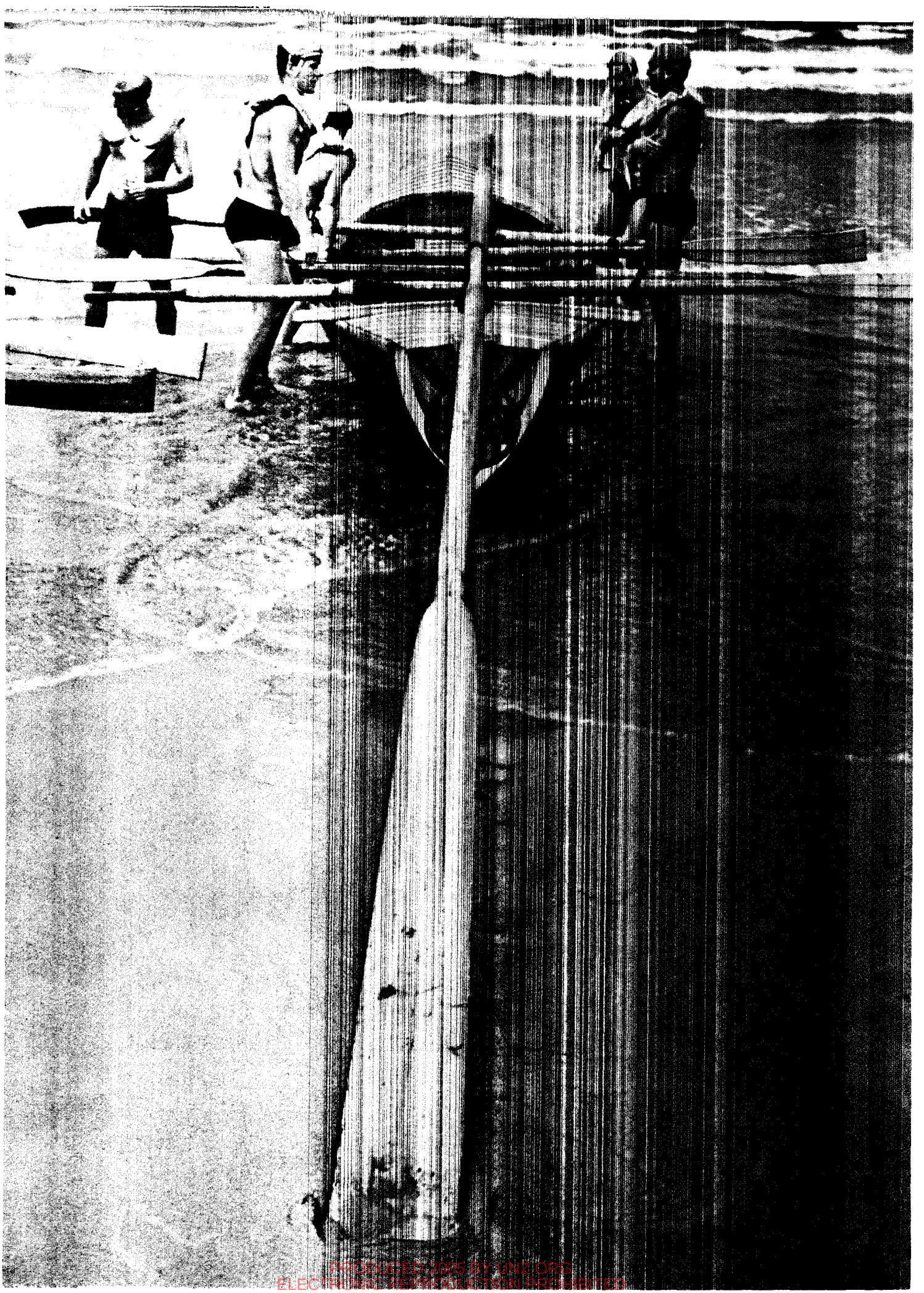

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or, how to be chic when it's bleak.

Want to get away from the rush-in-the-slush? We have an idea. Be an Unrushable. Take a holiday from hurry on the world's fastest ship! Come to Europe during the off-season on ss United States. Enjoy a bargain in leisure and luxe.

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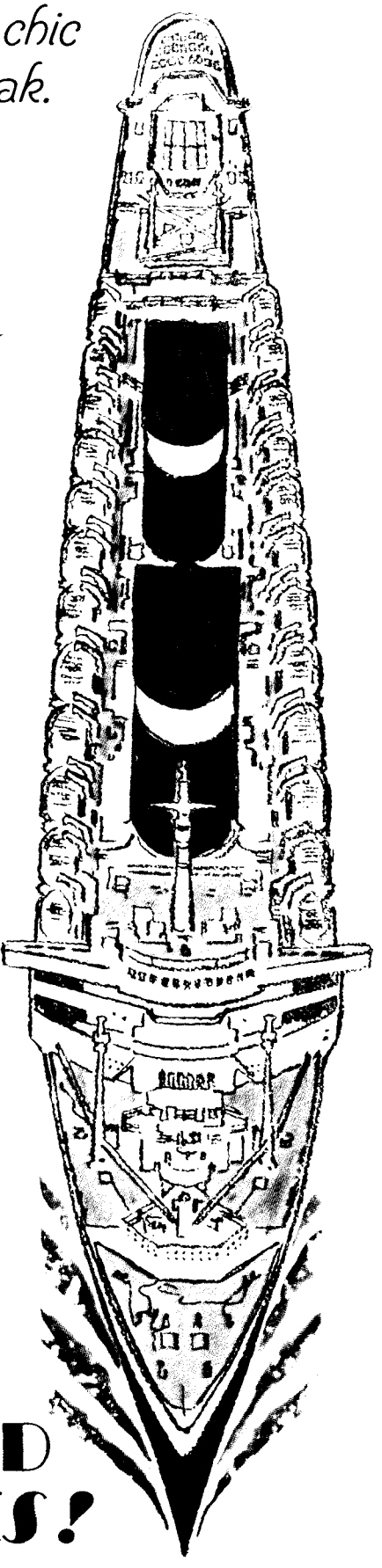

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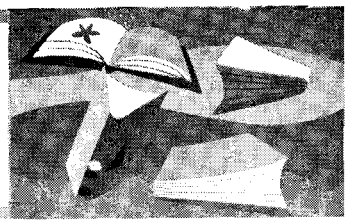
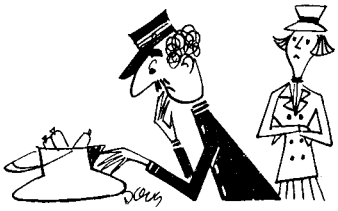
Trade Winds



I was wandering around New York's financial district, lost as usual, looking for Cortlandt Street. Finally, I decided to stop looking for Cortlandt Street and to ask a policeman for directions instead. Spotting a uniform on the other side of City Hall Park, I made my way over there. A young man with a package was talking to the officer, so I stood aside patiently and framed my question in my mind. Suddenly the cop turned and asked me:

"Pardon me, can you tell me where Nassau Street is?"

A crackdown on smuggling has caused the Italian customs inspectors to be more severe than usual. Raymonde Paul, associate editor of *La Abogada*, the



publication of the International Federation of Women Lawyers, found this out to her dismay recently. On her way from Paris to Rome on some legal doings, she was asked by the border guards to show the contents of a green bag she was carrying. She refused, saying the bag contained something personal. Now highly suspicious, they insisted. Inside they found three salamis from the renowned Coney Island delicatessen, Nathan's Famous, Inc. Apologetically, they waved her and her cargo through.

Did you know that in the last half-dozen years more than eighty campus churches and foundations have opened coffee houses? Protestants, Catholics Jews, faculty, students, atheists, churchmen—they gather Friday and Saturday nights, usually, where there are planned or unplanned programs, poetry readings, discussions, movies, drama, jazz, soapbox speeches, or classical music. The fundamental purpose of a coffee house is to start and keep going a dialogue—on religion, love, war, art, on anything—while consuming merely coffee and doughnuts, or, in some cases, full-fledged meals.

It is The Coffee House Ministry, and it is described in a small book of that name written by the Reverend John D. Perry, Jr., a young theologian who is now Protestant chaplain at the University of Vermont and also the world's leading expert on coffee houses. In *The Coffee House Ministry* he describes how it began when he was an undergraduate at the University of Connecticut. He organized the Koinonia Coffee House there and ran it weekends from 1963 to 1965 while he was a student at the Yale Divinity School.

John Perry then wrote a term paper on coffee houses. The next thing he knew, the National Coffee Association offered to finance a survey of the nation's coffee houses, and in the summer of 1965 he and his bride, Carolyn, hopped from one end of the country to the other making the study. They visited the oldest and most famous establishment, The Potter's House in Washington, D. C., and dozens of others from The Golden Lamp, Burlingame, California, to The Gallows, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

At the Precarious Vision, San Francisco, they found the board of directors made up half of Christians and half of non-Christians. At the Phoenix, University of Delaware, faculty members waited on students' tables. At the Unmuzzled Ox, Cornell (where they specialize in Ox-burgers), a girl said: "It's crazy, me being in a place run by the church. But this is different. You can say whatever the hell you want to here."

John Perry's *The Coffee House Ministry*, now in its third printing by John Knox Press, is not only a rather inspiring story of the movement, but also a handbook on how to equip, finance, and manage such an establishment. It tells how to make thirteen different kinds of coffee.

The late Lucius Beebe was once at a meeting with a lot of other gourmets and wine connoisseurs when a member of the party took ill. A doctor who was summoned diagnosed the ailment as acute appendicitis, and recommended immediate surgery. When they placed the patient in the ambulance, Beebe jumped in after him and insisted on going to the hospital.

"I want to make sure they open him at room temperature," he explained.

Sharps and Flats: The Cafe Caprice in Detroit asked Grosset & Dunlap (copyright owners) for permission to run a milk bar where the waitresses would dress like Alice in Wonderland. And that's how the girls are dressed, including the long hair down the back;

WARNING!

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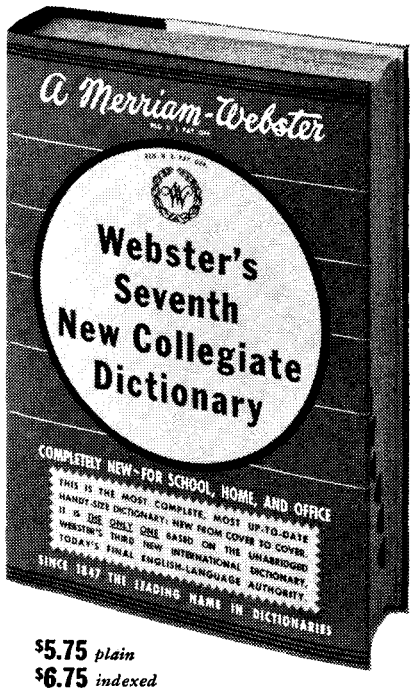
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but no one's ordering milk—it's a cocktail lounge. (Drink me.)

▶I hope the kids of this generation are having the thrill of reading the eight great novels by Kenneth Roberts —*Northwest Passage, Arundel, Rabble in Arms*, etc. They're all in the libraries and the bookstores.

▶Anyone with the even least bit of interest in the theater would do well to read *Season In, Season Out*, the story of the 1965-66 drama season by critic Jack Gaver, and to hope he will do an encore for this year.

▶Bartholomew House has two books coming out this spring. One is *Airline Safety Is a Myth*, in which Captain Vernon W. Lowell exposes the true dangers of flying in a passenger plane. The other is *Coffee, Tea, or Me?* by two airline stewardesses, who tell how cute it is.

▶The Mooresville, Indiana, *Times* says the United States is headed for a bad accident in the orient.

▶I dare you to pick up *Whatever Became of . . .?* and put it right down again. It's a book in which Richard Lamparski describes the whereabouts and activities of a hundred famous personalities who have sort of dropped out of sight. With then and now photographs, and a long story about each, he brings you up to date on Anna Sten, Ramon Novarro, Max Schmeling, Burton K. Wheeler and Bert Wheeler, Lindbergh, Landon, Kerensky, and a lot of other names you have probably forgotten about.

▶A lady tells me that she took one of her youngsters to a double-feature horror movie. Just as the show started, a little boy directly behind her tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Pardon me, madam, would you please remove your head?" —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1715)

Mary Renault:
THE MASK OF APOLLO

I was more superstitious. My father bred it into me. We used to walk tiptoe before a festival, in case we should speak ill-omened words, or frighten the house-snake, or tell an unlucky dream. But nothing was so bad as counting on a win beforehand.

Cabernet Sauvignon, the wine that reaches its prime of life in old age.

The Christian Brothers California Cabernet Sauvignon is a remarkably sturdy, yet soft-spoken red table wine. A wine made from the aristocratic Cabernet Sauvignon grape transplanted from Bordeaux.

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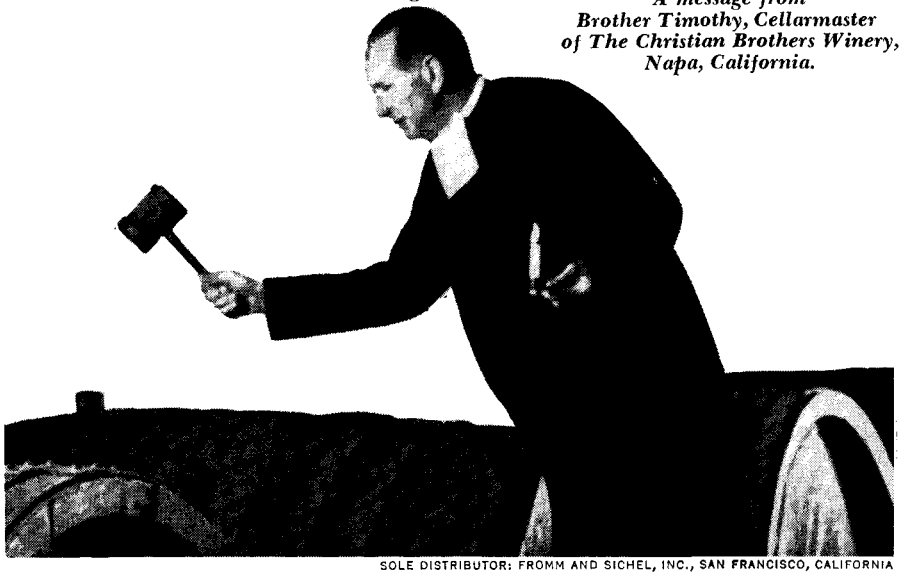
Taste the wine that reaches its prime late in life, then stays at its prime for years. The Christian Brothers Cabernet Sauvignon.

A message from Brother Timothy, Cellarmaster of The Christian Brothers Winery, Napa, California.



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Chess Corner—No. 110

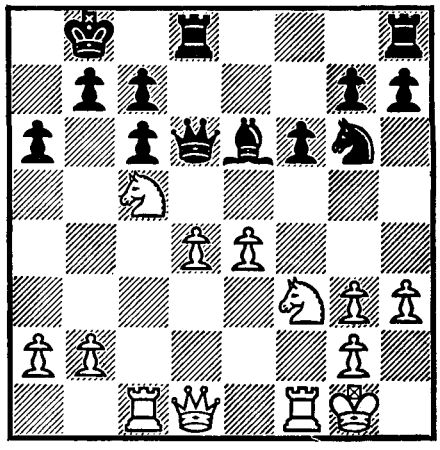
THE UNITED STATES champion, Bobby Fischer of Brooklyn, amassed fifteen points out of a possible seventeen in the preliminaries and finals of the recent 17th Chess Olympics at Havana. He lost but one game outright after he had pugnaciously refused an offer of a draw, and drew one with Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union, the recent challenger for the world title, and another with Wolfgang Uhlmann, the East German champion.

Not only has Bobby brought to the game a sharp technique, instinctively reacting severely to the slightest breach of principle, but he has also refurbished archaic lines, long moldering on the shelves.

One such is the Exchange Variation of the centuries-old Ruy Lopez, buffeted about in the international arena a few generations ago and turned aside as without prospects. After successfully essaying the debut against a weaker opponent, he played it again, this time versus Svetozar Gligoric, the Yugoslav champion. And that effort was dynamic, short, and sweet.

RUY LOPEZ

Fischer White	Gligoric Black	Fischer White	Gligoric Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	9 P-KR3	B-K3
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	10 N-B3	O-O-O
3 B-N5	P-QR3	11 B-B4	N-K2
4 BxN	QPxB	12 R-B1	N-N3
5 O-O	P-B3	13 B-N3	B-Q3
6 P-Q4	B-KN5	14 N-QR4	BxB
7 P-B3	PxP	15 PxB	K-N1
8 PxP	Q-Q2	16 N-B5	Q-Q3



17 Q-R4	K-R2	22 PxB	P-K5
18 NxRP	BxKRP	23 NxKP	Q-K2
19 P-K5	NxP	24 R-B3	P-QN4
20 PxN	PxP	25 Q-B2	Resigns
21 N-B5ch	K-N1		

—Al Horowitz.

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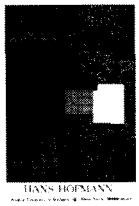


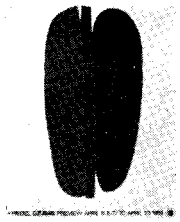
48. Hofmann, 23 x 17"
Red, yellow, green, orange, black

47. Lindner, 22 x 16"
Blue, red, rust, yellow

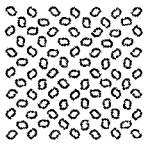
46. Graham, 27¾ x 22"
Pink, black, blue

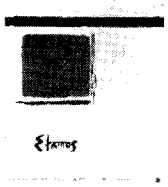
44. Warhol, 19½ x 17"
Day-glo yellow, orange, purple, blue, white

***41. Lichtenstein,** 29½ x 45"
Royal blue, white, red, yellow



38. Dzubas, 23 x 17"
Grey, blue, rust





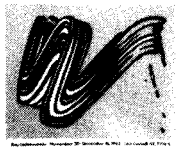
34. Stamos, 24 x 18"
Yellow, green, blue

***33. Motherwell,** 38 x 26"
Black, white

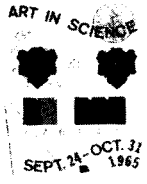
31. Vicente, 24 x 16"
Red, black, ochre

30. Kline, 27 x 22"
Black, white

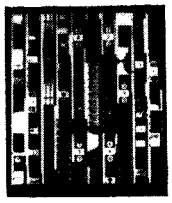
***29. Krushenick,** 35 x 25"
Red, blue, yellow, black



28. Lichtenstein, 25 x 29"
Yellow, blue, black



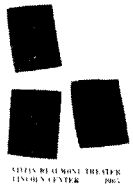
***24. Dine,** 37 x 24"
Red, orange, yellow



***22. Connor,** 35 x 30"
Black, white

***21. Hinman,** 46 x 30"
Blue, black, yellow

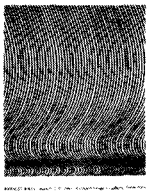
***20. Lindner,** 28 x 20"
Red, yellow, blue



***18. Kelly,** 46 x 30"
Red, yellow, blue, green

16. Warhol, 25 x 28"
Red, black, green, pink

13. Stamos, 22 x 22"
Red, orange

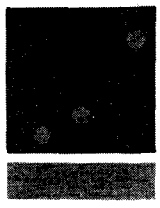


2. Riley, 21 x 17"
Black, white

11. Rauschenberg, 37 x 25"
Blue, yellow, orange

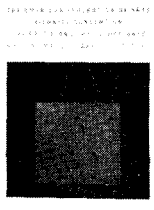
9. Lichtenstein, 21 x 28"
Yellow, maroon, black

6. Frankenthaler, 24 x 16"
Yellow, blue, orange



3. Avedisian, 22 x 18"
Blue, green

***2. Anuskiewicz,** 40 x 30"
Red, aqua, green, blue



***1. Albers,** 40 x 30"
Blue-purple, blue-green, green

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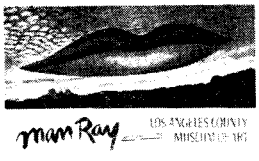
5. Steinberg, 24½ x 18"
Black, brown, blue



43. Man Ray, 22 x 37"
Blue, gray, red

42. Vasarely, 32 x 24"
Red, yellow, blue, black, green, purple

39. Indiana, 32 x 24"
Blue, green, red

***35. Johns,** 35 x 20"
Black, white

32. Lichtenstein, 39 x 27"
Black, crimson

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40. Chagall, 39 x 25"
Red, blue, green

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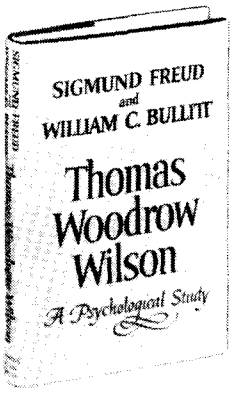

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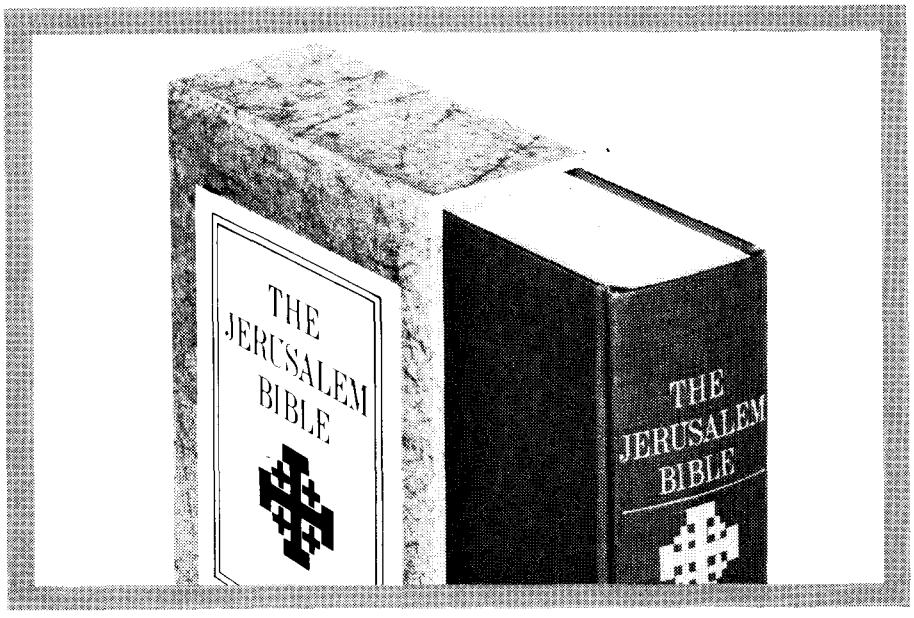

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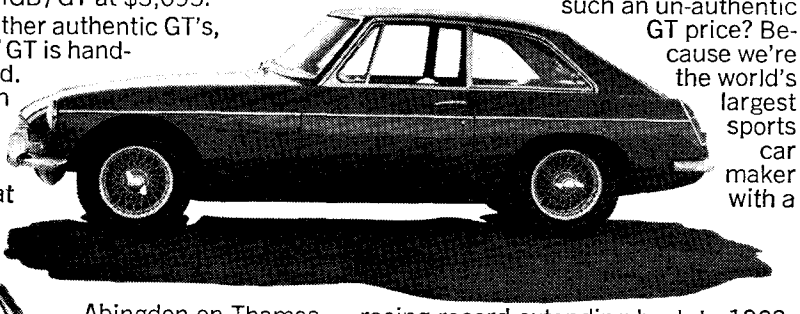

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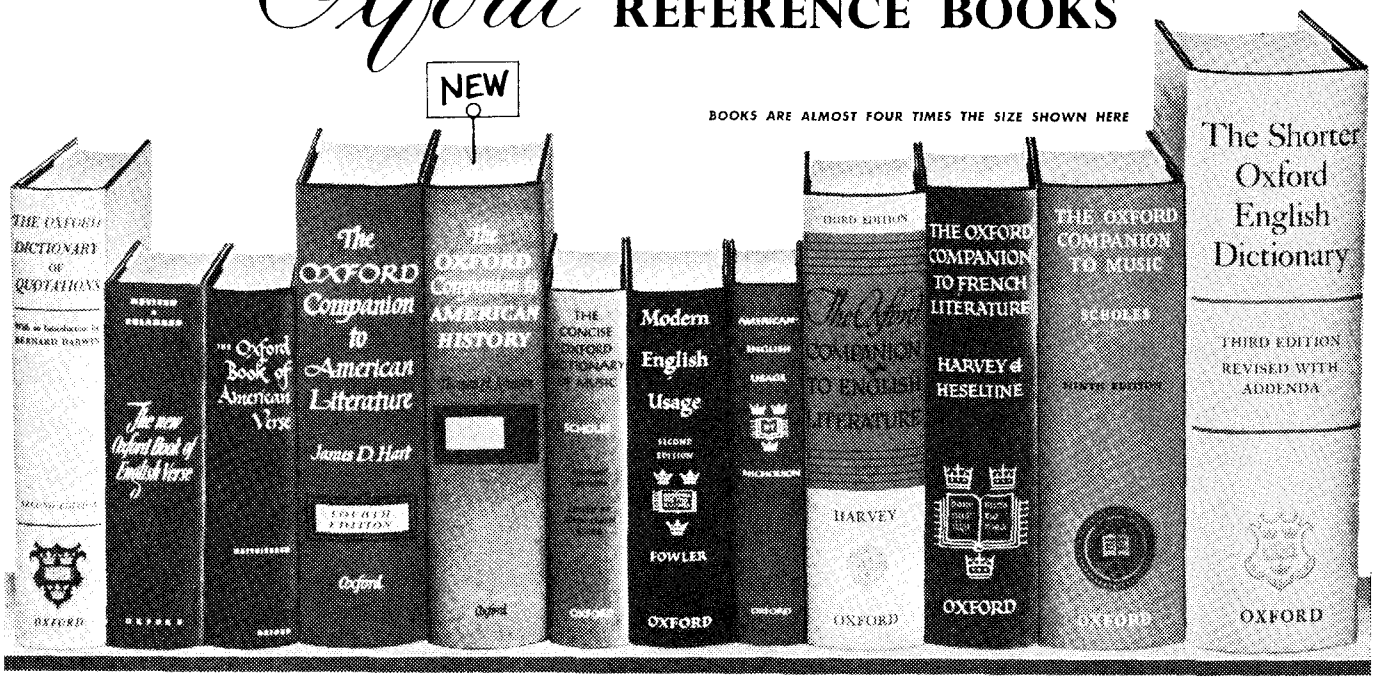

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Saturday Review
February 25, 1967

THE HISTORIAN'S OPPORTUNITY

"Writers who dislike their fellow men have taken over the literary world. The task then devolves upon historians to tell . . . what are the forces that do drive us."

By BARBARA W. TUCHMAN

GIVEN THE CURRENT decline of the novel and the parallel decline of poetry and the drama, public interest has turned toward the literature of actuality. It may be that in a time of widening uncertainty and chronic stress the historian's voice is the most needed, the more so as others seem inadequate, often absurd. While the reasons may be argued, the opportunity, I think, is plain for the historian to become the major interpreter in literary experience of man's role in society. The task is his to provide both the matter to satisfy the public interest and those insights into the human condition without which any reading matter is vapid.

Historians have performed this role before. Although we have no figures on readership in classical Greece and Rome, it is evident from their continuers and imitators and from later references that Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon, Tacitus, Polybius, Josephus, Plutarch, Livy, and the others were significant voices to their contemporaries. Since the outbreak of World War II the statistics of the book trade reflect the growing appetite of the public for biography, autobiography, science, sociology, and history—especially contemporary history.

The last category, as we have lately been made rather tiresomely aware, has its special problems, although in the long tradition of authorized biography a subject's family has usually found quieter means than legal recourse for retaining control over personal matters. The simple way to keep private affairs private is not to talk about them—to the authorized, or even the "hired," writer.

—Bettmann Archive.

Clio, Muse of History.

I do not cite as evidence of the public interest in the literature of actuality the fact that since 1964 nonfiction, so called, has outsold fiction by two to one, because that merely reflects the mass buying of cookbooks and peace-of-mind books (the two front runners), plus voyeur books—that is, the sex life of everybody else—cartoon books, and how-to books on baby care, home decorating, curing arthritis, counting calories, golf, etiquette, and that recent sleeper, avoiding probate. Nonbooks aside, by whatever criterion you use—number of titles published and book club choices, hardcovers and paperbacks, new titles and reprints—the categories concerned with reality all show greater increases than fiction.

PEOPLE are turning to the books of reality for a truer image of man and society than is offered by contemporary novels. To look for the reason why fictional truth has gone askew is part of the historian's task. The novelists' failure is a consequence, I believe, of the historical experience of the twentieth century which, since the first World War, has been one of man's cumulative disillusionment in himself. The idea of progress was the greatest casualty of that war, and its aftermath was cynicism, confirmed by a second round of world conflict and by the implications of the Nazis' gas chambers. Then the advent into man's hands of unlimited lethal power has been topped by the frightening pressure of overpopulation so that now we live under the weight of a weird paradox which threatens us simultaneously with too many people in the world and too much power to destroy them. Finally, we are faced with mounting evidence—in pollution of air and water, in destruction of the balance of nature, in the coming ear-shattering boom of supersonic flight—that we cannot refrain from despoiling our environment.

The experience has produced what Van Wyck Brooks, discussing the literary scene of the 1920s and 1930s, already called "an eschatalogical despair of the world." Whereas "Whitman and Emerson," he wrote in *An Autobiography*, "had been impressed by the worth and

Barbara W. Tuchman's books include *Bible and Sword*, *The Zimmermann Telegram*, *The Guns of August* (winner of a Pulitzer Prize), and *The Proud Tower*.

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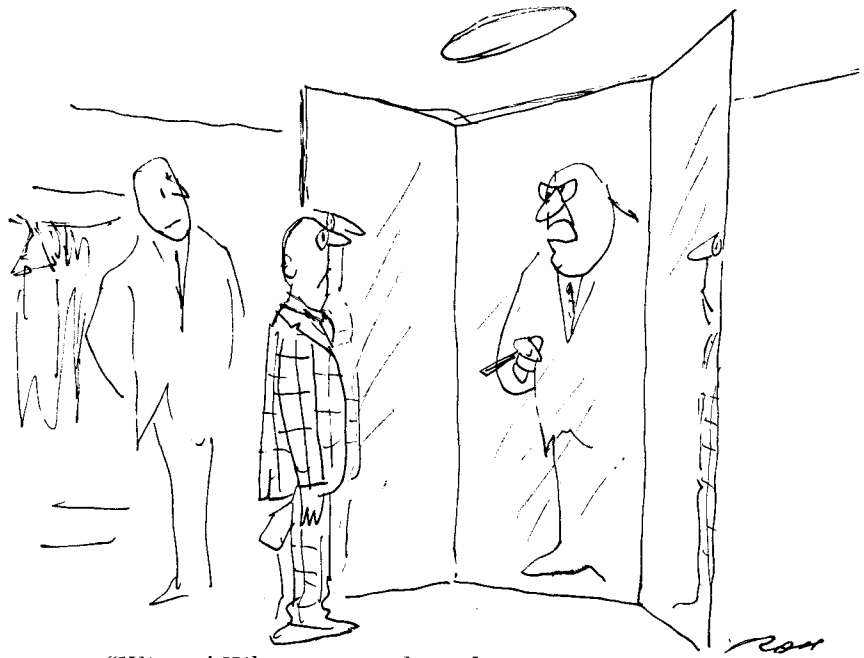

"Winton! What are you doing here on company time?"

good sense of the people, writers of the new time were similarly struck by their lusts, cupidity, violence, sinfulness, and evil . . . enough to destroy in them their inherited belief in human goodness." Gilbert Murray had found the same despair of the world overtaking the Greeks after their own period of prolonged internecine warfare and ascribed it to a sense of "the pressure of forces that man could not control or understand."

Man in the twentieth century is not a creature to be envied. Formerly he believed himself created by the divine spark. Now, bereft of that proud confidence, and contemplating his recent record and present problems, he can no longer, like the Psalmist, respect himself as "a little lower than the angels." He cannot picture himself today, as Michelangelo did on the Sistine ceiling, in the calm and noble image of Adam receiving the spark from the finger of God. Overtaken by doubt of human purpose and divine purpose, he doubts his capacity to be good or even to survive. He has lost certainty, including moral and ethical certainty, and is left with a sense of footloose purposelessness and self-disgust which literature naturally reflects. The result is what the *Times Literary Supplement* has named the "Ugh" school of fiction.

Writers who dislike their fellow men have taken over the literary world. The mainstream of their work is epitomized by the recent novel advertised as an "engrossing" treatment of "more or less random adventures touching on thievery, homosexuality, pimping, sadism, voyeurism, a gang bang." Unaccountably, drug addiction was missing. As we all know, this is not exceptional, but run-of-the-mill, and the drama, in the dreary examples that reach the stage today, does its best to keep pace. The preferred characters of current fiction are the drifters and derelicts of life in whose affairs or ultimate fate it is impossible to sustain interest. They do not excite the question that is the heart of narrative—"What happens next?" – because one cannot care what happens to them.

Perhaps the fault is not in the novelists but in the times that their characters are underlings; anti-heroes who reflect a general sense of man as victim. Perhaps the novelist today cannot honestly create a protagonist who is master of his fate and captain of his soul because man in the image of Henley seems obsolete. That man belonged to the self-confident nineteenth century, whereas the twentieth finds its exponent in losers, "beautiful losers" according to the title of a recent novel, although few seem to deserve the adjective. Oedipus was a loser and so was King Lear, but their losing was universal and profound, not pointless.

Since fiction and drama no longer present a true balance of human activity and motive, it is not to be wondered that they are losing their audience. According to a recent report from the capital, "Official Washington does not read contemporary novels" for the reason given by a sub-Cabinet officer in these words: "I try to read them and give up. Why should I spend my time on [books] . . . where the central character spends 350 pages quivering about whether to cross the street or go to the toilet?"

He has a point. Reading, which is to say writing, is the greatest gift with which man has endowed himself, by whose means we may soar on unlimited voyages. Are we to spend it picking through the garbage of humanity? Certainly the squalid and worthless, the mean and depraved are part of the human story just as dregs are part of wine but the wine is what counts. Sexual perversion and hallucinatory drugs, as Eliot Fremont-Smith said of a recent novel, "are not what drive us, not what human history is about."

THE task then devolves upon historians to tell what human history *is* about and what are the forces that *do* drive us. That is not to say that history excludes the squalid and depraved, but, being concerned as it is with reality and subject as it is to certain disciplines, it deals with these in porportion to the whole.

Historians start with a great advantage over fiction in that our characters, being public, are invested with power to affect destiny. They are the captains and kings, saints and fanatics, traitors, rogues and villains, pathfinders and explorers, thinkers and creators, even, occasionally, heroes. They are significant—if not necessarily admirable. They may be evil or corrupt or mad or stupid or even stuffed shirts, but at least, by virtue of circumstance or chance or office or character, they *matter*. They are the actors, not the acted upon, and are consequently that much more interesting.

Readers want to see man shaping his destiny or, at least, struggling with it, and this is the stuff of history. They want to know how things happened, why they happened, and particularly what they themselves have lived through, just as after a record heat or heavy snow the first thing one turns to in the morning paper is the account of yesterday's weather. And now more than ever, when man's place in the world has never been so subject to question, when alienation is the prevailing word, the public also hopes to find some guidelines to destiny, some pattern or meaning to our presence on this whirling globe. Whether or not, as individuals, historians believe in one pattern or another, or some of us in none, the evidence we have to present provides reassurance in showing that man has gone through his dark ages before.

When I was a young parent a series of books appeared on child behavior by Dr. Arnold Gesell and his associates of the Yale Clinic in which one discovered that the most aberrant, disturbing, or apparently psychotic behavior of one's own child turned out to be the common age pattern of the group innocently disporting itself behind Dr. Gesell's one-way observation screen. Nothing was ever so comforting. Historians provide a one-way screen on the past through which one can see man, at one time or another, committing every horror, indecency, or idiocy that he is capable of today. It is all already on his record, in kind if not in degree. I do not suggest that history

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can be as comforting as Gesell because the difference in degree that we face today is so great—in the speed and impact of the mechanisms we have created—that problems and dangers multiply faster than we can devise solutions. Henry Adams's law of acceleration is proving perilously true. Nevertheless, Adams's law is one of those guidelines historians have to offer. The story and study of the past, both recent and distant, will not reveal the future, but it flashes beacon lights along the way and it is a useful nostrum against despair.

Historians cannot expect to take over the leading role in literature without competition. Last summer Albert Rosenfeld, science editor of *Life*, wrote in an editorial that creative writers must turn to science to revive literature because "That is where the action is." There is a great and challenging truth in his statement. Science is formidably relevant and dynamic. "Great writing in any age," Rosenfeld continued, "casts some illumination on the major contemporary dilemmas." That is equally cogent. If science can evoke great creative writers who will do for space aeronautics or genetics or nuclear energy what Rachel Carson, for example, did for the sea around us, they will certainly win a large share of the public interest. The chief obstacle is language. Great writing in science must come from inside the discipline, and everything will depend on the rare talent which can break through the meshes of a technical vocabulary and express itself in words of common usage.

Here, too, we have a head start. Historians can—though not all do—make themselves understood in everyday English, the language in use from Chaucer to Churchill. Let us beware of the plight of our colleagues, the behavioral scientists, who by use of a proliferating jargon have painted themselves into a corner—or isolation ward—of unintelligibility. *They* know what they mean but no one else does. Psychologists and sociologists are the farthest gone in the disease and probably incurable. Their condition might be pitied if one did not suspect it was deliberate. Their retreat into the arcane is meant to set them apart from the great unlearned, to mark their possession of some unshared, unsharable expertise. No matter how illuminating their discoveries, if the behavioral scientists write only to be understood by one another, they must come to the end of the Mandarins.

Communication, after all, is what language was invented for. If history is to share its insights with a public in need of them it must practice communication as an art, as Gibbon did, or Parkman. History has, of course, other parts; like that other famous property it is divisible into three: the investigative or research, the didactic or theory, and the narrated or communication. The elements that enter into communication are what I want to discuss, because history, it seems to me, is nothing if not communicated. Research provides the material, and theory a pattern of thought, but it is through communication that history is heard and understood.

At the risk of stating the obvious, it is worth remarking that success of communication depends upon the charm (I use the word in its most serious sense) of the narrative. "Writings are useless," declared Theodore Roosevelt, speaking as president of the American Historical Association in 1912, "unless they are read, and they cannot be read unless they are readable."

THE history most successfully communicated, as far as the public is concerned, can in one sense be determined by the annual lists of the top ten best sellers. Up to 1960 the all-time best seller in history was H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*, first published in 1921, which stayed among the top ten for three years in a row and reappeared on the list in a cheaper edition in 1930. It is the only book of history up to 1960 to have sold more than 2,000,000 copies—more, oddly enough, than *The Kinsey Report.* Since then the leading work in history has been William L. Shirer's *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich,* which had sold, at last report, close to 3,000,000 copies in the United States alone. These names suggest that the independent writer outside academic walls has had greater success in reaching the public than the academic.

The suggestion is borne out by the evidence. During the 1920s and 1930s, when serious books had a better chance of reaching the top ten, the best sellers in historical biography and straight history (as distinct from personal history and current events) included four academics, James Harvey Robinson, Charles Beard, Carl Van Doren, and James Truslow Adams three times over; and twelve nonacademics, Emil Ludwig with four books, Hendrick Van Loon with three, Lytton Strachey, Claude Bowers, Van Wyck Brooks, André Maurois, Francis Hackett, Stefan Zweig with two each, Will Durant, Frederick Lewis Allen, Margaret Leech, and Douglas Southall Freeman with one each. During the 1940s, when the war books took over, one academic, Arnold Toynbee (with his one-volume condensation) and one non-academic, Catherine Drinker Bowen, made the top ten. After that, except for Shirer and Frederic Morton's *The Rothschilds,* the swamping effect of the nonbooks begins and one has to look just beneath the top ten to the books which have been best sellers during the course of the year without making the final list. Taking only the 1960s, these included three academics, Garrett Mattingly, Samuel Eliot Morison, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and nine independent writers, Winston Churchill, Bruce Catton, Alan Moorehead, Thomas Costain, Walter Lord, Cecil Woodham-Smith, and myself with two or more books each, Stewart Holbrook and George Kennan each with one.

To be a best seller is not necessarily a measure of quality but it *is* a measure of communication. That the independent writers have done better is hardly surprising, since communicating is their business; they know how. To capture and hold the interest of an audience is their object, as it has been that of every

"I guess you never know a guy until you meet his friends."

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storyteller since Homer. Perhaps the academic historian suffers from having a captive audience, first in the supervisor of his dissertation, then in the lecture hall. Keeping the reader turning the page has not been his primary concern.

My intention is not to exacerbate the distinction between the professional historian and the so-called amateur but to clarify its terms. "Professional"—meaning someone who has had graduate training leading to a professional degree and who practices within a university—is a valid term, but "amateur"—used to mean someone outside the university without a graduate degree—is a misnomer. Graduate training certainly establishes a difference of which I, who did not have it, am deeply aware, sometimes regretfully, sometimes thankfully. But I would prefer to recognize the difference by distinguishing between academics and independents, or between scholars and writers, rather than between professionals and amateurs, because the question is not one of degree of professionalism but which profession. The faculty people are professional historians, we outside are professional writers. Insofar as they borrow our function and we borrow their subject, each of us has a great deal to learn from the other.

An objection often made to the independents is that they are insufficiently acquainted or careless with the facts. An extreme case is the Cortez of Keats, staring at the Pacific with a wild surmise, silent upon a peak in Darien. Keats, of course, got the name wrong but the idea right. Through the power of marvelous phrasing and the exercise of a poet's imagination he immortalized a historic moment. It is possible that his vision of the man on the peak is more important, for conveying history, than the name of the man. Poets aside, historians, of course, should offer both. There is no need to choose between accuracy and beauty; one should be clothed in the other.

In pockets of survival there may be some historians who still retain the old notion imposed by scientific history that, as another president of the American Historical Association, Walter Prescott Webb, put it, "There is something historically naughty about good writing," that "a great gulf exists between truth and beauty and the scholar who attempts to bridge it deserves to fall in and drown," and that "the real scholar must choose truth and somehow it is better if it is made so ugly that nobody could doubt its virginity." If some still believe this, communication is not for them.

For the first element in communication, Webb gave the perfect triple criterion: a writer's belief that he has something to say, that it is worth saying, and that he can say it better than anyone else—and, he added, "not for the few but for the many." For coupled with compulsion to write must go desire to be read. No writing comes alive unless the writer sees across his desk a reader, and searches constantly for the word or phrase which will carry the image he wants the reader to see and arouse the emotion he wants him to feel. Without consciousness of a live reader, what a man writes will die on his page. Macaulay was a master of this contact with the reader. His sister Hannah cried when he read the *History of England* aloud to her. What writer could ask for more?

When it comes to content, inspiration, what Webb calls the moment of synthesis—the revealing flash of a synthesizing idea—is obviously a help. Webb describes his own moment of insight when the idea came to him that the emergence of Americans from the life of the forests to the life of the plains was of dramatic significance. Admiral Mahan had his moment when, from the study of Hannibal's failure to control sea communication with Carthage, the idea flashed on him of the influence of sea power on history. The moment is exciting but not, I think, essential. A theme may do as well to begin with as a thesis and does not involve, like the overriding theory, a creeping temptation to adjust the facts. The integrating idea or insight then evolves from the internal logic of the material, in the course of putting it together. From the gathering of the particulars one arrives at the general, at that shining grail we are all in search of, the historical generalization. To state it in advance does not seem necessary to me. The process is more persuasive and the integrating idea more convincing if the reader discovers it for himself out of the evidence laid before him.

ALL theses run the risk of obsolescence. The pathways of history, said the great historian of the frontier, Frederick Jackson Turner, are "strewn with the wrecks" of once known and acknowledged truths, discarded by a later generation. Revision and counter-revision roll against the shores of history as rhythmically as waves. Even so, a true inspiration or integrating idea such as Mahan's or Turner's will be valid and enlightening for its time, regardless of subsequent fortune.

Though some will debate it, intuition, too, is an aid. The intuitive historian can reach an understanding of long past circumstance in much the same way as Democritus, the predecessor of Aristotle, arrived at the idea of the atom. His mind, mulling over observed phenomena, worked out a theory of matter as composed of an infinite number of mobile particles. The process may have been cerebral but its impetus was intuitive. Strict disciples of history as a science may scorn the intuitive process but that attitude comes from being more Catholic than the Pope. True scientists know its value. It is an arrow shot into the air, which will often pierce the same target that the scientific historian with his nose to the ground will take months to reach on foot.

Of all the historian's instruments, belief in the grandeur of his theme is the most compelling. Parkman, in his preface to *Montcalm and Wolfe*, describes his subject, the Seven Years War in the American theater, as "the most momentous and far-reaching question ever brought to issue on this continent." Its outcome determined that there would

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be an American Revolution. "With it began a new chapter in the annals of the world." That is the way an author should feel about his subject. It ensures that no reader can put the book down.

Enthusiasm, which is not quite the same thing, has a no less leavening effect. It was recognized by Admiral Mahan, who, in the course of studying Britain's contest with Napoleon, developed a particular admiration for Pitt. "His steadfast nature," Mahan wrote, "aroused in me an enthusiasm which I did not seek to check; for I believe enthusiasm no bad spirit in which to realize history to yourself and to others."

Mahan's prescription disposes of the myth of "pure objectivity" when used to mean "without bias." As John Gunther once said of journalism, "A reporter with no bias at all would be a vegetable." If such a thing as a "purely objective" historian could exist, his work would be unreadable—like eating sawdust. Bias is only misleading when it is concealed. After reading *The Proud Tower*, a one-time member of the Asquith government scolded me in a letter for misrepresenting, as he thought, his party. "Your bias against the Liberals sticks out," he wrote. I replied that it was better to have it stick out than be hidden. It can then be taken into account. I cannot deny that I acquired a distaste for Mr. Asquith as, for other reasons, I did for Henry Adams. There are some people in history one simply dislikes, and as long as they are not around to have their feelings hurt, I see no reason to conceal it. To take no sides in history would be as false as to take no sides in life.

A historian tries to be objective in the sense of learning as much as possible, and presenting as sympathetically as possible the motives and conditions of both sides, because to do so makes the drama more intense—and more believable. But let us not pretend that this is being without bias—as if historians were mere recorders who have given up the exercise of judgment. Bias means a *leaning* which *is* the exercise of judgment as well as a source of insight. Admittedly, it is usually helped by emotional conditioning, but that is what makes for commitment. The great historians more often than not have been passionately committed to a cause or a protagonist, as Mommsen was to Julius Caesar or Michelet to the glorious power of the people.

How commitment can generate insight and heighten communication is nowhere better shown than in G. M. Trevelyan's *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, one of the finest works of history, I think, both for investigation and narrative, produced in this century. Trevelyan's commitment to his hero is explicit. Describing the footrack from the Villa Spinola down to the embarkation point in Genoa he writes in a footnote, "I had the honor of going down it" with a veteran of the Thousand. There is no doubt where he stands. His feeling of personal involvement led Trevelyan to visit every place connected with the Garibaldini, to walk in their footsteps, to interview those still living, until he knew the persons, terrain, view, sounds, smells, sights, distances, weather—in short, the feel—of every scene of action he was to write about.

"Ask the man for a dramamine."

As the Thousand marched to the battle of Calatafimi, Trevelyan writes, "Their hearts were light with the sense that they were enviable above all Italians, that their unique campaign was poetry made real." The quality of emotion here is not, as so often, created out of the historian's feelings and foisted onto his characters, but drawn from the evidence. A footnote gives the original from a letter of one of the Garibaldini to his mother, telling her, "*che questa spedizione è cosi poetica.*" ("This expedition is a poetical thing.") Approaching the battle, they pass through a green valley at early morning. "In the bloom of the early Sicilian summer," Trevelyan writes, "the vale fresh from last night's rain, and sung over by the nightingale at dawn, lay ready to exhale its odors to the rising sun. Nature seemed in tune with the hearts of Garibaldi and his men." Here, too, he worked from evidence in diaries and letters that it had rained the night before and that the nightingale had sung. In these two passages he has conveyed the sense of miraculous freshness and noble enterprise which the Garibaldi expedition signalized for the liberal spirit of the nineteenth century. He could accomplish this, first, because of his quick sensitivity to source material, and, second, because he himself was in tune with the hearts of Garibaldi and his men.

Again, when Garibaldi's bugler blew reveille, "the unexpected music rang through the noonday stillness like a summons to the soul of Italy." In the verb of sound, "rang," the reader hears the bugle and in the phrase, "like a summons to the soul of Italy," feels the emotion of the listener. Without knowing that he is being told, he has learned the meaning to history of the Expedition.

To visit the scene before writing, even the scene of long dead adventures, is, as it were, to start business with money in the bank. It was said of Arthur Waley, the great Orientalist who died a few months ago, that he had never visited Asia, explaining that he was content with the ideal image of the East in his imagination. For a historian that would be a risky position. On the terrain motives become clear, reasons and explanations and origins of things emerge that might otherwise have remained obscure. As a source of understanding, not to mention as a corrective for fixed ideas and mistaken notions, nothing is more valuable than knowing the scene in person, and, even more so, living the life that belongs to it. Without that intimacy Francis Parkman would not have been the master he was.

Parkman's hero was really the forest. Through experience he learned passion for it, and fear, and understood both its savagery and beauty. In those long days of intermittent blindness when he was not allowed to write, his mind must

(*Continued on page* 71)

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COLLISION COURSE ON THE LABOR FRONT

Recent major strikes demonstrate that government, unions, and management are near an impasse. A respected reporter tells why and what must be done.

By A. H. RASKIN

"NEVER FORGET that the public occupies a third seat at the bargaining table," President Johnson likes to warn labor and management whenever their quarrels rock the economy. This year the public may feel inclined to ask whether the seat reserved for it is the electric chair, so dismal is the outlook for peaceful, noninflationary agreements on the industrial front.

Every early sign indicates that 1967 will be a year of labor turbulence. Unions approach negotiations in a dozen major fields convinced that high prices and high corporate profits entitle their members to the biggest wage increases ever. Employers, fearful that business is starting a downhill slide after six years straight up, are in a mood to fight unions harder. This fact alone would guarantee more discord even if there were less to fight about.

The public seems likely to wind up the loser whichever way the slugging match comes out. It will pay the price of more strikes in the cutoff of essential services and the dislocation of an economy already puffy with soft spots. But the community will get no bargain if the alternative to strikes is a decision by industry to give overlarge pay increases and then translate them into even bigger price increases. The current indications are for the worst of both worlds—more strikes and more inflationary settlements.

The most disturbing aspect of all this is that, in many strategic sectors of industry, no remote relationship exists between the capacity or social responsibility of the negotiators and the degree of damage they are able to visit on the economy. People need licenses to drive a taxicab, practice medicine, install plumbing, or clip hair. Yet labor-management negotiators who ought not be allowed to cross the street without a seeing-eye dog are free to inflict hardship on millions of their fellow citizens through sheer incompetence at the bargaining table. And there is not one thing anyone in the community can do to arrest them for reckless use of a dangerous economic weapon.

THREE decades after the Wagner Act put a foundation of law under the bargaining process as a road to constructive industrial relations in the public interest, this process remains a field in which the ingredients of equity are incapable of acceptable definition. There is no standard by which to measure what is fair and what is extortionate, even where the community itself is the employer. Muscle is enshrined as the indispensable element, despite the enormous range of situations in which the government-certified size of the bargaining unit or the pivotal nature of the service affected makes the public the primary sufferer whenever unions and employers collide. The more ludicrous the whole performance becomes, the more insistently experts in and out of government explain why it all makes sense and why any action to protect the community by substituting reason for unrestrained force represents a stab in the back for Nathan Hale, Patrick Henry, and all the other apostles of American liberty.

THE anniversary celebration of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service in Washington a few weeks ago turned into a barbecue of all who advocate new laws to keep the peace in industrial relations. The predominant view of the savants at the sessions was that the country already has too many labor laws, rather than too few. Yet only a year earlier, in the middle of New York's paralyzing public transportation strike, the President himself promised to send Congress proposals for dealing effectively with strikes which threaten "irreparable damage to the national interest."

Fulfillment of that neglected pledge would infuse some substance into the now vacuous concept of the public as a third force at the bargaining table. It is nonsense to suggest that the right to make war deserves sacrosanct status in the labor field when the zenith of aspiration in every other field, including the global relations of sovereign powers, is to banish that right. When all the people have to suffer because of the wilfulness or ineptitude of economic power blocs, the establishment of improved governmental machinery for breaking dead-

A. H. Raskin, assistant editor of the editorial page of *The New York Times*, has won many awards for his labor beat coverage.

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locks is an affirmation—not a denial—of democracy.

The need for more dependable community safeguards is heightened by a confusing new crosspull in bargaining which is expanding the public's stake in socially responsible agreements at the same time that it cuts down the chances of getting them. One half of the pull comes from an AFL-CIO campaign to pool the economic strength of its major industrial unions in negotiations with the giant corporations in electrical manufacturing, chemicals, and other mass industries. At General Electric and Westinghouse, for example, the union goal is to compel management to sit down with a united front of eleven unions, instead of taking them on one at a time and thus exploiting their divisions.

Since each of the eleven unions has been officially certified over the years as sole bargaining representative for the workers in specific GE and Westinghouse units, the consolidation raises legal questions that the National Labor Relations Board and the courts will be stewing over for a long time. But, in the adversary terms that underlie most current labor relations, the federation's coalition tactics represent a perfectly logical maneuver to pit union centralism against corporate centralism. On that basis, it would be surprising if the unions did not find a way to preserve coordinated decision-making, no matter how many corkscrew turns that requires to avoid conflict with their separatist certifications.

For the community, of course, the bigger the orbit of bargaining, the greater the impact on the total economy when negotiations break down. If there is a strike under coalition aegis, all of a company's plants go down, not just those represented by a single union. That danger focuses the spotlight on the other half of the new bargaining crosspull—an increasing disposition on the part of rank-and-file unionists to reject proposed industry-wide settlements because they fail to deal adequately with local plant problems.

The effect of the two contradictory developments is to put unions in the position of creating new layers of centralized authority to move control over contract policy even farther away from the individual union members at the same time that these same members are already engaged in a kind of states' rights revolt against too much submergence of their day-to-day concerns in the mold of union bigness. The repeated recent result in other situations where several hundred thousand workers are covered by a single across-the-board negotiation has been to hold the whole enterprise in bondage over local issues after accord has been reached on all terms of the national pact. Coalition bargaining could mean a considerable growth in the frequency of such massive tie-ups built out of the pyramiding of thousands of relatively microscopic grievances.

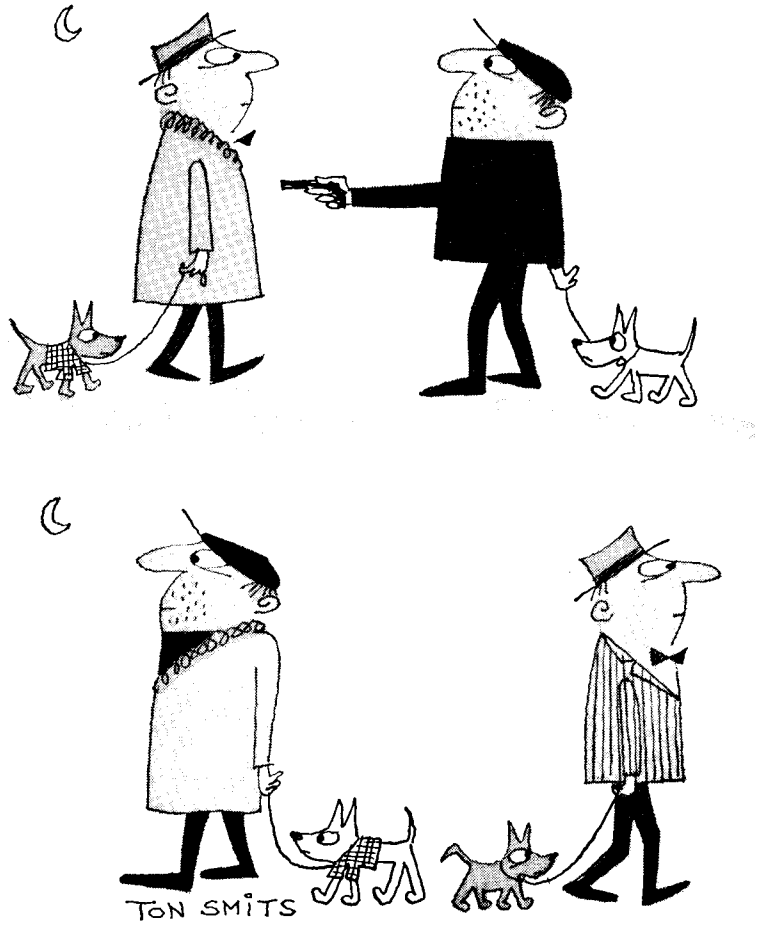
Does this escalation of potential public hurt justify a law prohibiting coordinated bargaining? That could prove a dangerous answer in terms both of public protection and of equity. In several industries, notably the New York hotel trades, union coalitions are an important source of stability. By setting common objectives for all the unions that deal with a single set of employers, they rule out the chaos that is inevitable when each union tries to climb over the back of every other union to get something better than the others have got.

THE most devout wish of New York's daily newspapers, now seeking to stave off their fourth crippling strike in four years, is to eliminate union whipsawing by persuading the ten crafts with which they negotiate to form a joint bargaining council. Such a coalition would free the publishers from their present necessity of running ten distinct strike gauntlets in every round of negotiations—a process that has contributed to the death since 1963 of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Herald Tribune*.

The nation's railroads are in danger of a strike in April or May because they cannot get the unions that represent their shopcraft employees to accept the same 5 per cent wage increase that has already been agreed to by most of the unions that speak for train crews. In the airlines, divided union representation added to the complications that bedeviled the companies and the White House in last summer's strike, one of the worst-botched episodes in national labor history.

An important factor in the strike called against five big airlines by the International Association of Machinists was the union's resolve to display its muscle as a shield against raids by two militant rivals, the Transport Workers Union and the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Before the strike was over, President Johnson had sustained two humiliating rebuffs at the Machinists' hands and had seen his wage-price guideposts chopped into matchsticks. But that didn't end the damage to the defenses against inflation. The unstruck airlines quickly bowed to notice that they could not keep flying unless they gave still larger pay increases to mechanics represented by the TWU and the Teamsters. Once again whipsawing was the fruit of an every-union-for-itself policy.

The simple fact is that the employers most resolutely opposed to coalition bargaining are those who believe they can use divide-and-conquer methods more



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effectively against the unions than the unions can against them. Companies such as General Electric and American Telephone & Telegraph, for instance, have established a dominant position in negotiations by practicing a kind of whipsaw in reverse. They capitalize on fragmented union strength by setting a handsome pattern with the first union in line, then insist that all the others accept pacts embodying substantially the same model. Employers blessed with so tidy an arrangement understandably see no virtue for themselves or the country in a change that would make government intervention virtually automatic whenever a union coalition threatened to post picket lines.

Nevertheless, it is delusive to contemplate a legislative taboo based on forcing unions to stay apart or on breaking big unions up into small ones. Grass roots unionism can never become the prevailing mode of organization in an economy whose prosperity is built on ever-increasing concentrations of industrial power. Every month brings reports of new mergers of corporate titans — the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, IT&T and ABC, Douglas Aircraft and McDonnell, on and on without end.

General Motors and United States Steel establish their overall labor policy at company headquarters, and it is silly to suggest that their union counterparts should attempt to bargain with them on a plant-by-plant basis. The question at General Electric is not whether the company wants to negotiate centrally with a union coalition, but whether that is what its employees want. If they alter their bargaining certifications to make such a desire clear, no law could forbid a united front on the union side unless it also called for a dissolution of GE—a remedy no one in industry or labor seriously believes would be in the public interest.

However, acknowledging the inevitability of bigness on both sides of the negotiating table implies no need to toss in the towel on the possibility of effective community restraints when the public gets mashed in the rockcrusher. The notion that any tampering with the right to strike sets the nation irretrievably on the road to Fascism is of a piece with the mindless sloganeering that caused labor to denounce the Taft-Hartley Act as a "slave labor law" when it was passed twenty years ago. Now that law, with its provision for eighty-day national emergency injunctions, has become the rock to which union chiefs cling in their effort to dissuade the President from recommending legislation better calculated to protect the public interest.

One reason that the general record of industrial peace has been good in the last seven years—an average of less than one workday in every 500 lost through strikes—is that all but one of the four

"Sure you have friends, K.M. Your 247,000 stockholders are your friends."

classic sources of strikes have been largely closed out by a combination of law and private arbitration.

Law has been the saving element in what were once endless and costly battles over union recognition. Government election machinery has permitted a peaceful expression of employee will on unionization; the chief problem in this field now is whether the unions that win certification have a right, through coalition bargaining, to function as a holding company.

Strikes over jurisdiction also have been made illegal. The availability of federal injunctions to rescue employers caught in a squeeze between warring unions has spurred labor to set up independent machinery for resolving disputes over which union is entitled to what workers, a perfect illustration of the helpful interaction of public and private peace devices.

THE most spectacular progress has been registered in the orderly adjustment of local grievances, once the most prolific and intractable focus of strike disruption. Contract clauses for arbitrating all disputes arising out of labor-management agreements are now virtually universal. To the extent that difficulties arise in this connection these days, they stem from a burgeoning tendency in local unions to squirrel away problems so that they can be used as a club in industrywide bargaining, instead of being disposed of routinely through the grievance machinery.

The one big area in which no adequate system of public protection yet exists involves strikes that grow out of inability by unions and employers to agree on what should go into the contract. Too often this inability asserts itself in precisely the fields in which the public's stake is greatest—railroads, airlines, shipping, newspapers, and, closest to home of all, the public service.

An important part of the answer to this problem can come from a redefinition of the responsibility of the AFL-CIO, a logical extension of the new powers it has assumed as *pater familias* in the union coalitions at General Electric, Westinghouse, Union Carbide, and other corporate mastodons. The old watertight compartments of union autonomy began breaking down at the time of the AFL-CIO merger twelve years ago, under the force of union realization that the prestige and immunities of all labor hinged on the actions, for good or evil, of its affiliated unions.

The current threat to union status comes not from crooks, racists, or interunion raiders—all forces over which the federation has been given summary power. It comes from the community's irritation over crippling strikes and settlements that aggravate the upsweep in living costs. Under these circumstances little validity is left in the idea that every union has the right to do anything it wants for as long as it wants, with the central body confined to mumbling ritualistic expressions of solidarity. Experience in the Scandinavian countries has demonstrated how significant a role the parent federation can play in promoting industrial stability; it is time for a comparable demonstration here. Unhappily,

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the Meany-Reuther split and the likelihood of outright secession by the United Auto Workers cast a pall over the chances for any real unifying action now.

The advent of Big Three automobile negotiations this fall, plus the union drive for coalition bargaining in other key industries, calls attention to another area of inexcusable neglect in the erection of private defenses against economy-shaking strikes. In autos both the union and the companies have been at fault, after bad strike experiences in 1961 and 1964, in coming to the lip of new contract talks with nothing fundamental done to prevent a mountainous accumulation of local plant issues from again torpedoing a national peace settlement.

Year-round task forces, moving from plant to plant under joint top-level auspices, could help the locals liquidate their backlogs of problems and thus keep them from piling up as time bombs to put on the companywide negotiating table. Such a program already has worked at International Harvester and Kaiser Steel; it deserves a sustained trial in other big companies to end the travesty that magnifies controversies over washrooms and parking lots into walkouts involving a quarter-million workers.

IN general, the mechanics of bargaining require recasting to get rid of the explosive notion that the world stops on the date the contract runs out. The existence of an expiration deadline ("no contract, no work") has become the single most powerful element in the deification of force as the determinant of equity in industrial relations. Since public hardship is often the coin out of which victory is purchased, a considerable advance in national welfare will be registered when wider use is made of procedures for taking the countdown out of contract talks.

In its landmark report last year, the President's tripartite automation commission gave strong backing to the noncrisis approach. "Basic issues such as adjustment to technological change cannot be resolved by a small team of negotiators working themselves into a state of physical and mental exhaustion for a few months every two or three years," the panel said. "These issues must be dealt with patiently, carefully, and, above all, continuously until satisfactory solutions emerge."

In steel, the year-round bargaining process was dropped after it had become a political football inside the steel union, but much of the trouble there stemmed from a rank-and-file belief that the industry's joint Human Relations Committee was too conspiratorial in its operations and too remote from the union membership. Fuller reports to the members on the course of discussions might have guarded against this sense of a tiny group of leaders making all the decisions in a bombshelter totally cut off from outside communication or concern.

The very nature of the continuous consultation technique is an encouragement to the use of reason as an alternative to muscle. The emphasis organized labor is currently putting on weekly, annual, and lifetime income for blue-collar workers should help in the transformation of attitudes that is needed to downgrade the strike as the ignition key to higher standards. Once workers get off the roller-coaster of the hourly pay scale, it will be easier to scrap the stale ritual of "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off" every time a contract runs out. One hopeful sign is the recent decision of a local union representing 10,000 employees of the Schrafft's and Bickford's restaurant chains in New York to write into its contracts clauses guaranteeing that disputes over the terms of future agreements will be settled through binding arbitration, not strikes.

Until such voluntary renunciation of the right to strike becomes a much less isolated phenomenon, the basic burden for keeping the public from becoming the primary punching bag in industrial disputes will rest on government. The most apparent deficiencies in existing relationships are in the civil service, where the employer is the body politic and any exercise of union economic coercion is aimed directly at the public purse.

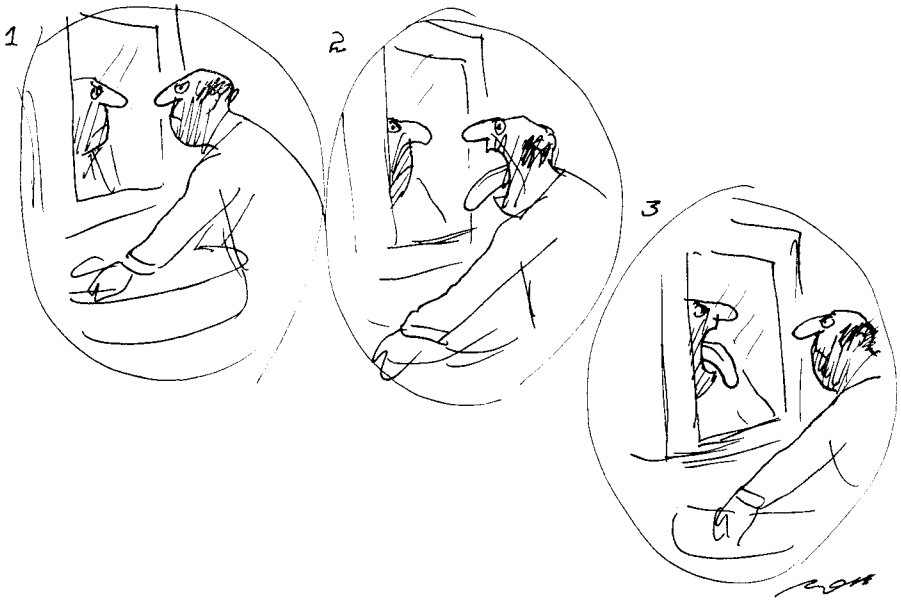
Strikes by firemen, nurses, teachers, doctors, transit workers, garbage collectors, and other groups of state and municipal employees have made it plain that present legal prohibitions on government walkouts have broken down. Even policemen have been involved in brief tie-ups. Unless prompt action is taken to shore up defenses at the local level, the contagion will spread to federal civil service workers, and the country will be moving backward rather than forward in public protection.

The essential elements for a sound law are simple enough: Exhaustive machinery to assure equity for public employees through union recognition and bargaining; impartial fact-finding to establish what is fair when no direct agreement is reached; fines against the union treasury and, in extreme cases, union decertification as a penalty for illegal strikes. However, one basic caveat goes with the emphasis on mandatory procedures. The citizens must be prepared to pay the price of economic justice for their public employees and not expect them to subsidize community agencies by taking less. No city has anything like enough money to do all the things that need doing in education, urban renewal, health, and a thousand other fields. But no ban on civil service strikes is going to work for long if fact-finders go below the point of fairness to fit the municipal pocketbook or if the community reneges on the contract improvements the fact-finders declare deserved.

In private industry the yardstick for government intervention must be the extent to which a strike imperils the public interest. A lot of political rubber goes into the measuring rods the White House uses to determine what is or is not an emergency, as was illustrated most recently in the airlines strike, but it would be an exercise in futility to try to establish detailed criteria in an act of Congress.

Whenever the President decides the country's welfare requires action, he should have at his disposal a broad range of weapons in addition to the eighty-day Taft-Hartley injunction that is now his sole recourse. To be meaningful, intervention must not only assure uninterrupted operation but also provide a medium for impartial determination of

(*Continued on page 70*)



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Anti-Missile Drag-Race

Editor's note: *David R. Inglis, author of the following guest editorial, is a physicist at the Argonne National Laboratory and a member of the board of editors of the magazine Nuclear Physics, Science, and Public Affairs. He writes in the light of the President's recent message to Congress on nuclear proliferation, current Senate consideration of a treaty in this field, and a meeting of the Eighteen Nation Disarmament Committee in Geneva this month.*

THE TWO NUCLEAR giants face each other, glowering, but each with a healthy respect for the striking power of the other that adds up to relative stability of the nuclear deterrent. They are both worried about the birth in the near future of a swarm of nuclear dwarfs that will someday grow up and upset the stability, and are wondering how to prevent it. To induce the nuclear dwarfs—the Nth countries—to desist from entering the nuclear race, the giants must somehow show some restraint and cut off the race between themselves. They have no real need to race if they can agree where to stop—either tacitly or by treaty. The power of modern weapons is so tremendous that each side has more than enough to induce a healthy respect in the other, and it is not important for stability that the two sides have equal strength, nor that our side have much more than the other side.

Actually, the United States is said to have something like three or four times as many long-range missiles as has the U.S.S.R.—a more than comfortable margin from our point of view. This came about more by accident than design, as a result of our over-response to the imagined missile gap shortly after the Russians impressed us with their Sputnik. It leaves us sitting pretty and with a habit of considering it natural that we should have an enormous margin and that the Russians should accept this. It is very doubtful that they will accept so large a margin in the long run, and not necessary or reasonable that we should expect them to, but we can make it a race to preserve the large margin if we insist. We seem to be on the verge of doing this and forgetting more vital aspects of nuclear stability.

Until recently we seemed to be approaching a steady level on both sides, but now this situation of contentment is in danger of being upset by a new element: anti-missile defense. Strategic ballistic missiles with hydrogen warheads are so immensely powerful, and so difficult to intercept when they come in large numbers, that it may be said now, and probably for a long time, that there is no effective defense against them. Efforts are in progress to develop an effective defense, and if they should succeed they would lead to quite another equation for nuclear stability; but the chance for success is not very great. In the meantime, there is a partially effective system that is capable of modifying the balance somewhat. This is our Nike-X system and its Soviet counterpart. If massively deployed, it is expected that it will be able to intercept, by explosion of its own hydrogen warheads in the atmosphere, some modest percentage of the missiles of a massive attack. Attack missiles are being designed with penetration aids to keep the percentage small. We are already introducing the first of these in our Poseidon missile to reduce the effectiveness of a Russian anti-missile defense.

If one side deploys an anti-missile defense, the other side would be able to deliver somewhat fewer missiles on target but could overcome this disadvantage by mounting more attack missiles. Anti-missile defenses now in prospect are so inefficient that the cost of mounting the additional attack missiles to redress the balance is estimated to be much less than the cost of the defense—which, in the case of the United States, would amount to some $40 billion in ten years.

Under these circumstances, it may seem strange that the Russians should be so spendthrift as to mount an anti-missile defense. But it is reliably reported that they are starting to do so, doubtless on a scale much smaller than they will ultimately reach if we insist on making a race of it. Although anti-missile defense is militarily uneconomical, for them it has a special psychological value. Because of their traumatic experiences with the invasions of Napoleon and Hitler, they have a compulsion to buy anything that has the label "defensive."

Anti-missile defense is, indeed, purely defensive. The argument for it is that, *if* an attack of a certain type is made, the anti-missile defense and its associated shelters will save lives. But that is a big *if*. The more important question is whether the anti-missile defense will make the attack less likely or more likely. The preponderant argument is that, by continuing and destabilizing the arms race, the anti-missile systems will make nuclear war more likely. It is natural to expect that competitive deployment of anti-missile defense would eventually be accompanied by a step-up in strategic missiles to penetrate the defenses and by a tremendous shelter program which implies undesirable population regimentation—meanwhile, political obstacles to constructive diplomacy are probably increasing. These considerations and the crying needs of a dangerously and increasingly hungry world are all good reasons why we should not start down the rosy path of anti-missile defense.

In his State of the Union Message, President Johnson referred to Russia's deployment of "a limited anti-missile defense" around Moscow and said that a new round of the arms race based on this would be "an additional waste of resources with no gain in security to either side." He has the approval of most Senators in his intention to seek an agreement with the U.S.S.R. to ban further anti-missile deployment, but there also is an attitude in Washington that we cannot possibly do without any bit of

(*Continued on page* 95)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Indonesian Report

HORACE SUTTON'S article, "Indonesia's Night of Terror" [*SR*, Feb. 4], heralds a new day for *SR*. This is a first-class piece of reporting on an important and timely topic. Congratulations.

EDWARD E. BOOHER,
President
McGraw-Hill Book Company.
New York, N.Y.

UNDERLYING CAUSES of human behavior, as well as an almost unbelievable on-the-spot reporting job, are represented in Horace Sutton's article.

An outstanding value of this report, I feel, is its documentation of the influence of religions and ideologies on the behavior of the participants. But the indictment for inciting atrocities, such as Mr. Sutton has so thoroughly reported, should be brought against man himself. If we would make progress in devising a desirable climate for the habitation of this peculiar animal we must probe the depths of him to learn just what kind of being he really is.

ALTON WILLIAMS.
Little Rock, Ark.

THE INDONESIAN holocaust so superbly delineated by Horace Sutton is enough to cast serious doubt on the existence of that special spark in man so loosely referred to as "soul." The horrors meted out by the meek seem as excessive and manic as those of the most brutish among us.

Please keep Mr. Sutton traveling so that we can be regularly reminded that saint-hood still eludes man's grasp and, alas, cannot be relied upon to keep the human house insulated against sword and fire.

NORMAN READER.
New York, N.Y.

Peace Candidates

THEODORE C. SORENSEN contradicts himself in his contribution to the editorial, "Do We Need Peace Candidates?" [*SR*, Feb. 4]. He says, for example: "The single most important fact for *SR* readers to grasp about the 1966 American 'peace politics movement' is that there was no such thing." Having thus denied the existence of the movement, Mr. Sorensen then proceeds to demolish it.

To demolish the nonexistent is, of course, a most difficult undertaking, but Mr. Sorensen flails away with extraordinary vigor, apparently unaware that he is battling a ghost or ghosts of his own creation.

CHARLES E. HILL.
Waynesboro, Va.

IN REFERENCE TO the two-part editorial, "Do We Need Peace Candidates?" It is embarrassing to me as an American to learn that a person as obviously intelligent and informed as Arthur I. Waskow would seriously advance the notion that there is emerging in our society a "new class" that ought quickly to organize into a national Peace party.

Can Mr. Waskow conscientiously doubt that the decision-makers at all levels of our federal government have made deep personal commitments to the cause of global peace? Does he seriously advocate a government composed of domestic specialists who would necessarily take the position that if we cease to bother with that ugly war on foreign soil perhaps the aggressor will go away?

HERMAN C. NEUHAUS.
Athens, O.

"Just a minute—I'll get my husband. He's the opinionated one."

The Unhappy Controversy

IN THE ARTICLE "The Private Grief of Public Figures" [*SR*, Jan. 21], J. H. Plumb seems to be contradicting himself. He tells us how kings of France dressed and undressed in public, then goes on to tell us about problems faced by Lloyd George.

Just because the press provided people with such material in the past doesn't mean that the public has the right to invade the Kennedys' inner privacy. That we know what dress Mrs. Kennedy wore during President Kennedy's assassination will make no contribution to history.

ISAAC SEHAYIK.
Kew Garden Hills, N.Y.

Who or What Transpired?

ARTHUR KNIGHT, in *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES [*SR*, Dec. 31], says of the movie *The Game Is Over* that "much of the action *transpires* in a hot-house atmosphere." Surely *SR* knows, if Mr. Knight doesn't, that events happen and only vegetable matter *transpires*. What I mean is—how about a slogan: WRITES GOOD LIKE AN *SR* CONTRIBUTOR SHOULD?

FRANK P. TOWNSEND.
Newfoundland, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Knight replies, "One dictionary definition of the word 'transpire' is 'to occur; happen; take place,' although another one is 'to emit or give off (waste matter, watery vapor, an odor, etc.) through the surface.' The latter, I think, indicates my opinion of 'The Game is Over' quite well."*

Thank Goodness

I WAS VERY HAPPY to learn that Goodman Ace in his trials, reported in the column headed "How Not To" [TOP OF MY HEAD, Dec. 17], escaped the fate of Lord Finchley, the first Do-It-Yourself man. If my memory serves me right, Hilaire Belloc put it this way:

Lord Finchley tried to mend the electric light,
And was electrocuted—It served him right.
It is the duty of the rich man,
To give employment to the artisan.

PHILIP ALBANESE.
Port Arthur, Ont.

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MYTH ON MEDITERRANEAN BEACH

Venus Anadyomene as Logos

By ROBERT PENN WARREN

FROM left to right, she leads the eye
Across the blaze-brightness of sea and sky

That is the background of her transit.

Commanded thus, from left to right,
As by a line of print on that bright

Blankness, the eye will follow, but

There is no line, the eye follows only
That one word moving, it moves in lonely

And absolute arrogance across the blank

Page of the world, the word burns, she is
The word, all faces turn. Look! — this

Is what she is: old hunchback in bikini.

A contraption of angles and bulges, an old
Robot with pince-nez and hair dyed gold,

She heaves along beneath the hump.

The breasts hang down like saddle-bags,
To balance the hump the belly sags,

And under the belly-bulge, the flowers

Of the gee-string garland the private parts.
She grinds along by fits and starts

Beside the margin of the sea,

Past children and sand-castles and
The lovers strewn along the sand.

Her pince-nez glitter like contempt

For all delusion, and the French lad
Who exhibitionistically had

Been fondling the American college girl

Loses his interest. Ignoring him,
The hunchback stares at the horizon-rim,

Then slowly, as compulsion grows,

She foots the first frail lace of foam
That is the threshold of her lost home,

And moved by memory in the blood,

Enters that vast indifferency
Of perfection that we call the sea.

How long, how long she lingers there

She may not know, somnambulist
In that realm where no Time may subsist,

But in the end will again feel

The need to rise and re-enact
The miracle of the human fact.

She lifts her head, looks toward the shore.

She moves toward us, bemused and slow,
And as she moves, we watch, we know

How from the breasts the sea recedes,

How the great-gashed navel's cup
Pours forth the ichor that had filled it up,

How the wavelets sink to seek, and seek,

Then languishing sink to lave the knees,
And lower, kiss the feet, as these

Find the firm ground where they must go.

The last foam crisps about the feet.
She stands forth free. She is complete

In Botticellian parody.

Bearing her luck upon her back,
She turns now to take her lifeward track.

And lover by lover, on she moves

Toward her own truth, and does not stop.
Each foot stumps flat with the big toe up,

But under the heel, the damp-packed sand,

With that compression, like glory glows,
And glory attends her as she goes.

In rapture now she heaves along,

And the pince-nez glitter at her eyes,
And flowers wreathe her moving thighs,

For she treads the track the blessèd know

To a shore far lonelier than this
Where waits her apotheosis.

She passes the lovers, one by one,

And passing draws their dreams away,
And leaves them naked to the day.

Robert Penn Warren recently was announced as the winner of the 1967 Bollingen Prize in Poetry.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Best of Many Lives

ON JUNE 2, 1947, Gladys Billings married Van Wyck Brooks. In *If Strangers Meet* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95) Mrs. Brooks writes: "We were both vulnerable at that moment in time, our lives hanging between past and future while loneliness wrapped us each like some dull mist. He was alone because of Eleanor's death; I was alone in consequence of a recently and unhappily established divorce." (The first Mrs. Van Wyck Brooks had died in 1946.) Not long after the marriage *The Times of Melville and Whitman*, fourth volume of Brooks's history of the literary life in America, was published, and from then until 1952 he worked on the concluding volume, *The Confident Years*. Thereafter he wrote a number of shorter books, including sketches of John Sloan and Helen Keller, a biography of William Dean Howells, autobiographical volumes, and critical essays.

During the years of the marriage Mrs. Brooks, who was not young and who had already demonstrated a variety of talents, turned author, publishing *Three Wise Virgins*, studies of a trio of New England ladies of independent spirit and philanthropic inclination. It became clear that she was a born writer, and she went on writing. Her first autobiographical volume, *Gramercy Park* (1958), is a charming account of a girlhood in New York City near the turn of the century. Daughter of a prosperous doctor and a semi-invalid mother with broad cultural interests, Gladys saw more sides of life than most of her contemporaries, and looked carefully at all that she saw. Telling about her parents' disagreements with regard to the nature of the good life, she comments, "I knew I had to explore everything in order to find out which world was best."

Boston and Return (1962) describes some of her explorations, and describes them very well. After a rather informal education, partly conducted in Europe, Miss Rice, as she then was, decided to become a landscape gardener, and, with a friend, went to study at the Arnold Arboretum in Boston under the famous and, so far as she was concerned, skeptical Professor Sargent. Her account of her experience will delight anyone who cares for trees and shrubs. Then there was Europe again and a meeting with Henry Adams, who enrolled her among his "nieces." Marrying John Saltonstall, she set up housekeeping, so to speak, on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston with six servants. She found the life of proper Boston society oppressive, but there were music and painting, trips to Europe, and eventually four children to occupy her attention. The period from 1890 to 1914 or perhaps 1917 was, I believe, a peculiarly pleasant time for a rather large number of privileged persons; certainly, though she had her problems, Gladys Rice Saltonstall enjoyed it.

Passing over a decade or two and a second marriage, Mrs. Brooks begins *If Strangers Meet* with an account of her first meeting with Van Wyck. "I saw a man of medium height," she writes, "of medium weight, dressed in a well-cut, discreet English suit with short jacket, handkerchief neatly folded in breast pocket, his thick black hair brushed back to stand straight up from his forehead, his color high in a face almost without lines and bearing the distinctive feature of a white mustache, which he wore clipped." As the description suggests, his manner was rather formal though always gracious, and the formality went along with a certain shyness. He was not lacking in self-assurance, nor did he underestimate his own powers, but he had never been one to thrust himself forward, and fame seemed to increase rather than diminish his reticence.

The marriage lasted for nearly sixteen years, until Brooks's death in 1963, in his seventy-eighth year. Mrs. Brooks has given a careful account of the later years of a distinguished man of letters. Always an extraordinarily hard worker, Brooks found it difficult to break the habit, even when his fame and his income, to say nothing of age and uncertain health, suggested a less stringent discipline. Although in 1952 he had finished his great work, the "Makers and Finders" series, and had laurels aplenty to rest on, he continued to spend many hours each day in his study. But of course there were interruptions—travels in this country and in Europe, increasingly frequent occasions when honors were bestowed upon him, and visits to and from friends of a long lifetime. Dozens of more or less eminent poets, novelists, critics, and artists of all sorts are mentioned in Mrs. Brooks's faithful record, and some of them are shown with admirable vividness. Because it is a conscientious account of the Brookses' activities, the book is less enjoyable than the more impressionistic *Boston and Return*; but surely it was Mrs. Brooks's primary duty to set down such a chronicle.

The years described in the book were those in which Van Wyck Brooks found public recognition for a lifetime of devotion to American literature; but they were also years in which, to his dismay, he was repudiated by many gifted members of a younger generation. To begin with, he had been highly regarded as a rebel, a leader of the attack on Philistinism and the values of a business civiliza-

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tion, but, after the popular success of *The Flowering of New England* (1936), he was regarded with suspicion by many of the advance guard. When, in *The Opinions of Oliver Allston* (1941), he denounced what he called "coterie literature" and lamented the fact that young Americans were being led astray by such decadents as James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Marcel Proust, Gertrude Stein, D. H. Lawrence, and the New Critics, suspicion was succeeded by downright hostility. Then *The Writer in America* (1953), in which he attacked Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Hart Crane, *et al.*, and praised Arthur Miller and James Michener, completed his alienation.

According to his wife, Brooks said more than once, "The last years of life are irreparably sad." There was not only the sadness that came from his sense of isolation; there was also the sadness brought by the death of one friend after another, by the infirmities of venerable contemporaries, and by his own bad health. In spite of all this, he did his work and took pleasure in what life could still offer him. For the satisfactions that his final years gave him his wife could take much of the credit, though she makes no such claim. Her title comes from some lines by E. E. Cummings, whom both she and Brooks admired, she rather more than he:

if strangers meet
life begins

Mrs. Brooks had lived many lives, as from girlhood she had wanted to, and the life she led after her meeting with Van Wyck Brooks was full of richness both for her and for him.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1229

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1229 will be found in the next issue.

E VHFU VMUB UKF CHTPR YZUII E ZMUBKFPP; UKF HTE-UHT, HMU HS E ZMUBKFPP OTYZWB E CHTPR.

—KMTZEZR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1228

The difference between journalism and literature is that journalism is unreadable and literature is not read.

—Wilde.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Review by Thumb

Regarding the alleged review of *Retrial: Murder and Sam Sheppard*, by Paul Holmes [*SR*, Jan. 7], a reference to a "highly amusing chapter" in a book containing twenty-two chapters and a criticism of the book cover (which, incidentally, is not the creation of the author) does not, in my opinion, constitute a review. The cogent points of the book were completely ignored by the reviewer, indicating 1) he did little more than thumb through the book, or 2) he didn't understand what was written. It is my belief that the nagging problem of fair trial *vs.* free press is worthy of mention in a literate review.

In conclusion may I state as a positive, undeniable fact that the first half of the book was not written before the trial. If the reviewer felt that it "obviously" was, he was in gross error and might reflect a moment on the ability of an author to construct a book of this excellent quality in so short a time. The reviewer's own ability might be enhanced by such a study.

Mrs. P. Holmes.

Pompano Beach, Fla.

Non-Rhetorical Questions

That was a thoughtful and sympathetic review of *Freedom and Order* [*SR*, Jan. 28], and I appreciate it. Donald Young did, however, ask two questions which were more than rhetorical. Commenting on my assertion that some Americans were prepared to consider using the nuclear weapon, and on my observation that some consider Oriental lives less precious than American, he asked, "Who in authority is ready?" and "Who subscribes to that view?" The answer to the first is the Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Senator Russell, and the Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Representative Rivers. Both are on record—publicly and over national television—as saying that they would of course consider using the nuclear weapon if that was necessary "to save the lives of American boys." Ex-President Eisenhower, certainly a person of influence if not, technically, of authority, has expressed the same view—at least he has said publicly that he would not "rule out" the use of the nuclear weapon. As for the second, it is perhaps sufficient to quote Representative Rivers's television address a few weeks back in which he said that the life of one American boy was more valuable than the lives of all the Vietnamese, and that, as for world opinion about the way we fought the war, it could go fly a kite.

Henry Commager.

Amherst, Mass.

Donald Young asks who subscribes to the view "that somehow Oriental lives are not as precious as American lives." One answer: those who believe it is better to fight the Communists in Southeast Asia than on the shores of California. Perhaps this argument has not yet reached Dr. Young but it is one that is prevalent among the "hawks" of the West and Midwest.

Eugene Kelly.

Chicago, Ill.

Reviewer Donald Young, in reacting to Henry Steele Commager's position on U.S. actions in Vietnam, rhetorically asks: "... what must we conclude about someone who is certain that he knows where to fix the blame in the complex Vietnam crisis of today?" This bit of rhetoric is hardly likely to discredit the opinions of Mr. Commager. Rather, the conclusion one reaches is about Young himself, that he is typical of a certain strain of American "intellectuals" who cling to the middle ground on actual issues, affecting a phony "objectivity" to cover their lack of conviction. Predictably, on the issue of U.S. actions in Vietnam we find Young and too many others over-reacting to clearly stated opinion and hiding behind the protective attitude that this question is just too, too "complex" to allow any answers.

Jeanne Ruppert.

Iowa City, Iowa

A Human Condition

Louis Snyder in his excellent review of Bernd Neumann's *Auschwitz* and Eugene Davidson's *Trial of the Germans* [*SR*, Feb. 4] seems to believe that there is a relation between the German national character and the horrors of the Nazi era. I do not excuse the Germans for what was done. ... Neither do I believe that a repetition is unlikely in Germany. But to assume that the Hitler era was in some way caused by the German national character does not stand up in the face of history.

Actually, slaughter of Jews was an historically favorite sport of many East and Central Europeans for some hundreds of years. That the Germans "improved" the techniques is merely a comment on their technical advancement.

The slaughter, even in the Hitler era, was not solely the work of Germans. Oskar Pinecus in his *House of Ashes* accuses (with considerable justification) members of the Polish underground of killing Jews even as they fought the Nazis. In researching a book which I completed recently (*The Politics of Futility*), I discovered significant evidence that Latvians, Esthonians, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, and other East and Central Europeans were as much involved proportionately in the slaughter as were the Germans. True, the Germans led the slaughter—but only because they were the dominant nation (the *"Herrenvolk"* by their own definition).

No nation has a monopoly on a character which leads to genocide. It is a human character—a human condition.

Bernard K. Johnpoll.

Albany, N.Y.

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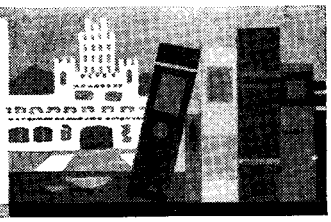
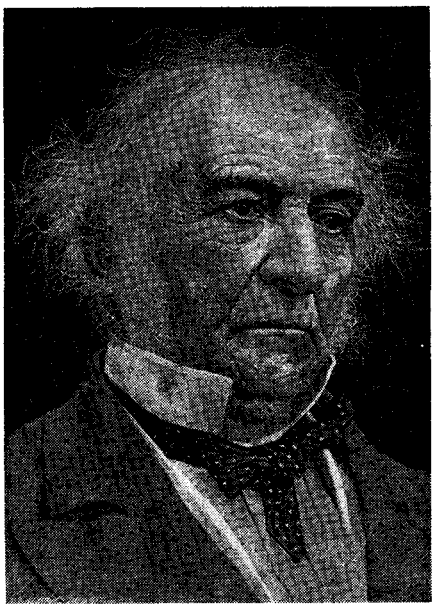
Perspective



Graft, the Ratsbane of Politics



—Bettmann Archive.

William Ewart Gladstone—he tore up a penny stamp.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the Victorian statesman, was occasionally forced to reply to a personal letter when he was sitting at his desk in the British Treasury. When he returned home he went straight to his library and tore up a penny stamp. So undeviating was his rectitude that any other course would have been impossible: enemies as well as friends expected no less from him. When he was Prime Minister he would take up his stick and hat, leave Downing Street for the raffish side-streets of the Strand, alive with old whores, child prostitutes, pimps, and ponces. In these alleys flesh of every variety and age was for sale; the surroundings were as filthy as they were insanitary; violence was commonplace, blackmail rampant. Gladstone would politely raise his hat to a woman of the streets, argue with all his immense powers of persuasion and turn on his uncheckable moral fervor in order to persuade the whore to return home with him—not for dalliance, but for tea, cakes, reformation, and rebirth. And although the more robust members of Parliament might roar with laughter at his antics and weave about him comic and derogatory stories, his virtue remained as unsullied as it was adamantine. Corruption of the flesh or of the pocket had no place in Gladstone's universe. In the late Victorian world, adultery, once public knowledge, ended political careers, as it did Parnell's, while peculation was regarded as immoral as the sins of the flesh.

And since Gladstone's day the British have taken a self-righteous pride in the purity of their political life. Even the suspicion of a hint about new taxation ruined Thomas, and a romp with Christine Keeler put paid to Profumo's career. Divorce is just tolerated, but it had better not be sordid; best still for the politician to be the injured party. At least one famous British statesman's reputation was saved by a friend (literally) filling the breach and claiming the ignominy. The odor of self-righteousness pours from the Palace of Westminster as thick as a London fog; hence the blank incomprehension that Adam Clayton Powell could remain a Congressman year after year, hence the hands raised in pious horror when it was learned that Nkrumah had salted away over $6 million for his personal fortune. The old colonial hands are full of a gloomy sense of prophecy fulfilled. Graft, the ratsbane of politics, ruins countries, saps the people's virtue, renders institutions corrupt and denies a nation greatness. So we are told—but does it?

AFTER two centuries of almost unprecedented rapacity and logrolling, American politicians, it seems, are beginning to change their tune. They might note that British political purity emerged when Britain had reached the zenith of her powers and was poised for decline. In her days of growth from the age of Elizabeth to midway through the age of Victoria her politics were as corrupt as any the world has seen—a bonanza with truly noble pickings. Take Elizabeth I's famous minister, William Cecil, and his son, Robert. They shoveled public gold into their private cellars: battened on the Court of Wards and dug deep into the royal purse. Their great houses – Burleigh and Hatfield – were built on the loot of office, and the ease and comfort of generations of Salisburies depended on the acumen and rapacity of their ancestors. Girls on the payroll? This is old hat. Sir Robert Walpole had his mistresses paid by the Board of Customs and Excise to the tune of some $70,000 a year. And he thought nothing of using official Admiralty barges to smuggle in his liqueur when he was Secretary of the Navy. As for graft—Joseph Merceron, who ran East London in the early nineteenth century, could have taught Boss Tweed many a trick. Of course, these were blatant days, when perquisites of office were not overlaid with hypocrisy, though even Walpole was careful to get his mistress's pension under an assumed name.

Yet it should be remembered that William Cecil was an exceptionally fine statesman and politician. Both wise and perceptive, he labored unceasingly at his job, as earnestly and as successfully as any Gladstone. He proved well worth his plunder. And so was Walpole. True, his pickings were gigantic—probably in modern money around $30 million (think of that, Mr. Powell)— but he gave England twenty years of peace, secured her political stability for generations, and launched her well and truly on the road to riches and greatness. So, perhaps, he was cheap at the price.

OF course, all corrupt politicians are not worth their salt. England would have been no loser if the Duke of Chandos had never been born, yet he was as greedy, if not more so, than his friend Walpole. The fortunes of most of the peerage of England have their origins in political graft, but not many of their ancestors are memorable for their political distinction. And certainly the story of American politics is no less muddy. So when denouncing Nkrumah and Ghana, it is well to remember our own history. Young, raw, emergent, politically inept countries are particularly prone to corruption. Some countries, it is true, avoid it. No one can suppose that Stalin had a Swiss bank account or that Mao has pocketed a fortune. Their corrup-

—Bettmann Archive.

Sir Robert Walpole—his pickings were gigantic.

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tions might be regarded as of a different order—and to my view far worse.

Nothing is more irritating in Professor Henry Bretton's *The Rise and Fall of Kwame Nkrumah* (Praeger, $5.95) than his constant reiteration of Nkrumah's personal greed, self-indulgence, and mild plunder of his state. It is repeated on page after page, yet Nkrumah's political achievements — Volta Dam, Ghana's new port of Tema, the beginnings of its industry, its astonishing developments in education—are mentioned but briefly. Moreover, sneers at Nkrumah's pan-African idealism seem somewhat out of place when, with army coup following army coup, Africa appears to be well on the way to South American-style political systems. Indeed, from the pages of this book rises the unpleasing stench of national self-righteousness: no matter how gross or self-indulgent Nkrumah's methods may have been, his intentions and his successes cannot be regarded as negligible. I suspect that he will prove to have been well worth his graft, if not his tyranny.

Of course, there is graft and graft; and fashions change. Boss Tweed, like Walpole, could be flamboyant; the age permitted it. Today, as Adam Clayton Powell knows to his cost, graft must be grave, discreet, faceless. Mr. Powell's mistake was to revel too openly in his luck: new power, like new riches, is very intoxicating and very indiscreet.

I am all for checks on politicians, so long as they are for *all* politicians. I am for the most severe and restrictive rules on all forms of graft and logrolling. But when viewed in the long perspectives of history, these are the least serious of a politician's crimes. Most of them are corrupt at a far deeper, a far more tragic level. Think of their complacency in the face of scattered limbs of women and children blown sky-high; think of their indifference to hunger, to the thin-ribbed children and the lifeless eyes of worn-out women; think of their caution, their fears for their own comfort and way of life, the crimes they have committed and still commit in the name of liberty. When do they speak up for humanity, for the future—and damn the consequences to their own careers and payrolls? How often do their words burn a message into the heart of mankind? Complacency, pride, and dead imagination—these are the corruptions of politics. Most of them are moral prostitutes, randy for power; and theirs, perhaps, is the world's oldest profession. Humanity has paid over and over again in blood and suffering for its politicians. Let us remember before we condemn Nkrumah or Powell that frail as they proved to be in the exercise of power, one gave vision, the other hope, the one to a nation, the other to a race.

—J. H. Plumb.

Literary Life South of the Rio Grande

Mexico, D. F.

MEXICO's most imaginative writers, a new arrival in this city is inclined at first to suspect, are the whimsical people who prepare the timetables for its domestic airlines. In a remarkably little while, though, he gets over this. He catches his breath (it takes about a day, in this altitude of 7,300 feet), orders another tasty tequila sour, reserves a ticket for next Sunday's *corrida* in the large bullring, and looks around.

He strolls along that magnificent boulevard the Paseo de la Reforma, and almost at once he observes that there seem to be about three bookstores in every block, here as in lesser streets. The visitor is a gringo whose Spanish consists of some tags barely recalled from schooldays *(Buenos días, señor, como está? Muy bien, gracias),* but even he can guess that a good deal is going on down here. Where there are so many books, some but by no means a majority of them in English or translated from foreign languages, there must be writers. Where there are so many native writers, some of whose names are familiar even to a non-Spanish-speaking visitor, there must be a lively local literary scene.

And that is the way it is, and what follows is a reporter-tourist's necessarily once-over-lightly dispatch on one thing and another about reading and writing down here. So those carefree air schedule artists say a plane is leaving for Guadalajara at 8:15 P.M. when actually it won't be leaving until the following noon? Well, what of it? By the time one achieves this *mañana* philosophy, one is of Mexico as well as in it. It is a fine, relaxing sensation.

Where was an innocent to start? The Centro Mexicano de Escritores, Valle Arizpe 18, promised to be as good a place as any, as indeed it turned out to be. It was back in 1951 that a Rockefeller Foundation officer suggested to Margaret Shedd (Mrs. Oliver M. Kisich, whose husband was then attached to the American Embassy) that she establish a literary magazine with Foundation aid. Miss Shedd, who knew about the life expectancy of literary magazines, had a different notion. What, she asked, would the Rockefeller Foundation think instead about an organization that would offer financial aid to worthy, aspiring writers, chiefly Mexican? The Foundation people agreed that it was an excellent idea, and thus the Centro came into existence under the direction of Miss Shedd, who still heads it.

Its record is a brilliant one, justifying Miss Shedd's hunch. In fifteen years it has provided fellowships for about 100 writers whose applications survived a screening by the Centro's staff and then by its board of trustees, representing Mexican governmental, business, and literary communities. The fellowships range from $1,350 to $2,000 a year, depending on the applicant's past performance, future promise, the quality of the work he submits as a sample (in the case of an unproved writer), and the literary project for which he asks assistance.

Of Mexico's leading creative authors —novelists, short-story writers, poets, playwrights—an impressive number are Centro alumni: Juan Rulfo, Carlos Fuentes, Juan José Arreola, Jaime Sabines, Gabriel Parra Ramírez, Tomás Moiarro, Rubén Bonifaz Nuño, Salvador Elizondo, Rosario Castellanos, and Ali Chuacero, to cite a few among those in their thirties and older, and Gustavo Sainz, Rául Navarrete, and Eduardo Rodriguez Solís, among the generation still in their twenties.

PROBABLY Rulfo and Fuentes are the best known of this group to North Americans who have had the chance to read them in translation, the former for his *Pedro Páramo* (regarded by some as one of the ten finest Mexican novels of this century), the latter for *Where the Air Is Clear, The Death of Artemio Cruz,* and *Good Conscience.* Of them all, only Fuentes is said to be a consistently best-selling author, as the term is used north of the Rio Grande, on his home grounds. For the Mexican writer has no easy road to riches. Five thousand copies is a good sale for a novel; 10,000 is virtually sensational. Even reputable publishers here ask a novelist to contribute to his book's production cost; what would be called vanity publishing in the United States is taken for granted. Only a very few publishers in Mexico — notably Fondo de Cultura Económica—resemble a general trade publishing house up north. Their revenue derives chiefly from textbooks, histories, biographies, and revivals of the classics. For obvious economic reasons, both the publisher's and the reader's, the paperbound book is the norm. It does not enhance a writer's income.

Since writing is not, for most Mexican

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authors, a living in itself, many of them have jobs of one sort or another with the government, and this doubtless explains why few of them dwell on politics. Or, if they do, they do so obliquely by way of fiction. There is no official censorship, but it remains an unwritten law that the President of Mexico is not to be discussed critically if one wants to keep one's government job. By and large, the younger writers are variously liberal and leftist but not clamorously so, with the exception of Fuentes, a natural showman and, in the judgment of some of his contemporaries, a show-off as well. They are non-Communist. Communism is said no longer to have any hold here politically or in the arts, as in the heyday of Diego Rivera.

THE writers aged fifty or less are, in short, of a school very different from their predecessors, who stemmed from the revolution of 1910 that toppled Porfirio Díaz and started modern Mexico on its way—such novelists as Martín Luis Guzmán *(La Sombra del Caudillo)*, Mariano Azuela *(Los de Abajo)*, Jorge Ferretis *(El sur Quema)*. These are classic Mexican authors and works, and Juan Rulfo paid a moving tribute to them some years ago: "They are much more sure of themselves than we are; they have much more contact with the land and the people; they are much more outgoing than we are. They write much better than we do."

The change was, of course, historically inevitable. Writers younger than Rulfo, who is forty-seven, differ from him in subject matter and point of view as he differs from those pioneers. What he and his juniors have in common is not rebellion against the achievement of those who went before—they are grateful for it—but a tendency to shy away from obvious displays of nationalism. Their subject matter is not so much "the land and the people" as themselves. (One of the most admired young Mexican writers, José Augustín, wrote his autobiography at twenty-two; presumably he will add postscripts in later editions.) It is scarcely surprising that the foreign writers most strongly influencing the modern Mexicans have been Camus, Sartre, Proust, and Faulkner, the last-named not for his style but for his imagery and his creation of a world of his own, a goal especially appealing to writers here now that the era of great causes is over or anyhow suspended.

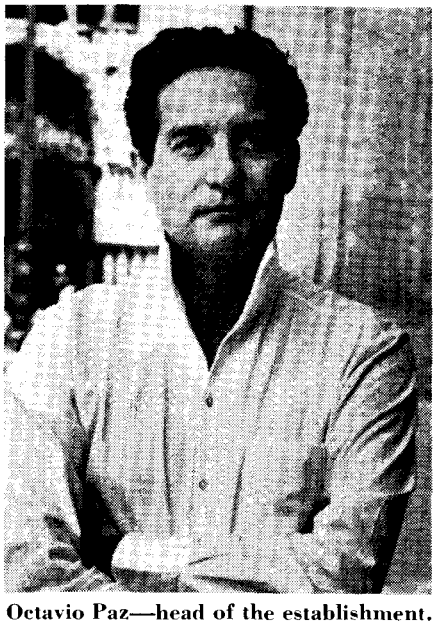
There was talk about this and other matters at a luncheon, over which the charming Miss Shedd presided as hostess, at the University Club on Paseo de la Reforma, whither came a number of the aforementioned writers. Fortunately for the tourist-reporter, they all spoke English.

From some notes made at the table:

Carlos Fuentes—"natural showman."

Asked about the state of literary criticism in Mexico, an eminent novelist said, "It does not exist." A pert young poet-fiction writer-journalist, Elena Poniatowska, Paris-born and of Polish descent, looked mildly indignant. She is a literary critic for the weekly *Siempre*. The novelist relented a little and granted that *Siempre* and the Sunday book sections of the newspapers *Excelsior* and *Novedades* are not without merit, but are important chiefly for their effect on sales. There is no Mexican Edmund Wilson, he said flatly. Wilson's nearest counterpart in Mexico would be Octavio Paz, poet and critic and more or less successor to the late Alfonso Reyes as head of the Mexican literary establishment, if it can be said that there is one.

Speaking of the press, the opinion expressed at the table of Mexico City's newspapers was generally unflattering. The government, someone said, in effect controls the newspapers by selling them



Octavio Paz—head of the establishment.

newsprint and extending or withholding credit for same, with the result that government press handouts are dutifully printed as news when in fact they are advertisements. True or exaggerated? The tourist-reporter is not in a position to know.

What he did want to know was the company's judgment of Oscar Lewis's *The Children of Sánchez*, that searing, tape-recorded chronicle of a slum family in what is called the Pepito district, not far from the Mexico City Cathedral. "It is great reportage," declared a journalist at the table. "It is strictly an anthropological matter," a novelist said severely. "It has no literary relevance. Oscar Lewis is taken more seriously outside Mexico than in it." Have conditions changed in the Pepito district since the book was published six years ago? "They have not," said the journalist. "It is still a dangerous place." (There are further differences of opinion about this, as this bulletin will later note.)

A major breakthrough in modern Mexican writing came, in one writer's view, in about 1940, with a distinct departure from the formalistic, orotund Spanish style of earlier novelists and poets. Another landmark, he added, is only half a dozen years old: the pronounced shift in the locale of most Mexican fiction from the rural to the urban scene—specifically, to Mexico City, with all the sophistication implied in the magnetism of this glittering cosmopolitan capital. This, it was suggested, is a corollary of the literary-historical process that led from Guzmán to Rulfo.

RURAL or urban, Mexican writing is seldom marked by humor, in the North American understanding of the word. If there is no Edmund Wilson among critics, neither is there a James Thurber among storytellers, although the political cartooning is sardonically sharp. No ready explanation was offered for this contradiction, if it is a contradiction. The mordant Latin-American wit, perhaps—a slashing but not necessarily comic weapon.

The pornography that stains so much American fiction is not a problem here, at least among serious writers. It could be, one likes to think, that they have so much vitality that they don't feel the need of it.

Between Miss Shedd and the Centro's former *becarios*, or fellowship holders, there was a pleasing rapport, or so it seemed to one guest. Miss Shedd has seen most of them grow from hope to fulfillment. They, in turn, have long been aware that she is one of them—the author of such novels as *Hurricane Cay, Inherit the Earth, Return to the Beach*, and the forthcoming *The Hosannah Tree*. Under her guidance the Centro has moved deeper into Mexican life

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with the years, its sponsorship enlarged to include the Mexican industrial and intellectual worlds. But the Centro's original principle remains the same: a writer who deserves help should get it while he or she can use it. Incidentally, the feminine recipients of fellowships last August outnumbered the males four to three. Perhaps it's not so incidental, at that; perhaps it's a trend.

For every North American who has reason to have known about the Centro, at least a hundred must have heard of Anita Brenner's magazine *Mexico This Month*, now twelve years old. Published in English, it is not essentially literary, but Mrs. Brenner was a writer before she was an editor, as her many magazine articles and books about Mexico attest. A native of Mexico, she also operates a working ranch inherited from her father, in addition to editing a magazine whose press run of 21,000 copies goes mostly to the United States and also gets around the world by way of Mexican embassies and consulates. The January 1967 issue, for instance, advises tourists about places to see, counsels businessmen on Mexican investments, previews the 1968 Olympics (what will the altitude do to athletes from sea-level climes?), and carries fewer book reviews than its editor's literary career might lead you to expect.

But she will talk about writing and writers for as long as you feel free to take her time. Ever a forthright lady, she tosses off a statement, an opinion, with the assurance of Manuel Capetillo, Mexico's leading matador, moving in for the kill. Thus: Hemingway doesn't translate well into Spanish—his style is too spare. The literary life in Mexico is busy but limited. Too many literary reputations are inflated by mutual admiration. There should be more journalists of the quality of Fernando Bertitos, whose *Pilgrimage to the Place of the Mushrooms* is a model of documentary reporting. Had the tourist-reporter ever heard that a still-extant American novelist is widely believed in Mexico to have murdered his wife down here and been saved from the law by powerful countrymen? Then, to the inevitable question about *The Children of Sánchez*: "I thought Oscar Lewis distorted reality for purposes of drama. He overlooks the bright Dead End kids those slum families produce. It's the typical American reaction to an underdeveloped people's poverty. People here are poor but not dispirited. They have direction. Of course, it's still dangerous, that Sánchez district. Even in daylight taxis do well to roll up their windows and go through there fast."

"THE Ben Franklin Library," said the taxi driver, politely calling the gringo's attention to a great American name. "I'd better see this," said the gringo, who had never heard of the Benjamin Franklin Library, established in 1942 at Calle Niza 53. Formerly occupied by the American Embassy, the building now houses a cultural and research center in addition to its book loan facilities (15,000 card holders), and is an arm of the United States Information Agency, designed to produce better relations between the U.S. and Mexico. Washington recommends, or clears, the books and periodicals that are here, and if this seems to hint at censorship, an official of the library disagrees. "At home," she argued, "a book sharply critical of some policy of our government or aspect of American life can be answered at once, and usually is. Down here such a book could go unchallenged and leave a Mexican reader—three-fourths of the people who use this library are Mexicans—with a one-sided impression." Most of the library's 36,000 books are nonfiction. The fiction consists of American classics, none of them, as far as a hasty look at the shelves revealed, more up-to-date than Juan P. Marquand's *El Defunto George Apley*.

"You approve?" asked the taxi driver, who had been waiting outside during this brief investigation.

"*Sí*," said the gringo, whose Spanish was picking up. "And what did *you* think of *The Children of Sánchez*?"

"A very truthful report of the district as it used to be," said the driver. "But of course it is all changed now."

"And how is that?"

"Our former mayor changed it. Ernesto Uruchurtu, who cleaned up the city, got the beggars off the streets, gave us parks, and built up the police force so that everybody is safe."

"Why is he no longer mayor?"

"He made a mistake. He bulldozed the shacks where the squatters used to live on the edges of the city. The people threw him out."

"You mean that when you drive through the Sánchez district you don't roll up the windows and go through there fast?"

"Are you kidding?" replied the driver, who had worked for awhile in Chicago but came home because his wife and children didn't like the weather up there.

Now it was time for the gringo and his gringa to leave the metropolis and its excitements for the sun and sand of Puerto Vallarta, a charming haven beside the Pacific, still quiet and pastoral despite the uproar that had prevailed in the vicinity during the filming of *Night of the Iguana*, starring Richard Burton and Ava Gardner (with Elizabeth Taylor as an interested bystander). Of that stirring period only a couple of vestiges linger in the village: a restaurant named "La Iguana" and a tourist shop called, simply, "Liz." Down the coast a few miles is Mismaloya, the town created by director John Ford for the picture's setting. Jungle-like growth is fast reclaiming it. Pigs, goats, and chickens wander through the lobby of the "hotel" where Mr. Burton, as the alcoholic ex-minister, declaimed. Squatters occupy the other buildings, now crumbling and dilapidated, that constituted what is referred to on a cracked and peeling sign as "El Set."

"There is no getting away from art," said the gringa. "Or maybe there is. How about going for a swim?"

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

"Hello, I'm John Gunther."

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The Museum-Publisher Marriage

WHEN Time, Inc. bought the New York Graphic Society a few months ago, it put its corporate hand on the pulse of a throbbing cultural enterprise relatively new to publishing: the transmutation of stodgy museum catalogues into full-dress trade books. Recently Graphic distributed *Andrew Wyeth: Dry Brush and Pencil Drawings* for the Fogg Art Museum in Boston, and surprised everyone by selling out its entire first edition of 10,000 copies. Similar volumes have been handled for the Museum of Primitive Art, the Los Angeles County Museum, and the Metropolitan in New York, Graphic's primary source of old masters, old furniture, and European needlework. Thus Time acquired distribution rights to a continuing and prestigious source of publishing—the museum-developed book on fine arts.

What is the value of such tie-ins? "Publishers and 'nonpublishers' are combining their specialized talents to create a functional hybrid," Joel Roth, managing editor of *Book Production Industry*, has stated. Although no one pretends that this kind of project will produce best-sellers, the cultural revolution in the United States, for whatever it is worth, is building a significant new audience for the big ticket items that make up a large part of the art-book trade.

Twenty-five dollars is not an unusual price for a Metropolitan Museum publication by the time hard covers have been installed; and catalogues from similar institutions, beefed up with notes and commentaries, run $75 and up. But the importance of the museum-publisher marriage lies in the expanding audience for the fine arts that has resulted. Added to the built-in market supplied by the museums' own memberships are libraries, arts councils, individual art lovers, and keepers of well-appointed coffee tables.

"Until a few years ago," a printing executive who specializes in art catalogues told me, "most museums didn't know what to do with their publications once the exhibition was over. The Metropolitan, for example, had an inventory going back to 1896, but virtually all of it was in a warehouse. A lot of good material, in museums all over the country, never got beyond the membership." Admittedly, in retrospect, sales know-how on the part of institutions was so amateurish that outsiders were discouraged from ordering—often it was easier for a museum to keep a book on the shelf than to sell it.

All this is changing. At least a dozen publishers harbor a museum in their back room, so to speak, trading their advice and distribution facilities for a cut of the profits. The Mills-Hagley Museum of Wilmington, Delaware, has worked with three publishers—Cornell University Press, Rand McNally, and the University of Virginia Press. From nearby Wintherthur the DuPont Museum funnels its books to Yale, Chanticleer Press, and in some cases Viking; the last successfully infiltrated the bookstores with 15,000 copies of *The Treasure House of Early American Rooms*. Holt, Rinehart & Winston represents Colonial Williamsburg with forty-one publications.

THE extent to which the trade house takes over the actual production of the book is still limited, but the trend is for publishers to become more and more involved in all phases of the operation, editorial as well as technical. "The object is not to put a catalogue in hard covers any more, but to create an independent package," David Way, president of October House, points out. Working closely with the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the Baltimore Museum of Fine Arts, and similar institutions, October House advises its clients on their catalogues before the exhibition is set up. The attendant publication is "planned as a book," and aimed at the general public as well as the art specialist. "We make the book visible and available," Way declares.

October House, successor to the Clarke & Way Publishing Company and named after designer Bruce Rogers's home in Connecticut ("the title sticks; nobody ever calls us September House"), currently issues well over half its titles as "museum" books, in printings of 500 to 5,000 copies. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts—noted for the excellence of both the design and editorial content of its books—keeps seventy-two titles in print and, through October House, on sale rather than in the warehouse. Moreover, some $80,000 worth of books are sold yearly through the Museum's sales desk, a figure that includes books from other publishers. The Museum's secret weapon is staff designer Carl F. Zahn, whose catalogues regularly place in the AIGA's Fifty Books of the Year.

Sometimes a publisher will set up his command post right inside the happy hunting ground, where he forages for all manner of editorial material. Natural History Press, a Doubleday subsidiary, was established expressly to develop the resources of the American Museum of Natural History for book purposes. Here, just to the left of the Southeast Asia Elephant collection, editor James Page maintains an office with a small staff where projects are planned on such subjects as "A Geologist's View of Cape Cod" ("Can you distinguish a surface creep from a glacial erratic?"). Nonedit orial functions are carried out at Doubleday headquarters. Natural History Press has also initiated a series of lectures for the public which at the end of the year are reworked into a book. The most recent was Jacob Bernowski's *The Identity of Man*.

But Doubleday has done more than set up bear traps for book material. Through the Museum's 160,000 members it has been able to tap a fertile market for the fifteen or so titles that are published each year. Membership includes two free books a year, a 15 per cent discount on all others, and a subscription to the magazine *Natural History*. (For New York City members there is also free parking.) Doubleday runs the show, and the Museum gets a royalty.

Most publishers don't get as deeply committed as this to an institution, but there are quite a few who will make one or two trips to the well when the opportunity comes along.

Sometimes a one-shot project can represent a major investment. Seven years ago McGraw-Hill teamed up with the Institute for Cultural Collaboration in Rome and the Sansoni publishing firm in Florence, to develop an *Encyclopedia of World Art*. Under the direction of executive editor David Eggenberger the publisher opened an office in Rome, staffed it with thirty editors, researchers, and production personnel, and advanced on the great art treasures of Europe (and some in the United States) in a unique campaign of museumship. The result is fifteen volumes containing 7,000 full-page plates of paintings, drawings, and *objets d'art*, with a text totaling nine million words. "Most of the articles are original monographs created specifically for this project," reports Mr. Roth.

One by-product of the museum-publisher deals has been an increase in book sales, with resultant stepped-up income for the museum, enabling more books to be published. At the same time, commercial publishers don't have to worry about production costs, which are usually underwritten by the museum. Larger sales lower the retail price. Finally, interest is stimulated in the museum collections. The "functional hybrid" would seem to be a case where everybody comes out ahead. —DAVID DEMPSEY.

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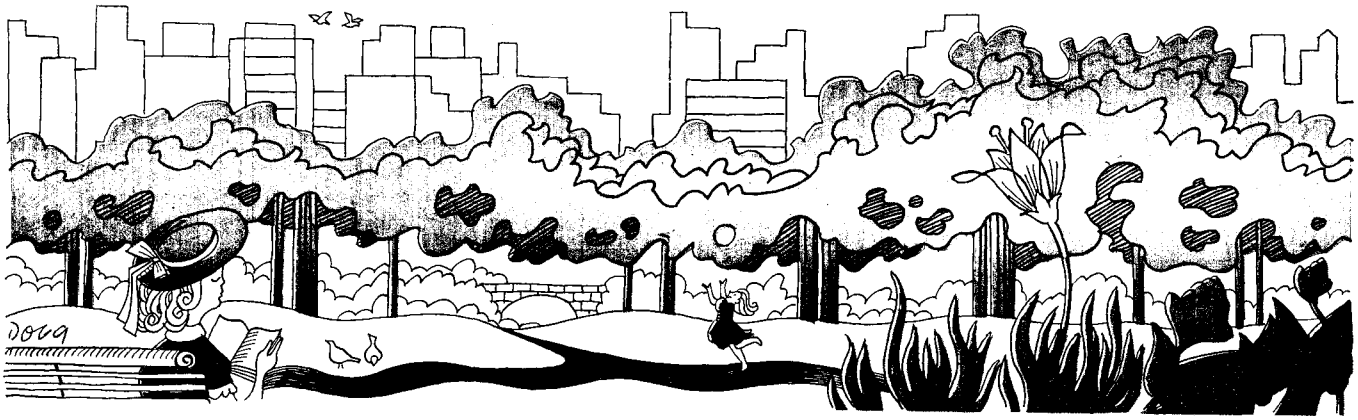

BOOKS FOR SPRING READING

By ROCHELLE GIRSON

ON THE spring landscape the peak work will likely be Archibald MacLeish's verse play *Herakles* (Houghton Mifflin, $4, April), his first since the Pulitzer Prized *J.B.* In it the statesman-artist again draws upon legend to limn the impasse of modern man, who, having conquered his labors, lacks love. Exceptionally strong in poetry, the next several months will also present a trio of foreign titans: the charismatic Russian, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, with *Poems Chosen by the Author*, in a bilingual edition translated by Peter Levi and Robin Milner-Gulland (Hill & Wang, $3.95, March); the Greek Nobel Prizewinner George Seferis, with his initial verse to appear in English, *Collected Poems(1924-1955)*, translated and edited by Edmund Keeley and Philip Sherrard (Princeton, $8.50, May); and the great Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, with the most renowned of his longer poems, *The Heights of Macchu Picchu* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50, May), which, understandably enough, was inspired by a climb to the heady Inca ruins nestled in the high Andes. The Spanish text and the English, translated by Nathaniel Tarn, will appear on facing pages.

Praised for his translations of Ungaretti and Quasimodo, Allen Mandelbaum will offer a representative selection of his own poems in *Journeyman* (Schocken, $4.50, March). However, the American title most to be celebrated —with, the publisher promises, "all kinds of large-scale happenings"—is *Collected Poems*, by last year's National Book Award winner James Dickey (Wesleyan, $6.95, April).

Straightforward, even old-fashioned narration marks most of the name-writer spring fiction. The plot coils out of a murder in *The Eighth Day* (Harper & Row, $6.95, March), Thornton Wilder's first novel in nineteen years. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection, it is set for the most part in a Midwest coal mining town. In his first novel, *The Arrangement* (Stein & Day, $6.95, February), Elia Kazan rubs readers' noses into the dross of middle-class compromise. Thanks to advance advertising, Literary Guild choice, pre-publication bookstore vending, and shrewd promotion, it is already a best-seller. The gifted film and theatrical director's last book, the screenplay *America America*, was concerned with the immigrant experience—as is Herbert Gold's *Fathers* (Random House, $5.95, March), also autobiographical in its picture of an Eastern European family getting a foothold in the New World. National Book Award-winner Philip Roth abandons the Jewish scene of *Goodbye, Columbus* for a small gentile community in *When She Was Good* (Random House. $5.95, June), the heroine of which, convinced of her infallibility in matters of right and wrong, wreaks highminded destruction. Although in *The Manor* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95, June) Isaac Bashevis Singer retains the Polish Jewish milieu that he portrayed so vividly in *The Family Moskat*, *The Slave*, and *In My Father's Court*, the novel depicts the epoch of the Enlightenment more than it does a family.

Typical of his former works, John Hersey's *Under the Eye of the Storm* (Knopf, $4.95, March) purposefully points a moral in an exciting tale of two couples aboard a small boat caught in a hurricane and a clash of values. *Tales of Manhattan* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95, March), by Louis Auchincloss, whose *The Embezzler* is a contender for the next NBA fiction award, contains thirteen stories and a short play, all again demonstrating that to be born to gracious living induces anything but a state of grace. Middle-aged, divorced, and frustrated in his career, an American engineer goes to a newly independent land to construct a bridge he designed and finds his idealism jolted in Stephen Becker's *The Outcasts* (Atheneum, $4.95, March).

Dell advanced some $700,000 to James Jones for his next three novels, the first of which, *Go to the Widow-Maker* ($7.50, April), has enough sexploits by a protagonist testing his manhood with, among other challenges, skindiving to muscle in on the gold in the *Valley of the Dolls*.

Detecting "signs of life in creative writing," McGraw-Hill has launched a new fiction program. In the next four months they will publish seven first novels: *Digging Out*, by Anne Richardson ($4.50, February); *Applesauce*, by June Arnold ($4.95, March); *The King Diaries*, by Douglas Moon ($4.95, March); *The Itinerant*, by William Herrick ($4.95, April); *About Us*, by Chester Aaron ($4.95, May); *For Love or Money*, by Tim Jeal ($4.50, May), and *Knight's Landing*, by Francine Pinckert ($4.50, May).

Two other first novels are receiving advance accolades: *The Chosen*, by Chaim Potok (Simon & Schuster, $4.95, April), and *The 28th Day of Elul*, by Richard M. Elman (Scribners, $4.95, April). In the first, the mystical, medieval Hassidic Jews in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn meet the merely Orthodox head-on. In the second, the Nazi experience is agonizingly probed in the guilt-ridden journal of an Israeli.

For comedy relief, turn to the Ken-

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tucky Aesop, Ben Lucien Burman's latest fable, *Blow a Wild Bugle for Catfish Bend* (Taplinger, $3.75, April).

As in all seasons, there will this spring be significant works derived from men's lives, though those forthcoming do not —as often in the recent past—so markedly overshadow creative writing. Of the personal-history imports none has made more impact on Europe than *Treblinka* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95, May). Until the author, Jean-François Steiner, tracked down and interviewed the few survivors, the heroic revolt of a handful of prisoners at the Nazi death camp near Warsaw was virtually unknown. The book, which considerably modifies the notion of the victims' compliance with genocide, sold 100,000 copies in France alone.

Although it is unlikely that any other book will cause greater tumult this year than William Manchester's *Death of a President* (Harper & Row, $10, April), one should not conclude that its prepublication notoriety will result in a bulged safe for the publisher. The firm has, in fact, curtailed its customary largesse with complimentary copies, and staff members will be permitted to order but one each at the generous employees' discount. Little, Brown may fare better with their revised edition of Manchester's *Portrait of a President* ($5.95, April), an adulatory study of John F. Kennedy originally issued in 1962, to which a "candid" prologue and epilogue have been added.

Having outbid all competition, including Simon & Schuster, the author's longtime publishing house, Atlantic Monthly Press has a massive investment in *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell*, the initial volume of which ($7.95, April) covers the nonagenarian's life and philosophic growth to the age of forty-two—the loneliness of his orphaned childhood, the failure of his marriage, the ardent liaisons that followed.

Disraeli, by Robert Blake (St. Martin's, $12.50, March), has been hailed as a major biography of the prime minister who most amused Victoria Regina. As a nice complement, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, stretches her memory back to her grandmother Victoria's court in a book of reminiscences, *For My Grandchildren* (World, $7.95, March).

Drawing on unpublished papers of the James family and diaries to which other biographers have not had access, Gay Wilson Allen, professor of English at New York University, has, after many years' work, finished *William James: A Biography* (Viking, $10, May), a revealing study of Henry's percipient, neurotic brother.

The newest volume of Ilya Ehrenburg's memoirs, *The Post War Years: 1945-1954* (World, $6.95, April), provides a now-it-can-be-told, ringside view of the USSR during Stalin's satanic last years. For an extraordinary glimpse into the torments of a foremost anthropologist during a critical period in his career there is *A Diary in the Strict Sense of the Term*, by Bronislaw Malinowski (Harcourt, Brace & World, $6.95, March), culled from handwritten copybooks the author of *The Sexual Life of Savages* kept during field trips to New Guinea and North Melanesia from 1914-18. The discovery of the notebooks is described by Madame Malinowska in the preface.

"Show me the man who has enjoyed his schooldays, and I will show you a bully and a bore," Robert Morley quipped to his confidant Sewell Stokes during the conversations that make up the co-authored, unconventional collection of the British actor's memories, *Robert Morley: A Reluctant Autobiography* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95, March).

T. E. Lawrence, William Butler Yeats, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, and Dylan Thomas are sketched in *Two Flamboyant Fathers* (Morrow, $5, April), an account of Bohemian days by Nicolette Devas, whose sister is Thomas's widow, Caitlin. Dylan's own salty *Selected Letters*, edited by Constantine FitzGibbon (New Directions, $10, June) are punctuated with poems not heretofore printed.

ALSO mainly new are the contents of the Mark Twain Papers, comprising approximately fourteen volumes, the first three of which the University of California Press will issue in February at $10 each: *Mark Twain's Satires and Burlesques*, edited by Franklin R. Rogers; *Mark Twain's "Which Was the Dream?" and Other Symbolic Writings of the Later Years*, edited by John S. Tuckley, and *Mark Twain's Letters to His Publishers*, edited by Hamlin Hill.

A huskier image than that of the traditionally bland poet emerges from *The Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, edited by Andrew Hillen, who includes several missives that previously have appeared in emasculated form, along with a number never before published. Individuals are identified and allusions explained in each of the eight parts. Volume I, 1814-1836 and Volume II, 1837-1843 (Belknap, $25) will be offered in March.

Three rather more complex personalities are the subjects of spring biographies: in *Richard Strauss: The Life of a Non-Hero* (Simon & Schuster, $7.95, March) musicologist George Marek probes German sources to explain, among other facets of his character, why the composer touted the swastika.

THE vitality of Mary McCarthy in all its manifestations comes under Doris Grumbach's scrutiny in *The Company She Kept* (Coward-McCann, $5, April). Written to divert himself from the distress of an excruciating skin disease, Jean Cocteau's *The Difficulty of Being* (Coward-McCann, $5, June) wittily portrays the principals and penetrates the principles of the avant garde as he, a key figure, saw them.

Ritual, language, and social organization have been far more significant than tools in the history of civilization, Lewis Mumford holds in *The Myth of the Machine: Technics and the Development of Man* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $8.95, April). Undismayed either by our mechanized society, John Kenneth Galbraith explains its structure in *The New Industrial State* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95, May) and tells how it can be bent to a blessing.

Journey Into Politics (Dodd, Mead, $4, April), by John V. Lindsay, explains the mayor of New York's philosophy as man and Republican and the way he applied his tenets to various issues since his entrance into public life.

Typical of success, following that of *Interne*, a number of related exposés are on the agenda: *The Healers*, by Anonymous, M.D. (Putnam, $4.95, February); *The Plot Against the Patient*, by Fred J. Cook (Prentice-Hall, $6.95. March), and *Black-Market Medicine*, by Margaret Kreig (Prentice-Hall, $5.95, April).

Similarly, world crises always produce rashes of books about each. Would that the pen served for the sword; bloodshed in Southeast Asia might be sublimated in the current crossfire of works debating the issues. Among them will be *The United States in Vietnam* (Dial, $5.95, February), in which George McTurnan Kahin and John W. Lewis, respectively professor and associate professor of government at Cornell, document their hostility to American involvement in the conflict. Backed with a foreword from news analyst Chet Huntley, Texas com-

(*Continued on page* 95)

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The Literary Sampler

Excerpts from Forthcoming Titles

Love, Knowledge, and Pity

THREE PASSIONS, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.

I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy—ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness—that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what—at last—I have found.

With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine. And I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux. A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.

Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be. I long to alleviate the evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

This has been my life. I have found it worth living, and would gladly live it again if the chance were offered me.

—From "The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell," by Bertrand Russell (Atlantic-Little, Brown, April)

Mockery of a Crusade

DEAR BILL AND FRANK:

This is the third time since last Thursday that I have asked you to accept my resignation as President of CBS News, and this time you have an obligation to accept it. . . .

I am resigning because CBS News did not carry the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings last Thursday, when former Ambassador George Kennan testified on Vietnam. It was the considered news judgment of every executive in CND [Columbia News Division] that we carry these Vietnam hearings as we had those of the other witnesses. I am convinced that the decision not to carry them was a business, not a news, judgment.

I am resigning because the decision not to carry the hearings makes a mockery of the Paley-Stanton CND crusade of many years that demands broadest access to congressional debate. Only last year, in a most eloquent letter, you petitioned the Chief Justice for the right to televise live sessions of the Supreme Court. We cannot, in our public utterances, demand such access and then, in one of the crucial debates of our time, abdicate that responsibility. What happens to that sense of fairness and balance so close to both of you, when one day's hearings, and perhaps the most comprehensive, are omitted? How can we return on Thursday and Friday of this week without denying Schneider's argument that "the housewife isn't interested"? Why were NBC's housewives interested? What would have happened to those housewives if the Supreme Court had said "Yes" to your plea for live coverage? Where would broadcast journalism have been last Thursday if NBC had elected not to carry the U.S. Senate hearings on the war? . . .

—From "Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control," by Fred W. Friendly (Random House, April)

Not Antisocial—Asocial

ON A SLIGHTLY older level, this almost primitive will to survive gives rise to the hipster, who moves through our cities like a member of some mysterious, nonviolent Underground, not plotting anything, but merely keeping alive an unpopular philosophy, much like the Christian of the first century. He finds in bop, the milder narcotics, his secretive language and the night itself, affirmation of an individuality (more and more besieged by the conformity of our national life), which can sometimes only be expressed by outright eccentricity. But his aim is to be asocial, not antisocial; his trancelike "digging" of jazz or sex or marijuana is an effort to free *himself*, not exert power over others. In his most enlightened state, the hipster feels that argument, violence and concern for attachments are ultimately Square, and he says, "Yes, man, yes!" to the Buddhist principle that most human miseries arise from these emotions. I once heard a young hipster exclaim wearily to the antagonist in a barroom brawl: "Oh, man, you don't want to interfere with him, with his kick. I mean, man, what a *drag*!"

On this level, the hipster practices a kind of passive resistance to the Square society in which he lives, and the most he would ever propose as a program would be the removal of every social and intellectual restraint to the expression and enjoyment of his unique individuality, and the "kicks" of "digging" life through it.

—From "Nothing More to Declare," by John Clellon Holmes (Dutton, March)

The Superior AMA System

". . . IN MOST COUNTRIES, health insurance and medical care are an important part of the social security system. Fifty-eight countries provide benefits for permanent disability or invalidity through their social security programs; *fifty-nine countries provide cash payments for temporary illness and maternity care or have some type of health and maternity insurance or related program;* and many countries finance medical services through the social security agency." (Italics added.)

With virtually all of the civilized world on one side of the fence and only the AMA and the United States on the other, with twenty years or more having passed since many of these heretical foreign programs were initiated, it stands to reason that we should have an ideal testing laboratory in which to prove American medicine's contentions that its system is superior to any other, that it offers the American people the best care in the world and that any tampering with this program through a system of comprehensive health insurance will inevitably ruin it. The expected proof, however, seems to have turned into disproof. We are now faced with undeniable statistics. They tell us that the United States, the wealthiest country in the world, possessed of unrivaled resources, ranks thirteenth in the life expectancy for males, seventh for females and fifteenth in the most telling figure of all, infant mortality. In this latter category, it was fifth as recently as 1950, but it has since been surpassed by other nations—significantly, nations like Great Britain—that have national health programs. Every important comparison that has been made spells out in statistical form that the American system, under the aegis of AMA, has failed abysmally to give the American people the kind of health care

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that many far smaller and weaker nations find it possible to provide.

—From "The Plot Against the Patient," by Fred J. Cook (Prentice-Hall, April)

The French Aim to Please

AND WHERE ELSE but in a casino can you enjoy the same air of quiet correctness nowadays? With everyone wearing a tie, except of course the footmen in their gorgeous uniforms, with knee breeches and powdered wigs. They flatter me into believing that this is the way of life to which I am entitled and accustomed and that when I return home after winning a fortune another identical flunky will be waiting to welcome me and bow deferentially as I step through my own front door. The French believe in luxury. They spray their airports with scent that gives you a feeling of enjoyment and well-being the moment you arrive. So different from the Americans, who spray theirs with disinfectant to remind you that you may die at any moment, or the English, who don't spray at all, just litter with paper. The French never strike me as happy themselves, but they see to it that everyone who spends money in their country is made as happy as possible. And that is why of all places in the world, I prefer to go on holiday to the South of France and to take refuge from the hot sun and the blue sky in the cool shade of the *salle privée*.

—From "Robert Morley," by Robert Morley and Sewell Stokes (Simon & Schuster, May)

With Love and Laughter

WHY DID I WANT TO WRITE a book about comedy? For a simple and most unprofound reason. I love comedy immoderately. On the face of things, that is an idle statement. Doesn't everyone love comedy immoderately? . . . We are all partisans of comedy; who would dare lay claim to an excessive taste for it?

I would. I do. I have been a helpless prisoner of the form since I first saw Buster Keaton sink bravely to his death in three feet of water; and whenever the comic pressure becomes intense enough, I cry. Not everyone I know misses half his pleasure for weeping. That is a partial distinction. I also find that I am incapable of choosing among clowns. My acquaintances include those who admire Jack Benny but do not like Bert Lahr, who cherish Nichols and May but never could stomach Ed Wynn, who give Groucho Marx his due but remain indifferent to Phil Silvers. I love them all. Not admire. Love. There is a difference. Any fool can sit through a good routine, and laugh at it, the first time he sees it. It takes a fool of particular quality to sit through it five times, ten times, twenty

A SPENCER & a THREADPAPER.

—From "Fashionable Contrasts," by James Gilray (Phaidon, February)

times, long after he knows the laughs as well as the clown does and the trick of surprise has become an empty sleeve. I possess that quality, and can subsist on affection alone when the jests have ceased being jests and have become the things that of course this man does. I have seen Chaplin's film *The Gold Rush* not fewer than forty times, and naturally I no longer laugh at it. It simply warms me.

—From "Tragedy and Comedy," by Walter Kerr (Simon & Schuster, May)

Worry Words

THOSE WHO PUSH THE BIRTH PROCESS as an experience as exalting as seeing the morning sun stream through the rose windows at Chartres are the same ones who in person and in pamphlet tell the newly pubertized girl who lies clutching a heating pad to her cramped innards, "But, my dear, don't call it the *curse*. It's part of the *joy* of being a woman. It's a blessing and you should be happy to experience it, and yes, *proud*."

But whether you find the experience a treat or a trauma, eventually you do hear the baby's first "Wow! wow! wow!" and then you have only one worry left. Of course, this will last you for the next twenty years. As Alice said, "Now what am I going to do with this creature when I get it home?"

This question has as many answers as you have female relatives and friends. But naturally, as an enlightened modern, you prefer to ignore the old, young, and middle-aged wives' tales and go to the experts in the field, such as Arnold Gesell, M.D. and Frances Ilg, M.D., authors of those Baedekers of the rough terrain of childhood, *Infant and Child in the Culture of Today, The First Five Years of Life, The Child from Five to Ten.* But when you try to read them, you find yourself screaming like the *Wonderland* Eaglet, "Speak English! I don't know the meaning of half those long words, and what's more, I don't believe you do, either." In order to get Gesell's message of what to expect from "the creature" at each age, we need the services of an interpreter.

—From "Alice in Womanland: Or, The Feminine Mistake," by Margaret Bennett (Prentice-Hall, June)

Ross-hater, Marx-lover

April 9, 1958

DEAR GROUCHO:

I am now working on Ross Number 9, a long and, of course, penetrating piece about his friendship, or whatever it was, with the man he called "that glib son-of-a-bitch" and "that emotionless fish," the late Ross-hater and Marx-lover, A. Woollcott.

What I'm agoin' to do, pardner, is send you a carbon of this piece in its last, or next to last draft, in the hope that it might move you, through some emotion, or all emotions, or none, to write me a few comments on those two crazy and remarkable dead men, or on anything else. . . .

I would like to have your opinion, and Harpo's if he can still whistle and make signs, on both Ross and Woollcott, singly and together. You come from common stock, but you have a mighty uncommon mind and talent. I toss out these compliments to win your love and devotion. To me Woollcott was such a pompous Grand Marshal of his own daily parade that all men wanted to put banana peels in his path, and all the ladies he praised and insulted in the same sentence wanted to pick him up when he fell. The famous story of the Gibbs Profile is dealt with in my piece, with quotes from Gibbs. He didn't know the Lunts had stopped their subscription to The New Yorker when the Profile came out, but he did know that Coward turned against him and Ross and me, too, because I wore the red rose of Ross and not the white orchid of Woollcott, I guess. Gibbs was also bawled out by Beatrice Kaufman, Edna Ferber, and Neysa McMein.

Me, I don't care who attacked Ross, and I attack him some myself, the way I would any other pageant, or monument, or magician. And if Woollcott couldn't take attack, then nobody could. The letters of the glib son-of-a-bitch definitely prove to me that he loved the clashes and friction and insults in his life, because they gave him a chance to write letters which might just possibly live, like the ones Henry James wrote to H. G. Wells, and those that probably came out of such literary feuds as Dickens versus Thackeray, and Henley versus Stevenson. . . . Affectionately, James Thurber.

—From "The Groucho Letters: Letters from and to Groucho Marx" (Simon & Schuster, March)

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The Emperor's Conversion

The Last Manchu: The Autobiography of Henry Pu Yi, Last Emperor of China, *translated by Kuo Ying Paul Tsai and edited by Paul Kramer (Putnam. 318 pp. $5.95), is a version of the memoirs of Comrade Pu, who ascended the Imperial Dragon Throne in the Forbidden City December 2, 1908. Morton H. Fried is an anthropologist who observes the Chinese scene.*

By MORTON H. FRIED

SOMEWHERE in China, probably in Peking, at the very moment I am writing this, a perpetually frightened man is rising to a new day and the shuddering possibility that there will be a new government. The man is Aisin-Gioro Pu Yi, once known as the Emperor Hsüan T'ung, the last Ch'ing dynast and puppet of the Japanese in Manchukuo.

From his own account of himself, it would not be surprising if Comrade Pu turned up at the head of a column of Red Guards. To be sure, at the age of sixty-one he is a little old for the part, but presumably still protean, eager to be what others wish him to be, although not always adept at these tremendous role changes. This is not said to be critical; there is about the life of Pu Yi a quality of inexorability. Given the initial situation and its unfolding, it is impossible to see him acting in any other way at any crucial juncture of his life. Following this logic, although there is good reason to believe that the last five years have been his happiest, it takes no stretch of the imagination to visualize him making at least one more chameleon change should political circumstances make it necessary. Perhaps there is even an occasional spark in the seemingly cold ashes of his personal and lineage ambitions and, at moments of national stress such as China currently experiences, there may be a surprising secret vision of Restoration.

Pu Yi ascended the Dragon Throne in December 1908, about two months shy of his third birthday. Less than a week before his seventh his abdication was announced. Although this event symbolized great changes in Chinese political organization, its effects on the immediate life of Pu Yi were surprisingly small. He continued to reside in the Forbidden City, surrounded by advisors and sycophants, eunuchs and slaves, courtiers and servants. For years persons of major rank in the Republican government with whom he came into contact continued to kowtow before him. Life in the Imperial Palace remained magnificent and expensive. If, as Pu Yi asserts, he had nothing to say about the government, he remained an absolute despot within his court. Although one of his tutors was an Englishman, the major influences that shaped his character were Chinese, and the second most important were Manchu.

After years of involvement with and growing dependence on the Japanese, Pu Yi became "Chief Executive" of the Japanese puppet state Manchukuo in 1932, and two years later assumed the title of Emperor. He was most troubled by the Japanese insistence that he take office dressed in the uniform of a Japanese general, but, in one of his rare moments of triumph over tough opponents, he wheedled permission to wear his ancestral dragon robes at the religious ceremony that announced to heaven his accession.

At the end of World War II Pu Yi was taken without fuss or trouble by the Russians, and until mid-1950 spend most of the time in two "reception centers" in Khabarovsk. This period is barely sketched in the autobiography, for undisclosed reasons which might be the subject of some interesting speculations. At any rate, after about five years in the Soviet Union, Pu Yi was shipped back to China in a state of total panic, convinced at each stop of the train that the execution squad was being assembled. Instead of execution, or even trial, he was kept two months in detention at Fushun and then send to Harbin. There he was confined to a prison, a "thought remolding center," where he lived in a cell and was gradually and with much psychological pain turned into "an ordinary citizen." During this process he learned to wash his own clothes and to live with others as equals, although it is interesting that the Communists protected him from the "honey bucket" duty that they required of everybody else.

IN December 1959 the "Manchukuo war criminal," Pu Yi, was pardoned by the Supreme People's Court and went to Peking. In November 1960 he received his voter's card, made out to Ai-hsin Chio-lo P'u-i, to use the system of romanization most popular in English renditions. Subsequently he has been appointed a member of the National Committee of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference and a Manchu representative at the National People's Congress.

The autobiography was begun about 1951, largely as the basis of a confession which its author believed might help bring him clemency—as, indeed, the final version seems to have done. It was completed when, out of prison, Pu Yi was employed in the Historical Materials Commission of the National Committee of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference. There he was given access to libraries and archives and was assisted by a staff of researchers. The Hong Kong Chinese edition of the autobiography, published in 1964, has for the paper cover of each of its three volumes a facsimile of a page of draft manuscript in Pu Yi's hand.

An earlier translation by W. J. F. Jenner, entitled *From Emperor to Citizen,* was published by the Foreign

20th Day of the 10th Moon

I WAS BORN ON THE fourteen day of the first moon of the thirty-second year of Kuang Hsu's reign; on February 7, 1906, by the Western calendar.

On the evening of November 13, 1908, or the twentieth day of the tenth moon, in the thirty-fourth year of Kuang Hsu's reign, the mansion of the Emperor's brother, in which I lived, was in turmoil. My grandmother had fainted and, while royal eunuchs and servants were trying to revive her, children and adults were weeping. All this because I, as Emperor apparent, of the Ch'ing Dynasty, had refused an imperial summons from the Forbidden City delivered by the Grand Councillor.

I would not let any of the eunuchs come near me to carry me to the palace. I cried so hard the eunuchs had to ask the Grand Councillor what to do. My father, meanwhile, rushed about from room to room—first entertaining the Grand Councillor and the eunuchs who had come with him from the palace, then ordering servants to get me dressed, then visiting my still-prostrate grandmother and forgetting that the Grand Councillor was waiting.

I have, of course, no impression or recollection of what my family thought of this situation, of the humiliation brought upon them by my refusal to obey the imperial edict. However, I was told several years later that in order to solve the impasse of my refusal to let the eunuchs come near me it was finally agreed to waive all protocol and permit my wet nurse herself to carry me to the palace. —From *The Last Manchu.*

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Languages Press of Peking in 1964-65. Paul Kramer, who has edited the present edition for Putnam's, asserts that the version by W. J. F. Jenner "has forfeited much of the charm and wit of the original for the turgid, heavy prose of official propaganda. It is without freedom of thought and movement and so continually correlates the behavior of Pu Yi with the established patterns of Communist ideology that the unique personality which comes through in the original is totally destroyed." This is an astounding statement; apart from omissions, paragraph for paragraph, sentence for sentence, the two works are so similar as to lead the reader to wonder if one translation might have borrowed from the other.

Attempting to unravel the mystery, I turned to the Hong Kong edition of the original Chinese, *Wo-ti ch'ien pan sheng*, but I find myself now even more deeply puzzled. On the one hand, there are passages curiously translated in the Peking version which appear with the same solipsistic choice of words in the Kramer-Tsai edition. On the other hand, there are phrases and sentences in the latter that appear in the original but not in the Peking translation. Whatever lies behind this, the charge that the Peking version is unworthy because of politicization is entirely untrue. The Peking version is in fact more complete—and much more accurate a mirror of Pu Yi's prose than the version offered by Paul Kramer.

The Soul of a Soviet Surgeon

The Open Heart, *by Nikolai M. Amosoff (Simon & Schuster. 248 pp. $4.95), is the journal of two days in the life of a renowned Russian surgeon. Brian Richard Boylan, co-author of "The New Way to Live with Diabetes," is writing a book about the latest trends in heart research.*

By BRIAN RICHARD BOYLAN

NIKOLAI AMOSOFF fails to provide the stereotyped autobiography one might expect from such an internationally respected surgeon. It does not recount his successful operations, his inventions, his pioneering open-heart techniques, or his emergence as one of the world's great cardiovascular surgeons. Instead, he has written an overwhelmingly personal diary of his failures, his weaknesses, and his mistakes. Out of this introspection emerges a sharp sketch of the self-doubt that is the curse of the sensitive man who every day takes complete responsibility for the lives of other men.

Professor Amosoff, who runs his own experimental laboratory and is chief of cardiovascular surgery at a major hospital in Kiev, provides virtually no autobiographical information in his book. But in the course of the two days, separated by a couple of years, that he records in this journal, his mental and emotional life is revealed with exceptional clarity.

For one thing, he does not seem typical of the men in his specialty. While personally they may be as humane and as warm as other physicians, surgeons today handle so many exposed hearts that they must expect a certain percentage of their patients to die—some even during the operation. Their external coolness in the face of death often causes grieving relatives to denounce them as cold and impersonal, even though they must exercise remarkable self-control to avoid emotional involvement with their patients.

This, however, is not true of Amosoff, who is mercilessly gnawed and hag-ridden by death, even when he can't possibly prevent it. The memory of a little girl's braided pigtails as she lies lifeless on the autopsy table haunts his first day, returning again and again as he tries unsuccessfully to save the life of another pigtailed little girl.

The popular notion that surgeons have nerves of steel and confidently breeze through the most complicated operations is shattered by Amosoff's continuous dialogue with himself, one moment indulging in self-congratulation and heroic posturing, the next denouncing his own stupidity and vanity in the most devastating terms. His hand shakes; he procrastinates over whether to proceed with the operation or stitch up the patient as inoperable; he craves the comfort of a cigarette, but abstains before an operation because "nicotine blurs the brain, and makes my hands tremble more than usual." In crisis he lashes out viciously at his subordinates, repenting immediately.

The first day of Amosoff's diary is devoted to the two little girls he lost, and he blames himself for both deaths. One, he discovers at autopsy, could have been saved had he taken more time suturing her heart after the operation. The other might have lived had he stopped the operation after discovering a ballooning artery (aneurysm) and waited until he could connect the heart-lung machine to repair the defect leisurely. Instead, he went ahead, the artery burst, and the girl died. The scene where he tries to stop the gushing flow as his assistant protests, "Professor, the pupils have already been enlarged ten minutes," is one of the most shattering in the book.

"The meaning of these terrible words slowly sinks in. So, this is it. Death. One must accept the fact, even though the heart continues to quiver convulsively now and then, quite unnecessarily. It is clinically dead."

The second day in the professor's diary is given over to his personal relationship with a man in whom he must implant an artificial heart valve, then an almost-unknown, dangerous procedure. Although this section also contains a number of Amosoff's philosophical, moral, political, and social speculations, they are always presented unobtrusively as ideas, not dogma. The doctor takes some spirited cuts at the concept of charging patients for medical care, at his colleagues' not-always-humanitarian reasons for practicing surgery, and at patients' ingratitude.

The Open Heart reportedly has sold more than a million copies in the USSR. Its success in the Western world will depend largely, I suspect, on whether we are ready to accept such a deeply personal, sensitive portrait of a surgeon's soul. Professor Amosoff alters most of our images about the surgeon and his art, but perhaps it's time that happened.

The Day The T.V. Broke

By Gerald Jonas

IT was awful, First,
the silence. I thought I'd die.
This is the worst,
I said to myself, but I
was wrong. Soon, the house began to
speak.
(There are boards in the halls
that creak
when no foot falls.
The wind strains
at the door, as if in pursuit
of someone inside, and when it rains,
the drainpipe croaks. Nothing is mute.)
That night, there came a noise from the
shelves
like mice creeping.
It was the books, reading themselves
out loud to keep me from sleeping.
I can tell you I was glad to see
the repairman arrive.
Say what you will about a T.V.—
at least it isn't alive.

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M.D. of Bleedings and Purges

Revolutionary Doctor: Benjamin Rush (1746-1813), *by Carl Binger (Norton. 326 pp. $7.95), examines the virtues and defects of a great American physician and reformer whose egotism and stubborn wrongheadedness were outweighed only by his patriotism, compassion, and extraordinary courage. Meredith M. Brown is a lawyer in New York City with a well-informed interest in American history.*

By MEREDITH M. BROWN

BENJAMIN RUSH once told his students that "a physician who knows nothing but the sciences which are supposed to belong exclusively to his profession, is a nonentity." No one could call Dr. Rush a nonentity. Apart from his extensive practice in and near Philadelphia, he supervised the manufacture of saltpeter for the Revolutionary army, signed the Declaration of Independence as a member of the Continental Congress, served under Washington as Physician General to the Middle Department, became Treasurer of the Mint under John Adams, preached the gospels of temperance and abolition, and, as a close friend of both John Adams and Jefferson, rekindled the friendship between the two ex-Presidents.

In *Revolutionary Doctor* Carl Binger gives biography almost as broad a definition as Rush gave to medicine. Like Rush, whose interest turned towards mental diseases, Dr. Binger, a past president of the Psychoanalytic Medical Association, occasionally interprets Rush's dreams in order to deepen our understanding. These ventures into psychoanalysis are discreet, nonspeculative, and free from jargon, that most lethal of the inert gases. The result enriches the study rather than distracts from it.

In order to place Rush's medical thought in context, Dr. Binger not only recreates his medical education in Edinburgh and brings his professional rivals in Philadelphia to contentious life; he also sketches in the whole state of medical knowledge at the turn of the eighteenth century—the bleedings, the purges, the utter lack of clinical instruments. Dr. Binger manages to do all this without once becoming heavy. His thorough textual notes are placed at the back of the book, instead of freighting the page in the form of footnotes.

The author presents Rush as a unique bundle of polar attributes. Much of Rush's medical thought consisted of blind deductions from the unsupported premise that all diseases—mental as well as physical—were caused by "convulsive" excitement of the blood vessels. The treatment followed from the premise: bleeding, bleeding, and more bleeding. Rush bled lunatics, yellow fever victims, even men shot through the lungs. In the mistaken belief that the body contains twelve quarts of blood (it contains six), he did not hesitate to remove as much as four quarts in a five-day period. At the same time, he was capable of shrewd observation: he linked the yellow fever that plagued Philadelphia to stagnant water, and recognized, as few other doctors did, that it was not directly contagious. More than a century would pass before Walter Reed demonstrated that the disease was carried by water-bred mosquitoes.

Convinced of the superiority of his own theories, Rush was intolerably arrogant to other doctors. Yet no doctor of his time was more devoted to his patients or more concerned with the care of the downtrodden. Rush substituted occupational therapy for beatings in the treatment of the insane, and opened the first American dispensary for the poor.

His transcendental virtue was courage. After his son went mad, Rush devoted still more of his own time to the care of mental patients. When the British journalist William Cobbett, writing under the apt pseudonym "Peter Porcupine," called him a "patent quack," Rush did not shrink from putting his own reputation in jeopardy with a libel suit.

The best chapter in the book describes Rush's behavior during the vicious yellow fever epidemic of 1793. Other doctors fled from Philadelphia or died fighting the disease. One-tenth of the city's inhabitants succumbed, including Rush's sister and three of his five pupils. The doctor himself, riddled with fever, visited and prescribed for between 100 and 120 patients a day, until the plague finally passed with the coming of cold weather.

Dr. Binger, who has never written a biography before, compares the biographer's job to the diamond cutter's: "to display the facets of a personality so as to bring out its inner light." A good and humanistic test, concerned more with the portrayal of character than with the recital of deeds, and one which Dr. Binger passes with high honors.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

SECOND BANANAS

With an eye to the Oscars awarded to movie actors who play secondary roles, Ted Hipple of Park Forest, Ill., thinks that some attention should be paid to the secondary characters in fiction, such as those in the American novels listed below. If you can't place them all, see page 55.

Popeye ( )	1. *Billy Budd*
Robert Cohn ( )	2. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*
Lennie ( )	3. *Death Comes for the Archbishop*
Charles Drouet ( )	4. *Gone with the Wind*
Esther Jack ( )	5. *The Great Gatsby*
Esteban ( )	6. *The Last of the Mohicans*
Captain Vere ( )	7. *Main Street*
Uncas ( )	8. *Of Mice and Men*
Joseph Vaillant ( )	9. *Sanctuary*
Nick Carraway ( )	10. *Sister Carrie*
Erik Valborg ( )	11. *The Sun Also Rises*
Frank Kennedy ( )	12. *The Web and the Rock*

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A Theater of Life

The Knightly Quest: A Novella and Four Short Stories, *by Tennessee Williams (New Directions. 183 pp. $5.50), and* ***I Don't Need You Any More,*** *by Arthur Miller (Viking. 240 pp. $5), find two serious and important playwrights, one basically subjective, the other objective, working in the narrative fiction form. Brooks Atkinson was for long drama critic of The New York Times.*

By BROOKS ATKINSON

NOTHING in *The Knightly Quest* or *I Don't Need You Any More* will enhance the reputation of Tennessee Williams or Arthur Miller, respectively. For both books are collections of short stories, and both authors are dramatists. As an art form the short story lacks the size and the power of a full-length drama such as *The Glass Menagerie* or *Death of a Salesman.*

But both books contain some distinguished material and raise interesting points. As playwrights, Mr. Williams and Mr. Miller write in very different styles. Mr. Williams is basically a subjective writer, in the school of Chekhov. Mr. Miller is a relatively objective writer, in the school of Ibsen. Mr. Williams bleeds; Mr. Miller protests. Mr. Williams is the more vulnerable; Mr. Miller is the more secure.

Despite these fundamental differences they have two things in common. They are both committed to the unceasing discipline of writing. What does a dramatist do when he has finished his play or is waiting restlessly through that frustrating period when someone else is trying to arrange all the details of a production? He writes short stories, articles, or a journal, or perhaps letters to his friends. He must write something. Some of what he writes broadens his range or carries him into a new field of experience. But, as Mr. Miller says in his preface, the tone of the short story is more modest than the tone of the theater. "All the world's a stage," he continues, "but the point comes when one would rather be real and at home." A play is only the score for something that will never come to life until it is acted in the theater. But a writer can complete a short story at home; and in the case of a dramatist, that must be a soothing sensation.

There is something more important that Mr. Williams and Mr. Miller have in common. They are immersed in life. They know certain aspects of life intimately from personal experience. What they write is documented and real. The finest thing in Mr. Williams's book is not a short story but a loving portrait of his grandmother, whom, according to Mr. Williams, his grandfather did not appreciate. Mr. Williams's comments are understated in a low key. But since they are personal and homely they make an eloquent contrast:

> The reverend and charmingly selfish gentleman [the grandfather] would conduct parties of Episcopal ladies through Europe, deck himself out in the finest clerical vestments from New York and London, go summers to Chautauqua and take courses at Sewanee, while my grandmother would lose teeth to save dental expenses, choose her eyeglasses from a counter at Woolworth's, wear at the age of sixty dresses which were made from relics of her bridal trousseau, disguise illness to avoid the expense of doctors.

During World War II Mr. Miller worked in the ships repair section of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. His knowledge of a welder in "Fitter's Night" is accordingly factual, precise, and revealing:

> In "real life," as the phrase went, he had been a steamfitter in Brooklyn and was not confused by mobs, Marines looking into his sandwiches, or the endless waiting around that was normal in a shipyard. Once through the turnstile, his luncheon box tucked under his arm again, his cap on crooked, he leaned into the wind with his broken nose, *notifying oncoming men to clear the* way, snug inside his pile zipper jacket and woolen shirt, putting down his feet on the outside edges like a bear, bandy-legged, low crotched . . .

If Mr. Williams and Mr. Miller know how to fill a theater with beauty, passion, and people it is because they know the elementary facts of human society.

Mr. Williams's book consists of a 101-page novella, three short stories, and the portrait of his grandmother. "The Knightly Quest" is a sardonic piece of science fiction about a secret power plant, "The Project," which is producing an explosive device that can destroy this planet. Although Mr. Williams's characterizations of the people involved and his description of the spy system are shrewd and plausible, the story is inconclusive, as if Mr. Williams had not mastered his subject.

—*Camera Press (Pix).*

Tennessee Williams—"vulnerable."

His generic theme is escape from loneliness into something that is comforting. This theme is beautifully illustrated in a winning story about a Negro mother and daughter with character enough to establish a civilized order in the home of a demoralized white man. There are two other stories written out of the author's strength: one, about a pathetic charlatan who tries to live off rich ladies; the other, a Williams version of the *Tobacco Road* theme, complete with the appropriate scatology.

"The Misfits" is the most brilliant of Mr. Miller's nine stories. In thirty-five pages it presents the fundamental parts of the screenplay that Mr. Miller wrote for Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe in 1961. In simple, declarative sentences Mr. Miller brings alive the irrelevant mountains, the moodiness of the cowboys, and the terror of the wild horses. A little masterpiece of impromptu life. There are some other interesting stories about human beings in search of identity: a boy who tries to find his place in an adult world; an American Jew in Italy looking for something familiar and reassuring; the wife of a celebrated architect seeking her niche in a sophisticated world.

There is nothing light in either volume. In the Miller book "the weedy morass of [one repellent scene] shuddered him," bruising Mr. Miller's grammar as well as the soul of one of his characters. Nothing light; for both Mr. Williams and Mr. Miller are serious men reporting what they see, which is dismal. During the last quarter of a century their plays have redeemed the American theater from mediocrity. Their short stories are on a lower level. But it is interesting to see two first-rate minds at work in another medium.

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No Place Like Home in the Orchard

The Plum Explosion, *by John van der Zee (Harcourt, Brace & World. 216 pp. $4.75), recounts the difficulties of a real estate agent who seeks to create a place where people and nature can peacefully coexist. Dennis Powers, formerly a newspaper book editor, is now a free-lance critic.*

By DENNIS POWERS

THE IDEA of a man determined to save a plum orchard from destruction at the hands of a real estate developer will probably make most readers think of *The Cherry Orchard* and Chekhov's wistful Ranevsky family. But the central character of *The Plum Explosion,* a short and minor novel by John van der Zee, a young San Francisco writer, is anything but Chekhovian. Raymond Moss is a man of action in dogged pursuit of his dream.

A law student at a nameless university in central California, Moss is twenty-eight and a campus outsider. On a solitary walk one afternoon he wanders into a vast, silent plum orchard and finds himself: "This is the place where I am me." Feeling a mystical union with the orchard, he returns again and again to stroll, study, sleep. "It seemed to Moss that if he could just look close enough, he would see some fundamental movement of nature." He begins to read Thoreau and Walt Whitman, and as he watches other orchards nearby being demolished to make way for shabby housing developments, his dream takes shape.

He leaves school for a job in real estate. Having learned the building business, he sets out on his own to make the plum orchard the basis of what he envisions as a unique kind of suburban community. Where other builders would simply have ripped out all the trees and crowded as many homes as possible on the land, Moss goes about creating a place in which people and houses will coexist peacefully with earth and plum trees in a sort of planned oneness.

Inevitably, the dream collapses as Moss is forced to compromise and confront the harsh realities of construction costs. He turns at last to his wife and child who have been there all the time, patiently waiting to be noticed. "I persevere," he declares, "because life's possibilities will not subside."

Well, obviously, the whole thing is far too pat to succeed. Throughout it, in fact, one has the nagging suspicion that van der Zee is less interested in what Moss is as a human being than in what he stands for as a character. A lackluster prose style and a faltering point of view only compound the problem.

What finally dooms the novel, however, is not its lack of literary brilliance or its reading sometimes like the script for an old James Stewart movie. The real trouble is that van der Zee rushes us through his story without stopping nearly often enough to add the details which might have made his characters and their problems engaging. What should be fully explored is only glimpsed in passing. This is one of the rare novels that would probably have been better had it been longer.

Return Passage to Prison

The Transfer, *by Silvano Ceccherini, translated from the Italian by Isabel Quigly (Braziller. 240 pp. $6), finds a metaphor for the human condition in a slow, tortuous journey aboard an Italian prison train. Robert L. Stilwell is an assistant professor of English and comparative literature at the University of Michigan.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

THERE are at least two reasons, neither of them primarily literary, why fiction produced by prisoners or former prisoners exerts so powerful a claim upon our responses. For one thing, many readers are generously quick to absorb the pathos and poignancy of an author's circumstances and to invest his work with similar qualities, whether or not they are present within it. For another thing, we may tend to suspect that the whole course of our times has branded us with Victor Hugo's famous verdict, "*Les hommes sont tous condamnés,*" and that every "convict" writer is therefore speaking—with magnified urgency and existential irony—for all of us. Artistically, however, the fiction of such writers seldom rewards our deepest scrutiny. It is true that one can cite Dostoevsky's *The House of the Dead,* Koestler's *Darkness at Noon,* Genet's more audacious books, Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* and several of the novels—an entire subgenre—imagined out of experiences in Hitler's and Franco's concentration camps. But we have also had a ruck of mediocre or worthless works that are neither art nor life but gritty, tortured transcripts from life, transcripts showing us little or nothing about the perversity and tenaciousness of the human spirit.

Silvano Ceccherini's short novel *The Transfer* will scarcely add a major dimension to "prison" fiction; yet it is by no means totally undeserving of attention. Its time is the summer of 1961; its events, transparently autobiographical, take place almost entirely in the prison railway coach that bears its protagonist, an Italian convict named Olgi Valnisi, from the penitentiary at Civitavecchia to his new place of confinement at Saluzzo. Not much "happens" on the long, stifling trip, save that Olgi meets and talks briefly with a seemingly endless procession of fellow prisoners who are also being transferred and who board the train under guard, ride with him as far as their destinations, and are then herded off. Through these conversations we gradually learn something about Olgi's character and background: that he has been imprisoned for twenty years, that his sufferings have humanized him, that he is afflicted with a severe heart ailment, and that, starved for life, Valnisi sometimes tries to write.

Postulating the faithfulness of Isabel

Silvano Ceccherini: "We are all condemned to death."

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Quigly's English version, one might wish that Ceccherini had avoided writing sentences like "Their faces, marked by a thousand sufferings, remained irrevocably sad," or "Olgi, though in a state of acute amorous sensibility, wasn't excited. She wasn't his favorite type." Olgi, moreover, is given to such reflections as "We're all condemned to death," "Life's just one long misery, and "If one could only read into the human heart! But who can do so?"

And yet, and yet . . . Despite its old-fashioned and awkwardly homemade narrative style, despite all its clichés and gaseous banalities, *The Transfer* manifests a storytelling skill that somehow draws the reader forward from page to page. Its gallery of convicts—the bestial, the contrite, the jovial, the callous, the mad—is sketched with economy and with a sometimes memorable vividness; Olgi's train journey transforms itself, with minimal triteness, into a kind of metaphor for man's condition in general; and there are numerous passages that glow with an embracing compassion for the injured and outcast. In particular, Olgi's death (his "translation," as is suggested by the book's original title, *La Traduzione*) becomes most moving, especially when confronted within the contexts and pressures of the entire novel:

> They rolled him over on to his back and saw that he was dead. This time, gracious and desired, it had come. A smile was fixed on Olgi's pale face, which could now be troubled no longer. Those who had gathered round looked at him, and were surprised to see a dead man chained and handcuffed, and even more surprised to see a dead man chained and smiling.

The Hugo of *Les Misérables*, the Tolstoy of *Resurrection*, might have set down those words—a fact that helps to explain both their sentimental weakness and their simple strength.

Ceccherini himself served twenty-three years, from 1940 until his medical release in 1963, behind the walls of various Italian prisons, for offences ranging from theft and naval insubordination to habitual attempts at escape; and it was during these decades that he began to read the masters of European and American literature and gropingly struggled to find his own fictional voice. *The Transfer* was completed in the Prison Asylum of Reggio Emilia and the Penitentiary of San Gimignano, working locations which are recorded, *à la* Joyce, on its final page.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 9, 11, 8, 10, 12, 2, 1, 6, 3, 5, 7, 4.

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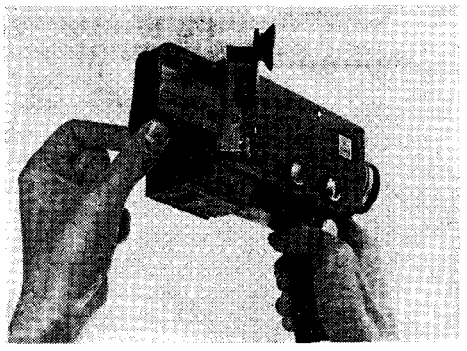

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A Faith to Encompass Fact

In the Human Grain: Further Explorations of Contemporary Culture, *by Walter J. Ong, S.J. (Macmillan. 207 pp. $5.95), maintains that the post-Darwinian world-view is "eminently congenial to a follower of Christ." Jaroslav Pelikan is professor of religious studies at Yale University, where he teaches the history of Christian doctrine.*

By JAROSLAV PELIKAN

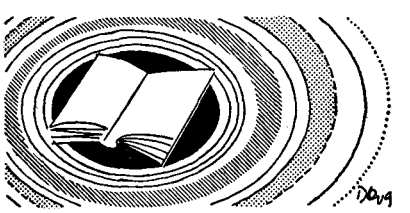
"I HAZARD the prophecy," wrote Alfred North Whitehead in *Adventures of Ideas,* "that that religion will conquer which can render clear to popular understanding some eternal greatness incarnate in the passage of temporal fact." Walter J. Ong does not quote this aphorism in any of these essays, but it could well be said to form a leitmotiv of his discourse, because most of the chapters of *In the Human Grain* deal in one way or another with the religious and humanistic implications of "the passage of temporal fact" and especially of the discovery of evolution.

Orthodox Christianity has often seemed to be preoccupied with eternity at the expense of time, and its reaction to Darwin or to Freud was, and for that matter still is, a defensive one. But Father Ong believes that "the world view which is opening out before us in our post-Darwinian world is . . . eminently congenial to a follower of Christ." He is particularly vigorous in his polemic against various myths of a golden age, notably the romantic glorification of the Middle Ages by certain Roman Catholics or of "the Christian era" by certain popularizers of the notion of a "post-Christian culture." Equally fierce is his attack on the preoccupation of the literati with the written and printed word, at the expense of the "oral-aural." (As I pondered this oft-repeated assonance, I could not help thinking that nevertheless there are some things that are better read than said.) He also scores some telling points against a literary antiquarianism that will not soil itself with contemporary works.

Although he is a professor of English at New York University and the author of a massive study analyzing the dialectic of Peter Ramus, Father Ong does not deal primarily with literature in the present volume; instead, he ranges across linguistics, biology, comparative religion, social science, history, depth psychology, philosophy, theology, and other fields in his consideration—or, rather, considerations, for this is a collection of articles, reviews, and lectures which have not, despite a little editing, come together into a unified argument. As anyone who has ever assembled his fugitive papers into a book will attest, there is always the temptation to include just one more piece from somewhere, a piece whose connection with the main body of the book is closer in the mind of the author than in the eye of the reader. Some of these chapters, especially one on Webster III and one on the dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, seem to have been incorporated here in response to such a temptation.

The result is that the reader is dazzled by the brilliance of this or that comment, but continually wishes for a sustained development of the thesis. Within the compass of four brief pages Father Ong has managed to assess the philosophy of time implicit in my favorite Christian poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins. But in the same essay, entitled "Evolution, Myth, and Poetic Vision," several single paragraphs suffice for a half-dozen poets each, while in the course of the next chapter thirteen of the most provocative and complex thinkers of the century—Rilke, Kafka, Bernanos, Marcel, Sartre, Henry James, Conrad, Buber, Rosenstock-Huessy, Hans Urs von Balthasar, George Herbert Mead, John Dewey, and Wittgenstein—are all polished off in the course of one paragraph. Similar name-dropping occurs throughout the book, with the result that the important insights are often trivialized.

We seem to be afflicted today with authors who take an essay-size idea and inflate it into a book. While I certainly prefer an economy that resists such inflation, I do hope that Father Ong, for whose work I have such great admiration, will develop at least a few of these book-size ideas into an exposition that is appropriate both to their seriousness and to his scholarship.



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Justifying Man's Ways to Man

You Shall Be as Gods: A Radical Interpretation of the Old Testament and Its Tradition, *by Erich Fromm (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 240 pp. $4.95), and* ***After Auschwitz: Radical Theology and Contemporary Judaism,*** *by Richard L. Rubenstein (Bobbs-Merrill. 287 pp. $5.95), consider various aspects of Jewish identity vis-à-vis tradition. Bernard Mandelbaum is president of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America.*

By BERNARD MANDELBAUM

GOD IS ALIVE! What is more, after reading what some of His children say about Him these days, He is a patient, loving Father.

Criticism of the volumes under consideration derives from more than a difference of opinion with the authors about the meaning of God. It is difficult to comprehend how two obviously creative and learned people like the psychoanalyst and philospher Erich Fromm and Richard Rubenstein, a rabbi with a master's degree in Hebrew literature, fail to recognize a basic inconsistency in their position. It has been said: "The sign that tells you which road to take does not necessarily have to walk down the road." However, by the very nature of their enterprise, philosophers and theologians who reason about the relationship between man's thought and behavior have some obligation to relate their own principles to their practices.

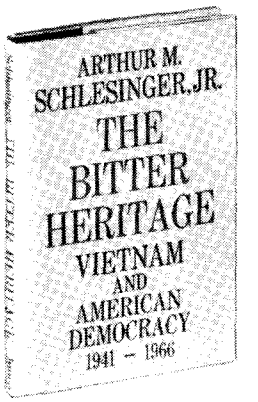
It is perplexing, therefore, to find Mr. Fromm beginning his presentation with a plea for a dispassionate, unprejudiced, almost *tabula rasa* examination of what Judaism has to say to contemporary man —" . . . to avoid the danger of picking out some data to support a preconceived thesis"—and then posit the following preconceived assumption: "I wish to make my position clear at the outset . . . God is one of the many different poetic expressions of the highest value in humanism, not a reality in itself." In other words, Fromm starts with his belief that God is dead (or never lived). He then proceeds to portray a Judaism that speaks with great relevance to twentieth-century man who seeks self-understanding and the improvement of society. Fromm's amazing range of authorities for this picture is drawn from Biblical, rabbinic, and other classical Jewish sources—all of which make the very opposite assumption. Human equality, freedom, life's uncertainties and complexities, the values and goals of existence that Fromm describes so meaningfully derive from views of rabbis, scholars, and philosophers whose wisdom is based on their belief in the reality of a God who is alive.

Actually, Mr. Fromm and the radical thinkers of our day (he uses the term "radical humanism," rather than the "radical theology" label of Mr. Rubenstein) are battling windmills. Their difficulty is the literalness of interpretation of a statement—for example, the sentence with which this review begins. Teachers of the earliest Rabbinic period (through the year 500), Maimonides and other medieval commentators are as critical of a literal, anthropomorphic reading of Scripture as the most sophisticated twentieth-century student of thought. "The Torah (*i.e.*, Bible)," they tell us, "speaks in a language that is understandable to man."

ALL the doubts, questions, uncertainties, changes in the concept of a living God which Fromm and Rubenstein invoke were part of the concern of the most pious. "Seek the Lord when He is to be found."—Isaiah. ". . . indeed there are times when it is difficult to find Him."—Zohar. "Why does the Bible state God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, repeating His name three times? Because each generation finds new meaning in God's reality." — from an eighteenth-century commentary. This is the inevitable lot of finite man seeking to understand an infinite Reality. Nothing has yet been written to compare to Scripture's Job in his blunt questioning of God's justice in a world where good people suffer and the wicked appear to prosper. The dilemma of justifying "God's ways to man," which Rubenstein raises poignantly in *After Auschwitz,* aroused a Milton of the seventeenth century, just as it perplexed wise men of the Roman period who witnessed the animality of men in a coliseum whose "thumbs down" and cheers signaled a gladiator to massacre helpless victims before their very eyes. However, when in doubt, the believer in God makes the assumption of faith in God's reality.

Mr. Rubenstein frequently quotes the

"eloquent, tough, dissenting"
Eliot Fremont-Smith, *New York Times*



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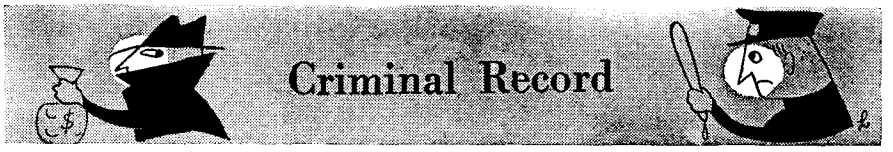
words of Ivan Karamazov: "If there is no God, all things are permissible." Yet the substitute for a faith in God is not, as Fromm and Rubenstein imply, a demonstrable, scientific, experientially verifiable set of principles. What we find is the substitution of another "faith," with less proof, less authority, and less historicity.

This is particularly evident in *After Auschwitz*, by Richard Rubenstein. In a high point of this volume of essays, the chapter on "The Meaning of Torah in Contemporary Jewish Theology," he writes: "The limitation of Jewish atheism is that it offers no way of actively sharing or participating with other Jews in the wisdom, the aspirations, the remembrances and the insights of earlier generations." Yet Rubenstein fails to follow through with any significant use of these authorities for his own radical theology. His new prophets (he even uses the word "prophet" in reference to them) are Freud, Nietzsche, Dostoevsky, Melville. To put it mildly, the following statements of Rubenstein, which would require a volume to refute in detail, are radical, *reductio*, and a sorry substitute for Moses, Isaiah, Rabbi Akiba, and Maimonides: ". . . human freedom is limited the moment the nursing infant is compelled to refrain from utilizing its milk teeth to bite the breast of its mother. . . . For Freud [and, therefore, beyond question] God is the projected superego of the community. . . . Norman Cohn [a minor prophet] has stressed the role of the Jew as the castrating father in the paranoid fantasies of the anti-Semite. . . . Earth is a Mother, but Earth is a cannibal Mother. Sooner or later it consumes what it gives birth to."

Nevertheless, the reader should not be discouraged from reflecting on the significant, and often exciting, contents of these two volumes. Fromm, despite his foundationless structure, gives a vivid description of a living tradition which speaks with great meaning to man in his struggle to feel at home in the world; "to bring man to life again." His extensive footnotes, in particular, contain most erudite and creative interpretations of Jewish thought.

Rubenstein's discussions are superb concerning the differences between Judaism and Christianity in the interpretation of the Messiah; the concept of law; belief versus behavior in contemporary radical theology; the depths of Nazi bestiality and its continuing threat to society; the undeniable reality that two thousand years and more of a living tradition become a part of each of us at birth.



The Mark Fein Case. *By William A. Reuben. Dial.* $5. On Februray 20, 1964, a millionaire Manhattan industrialist was charged with the murder of a bookmaker to whom he allegedly owed $7,200; he was convicted and sentenced to from thirty years to life, and is now serving his time in Sing Sing Prison. Trial and subsequent proceedings are here examined in close detail. (Did justice miscarry?)

The Verdicts Were Just. *Edited by Albert Averbach and Charles Price. Lawyers Coöperative Publishing Company. Distributed by McKay.* $6.95. Eight nationally known trial lawyers here present their "most memorable" cases, with extensive citations of testimony; only two (Eichmann and Chessman) are criminal, the rest civil; all are fascinating.

The Secret Service Story. *By Michael Dorman. Delacorte.* $5. This lively account of the work of the nation's oldest law enforcement agency is particularly enlightening and amusing in its treatment of the protection afforded a President's sisters and his cousins and his aunts.

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The February Plan. *By James Hall Roberts. Morrow.* $4.95. USAF lieutenant's death brings father to Japan, where details of diabolical plot emerge. Beautifully integrated performance is headed for Hollywood under MGM auspices; novel is also BOMC alternate selection.

Smiling the Boy Fell Dead. *By Michael Delving. Scribners.* $3.95. Connecticut manuscript dealer seeking prize item in rural Gloucestershire runs into oddballs, right guys (and gals), and murder; Anglo-American amity abounds (but not all the time.) Delightful. (Come again soon!)

The Terrible Pictures. *By Ben Healey. Harper & Row.* $4.50. English artist enjoying working vacation on Côte d'Azur runs into rough stuff, including murder; light-hearted tale is skillfully wrought but accumulation of personnel is mildly bothersome.

Cable Car. *By June Drummond. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $4.95. Political turmoil in mountainous area near That Curtain, plus debate over new dam, imperil lives of engineer and his daughter trapped in ski-trolley. Fine suspense piece. Author, a South African, is newcomer to our shores.

Always Kill a Stranger. *By Robert L. Fish. Putnam.* $3.95. Captain José Da Silva of Brazilian police moves fast to short-circuit assassination attempt when VIPs gather in Rio; Wilson of U.S. Embassy (still no first name) gets in on act. Moves up to fine climax.

The Eliminator. *By Andrew York. Lippincott.* $4.95. Concupiscent hatchet man for British security set-up covers much ground and air (Barbados, Channel Islands); karate is practiced, chess played. Runs the gamut from savage to uproarious.

Death on the Reserve. *By Josephine Bell. Macmillan.* $3.95. Retired medico who enjoys playing peeper has chance to show his stuff while holidaying on rugged northwest coast of England; two die. This one simmers rather than boils, but it's thoroughly enjoyable.

The Saint Magazine Reader. *Edited by Leslie Charteris and Hans Cantesson. Doubleday.* $4.50. Fifteen yarns are assembled in this first collection taken from the youngest of our mystery magazines. The Saint's creator adds entertaining glosses.

Sleuths and Consequences. *Edited by Thomas B. Dewey. Simon & Schuster.* $4.95. Despite its corny title, this latest annual short-story anthology by members of the Mystery Writers of America maintains the high standard set by previous volumes.

House of Cards. *By Stanley Ellin. Random House.* $5.95. Yank club-fighter in Paris is unwittingly involved with members of secret army that raised hob in Algeria; action moves on to Venice and Rome. Story roars along to a gory and stunning dénouement.

What Should You Know of Dying? *By Tobias Wells. Crime Club.* $3.95. Knute Severson, Boston detective (who tells story), looks into refrigerator suffocation of five-year-old boy; attempt on second child brings cases into focus; goldfish-swallowing craze recalled. Holds up nicely. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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When You're Having More than One

PETER SHAFFER is a working playwright who uses a modest but very wisely directed talent to fashion a wide variety of theater exercises. Because he is neither cryptic nor fiery, we tend to place him in the same category with Robert Bolt, somewhere slightly beneath Arden, Osborne, Pinter, and Wesker. He is further contaminated because he has enjoyed greater success in London's West End than any of the others, and in another era might well have become a Terence Rattigan rather than the author of *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, which the distinguished intellectual critic, Bernard Levin, called the "greatest play of our generation."

To define Shaffer's position is not to minimize his achievements. His special assets are an undoctrinaire sense of what can be created in the special world of the stage, an extreme objectivity about his own work that somehow stops short of becoming inhibitory, and a realization that the world's conventional institutions can be effectively assaulted with trivial comedy, naturalistic suspense drama, and common-man explorations of complex cosmic issues.

His newest effort is a shamelessly farcical concoction facetiously titled *Black Comedy* that sets out to squeeze every last drop of theatrical fun from a simple comic situation. When the curtain rises the stage is black, but we hear a young artist conversing with the sex-hungry debutante with whom he is having a love affair. They are preparing the apartment for a visit from both a wealthy art patron who may buy the artist's works, and her ultra-conservative father who may reluctantly approve his daughter's engagement to the young Bohemian. To impress the visitors, they have, without permission, borrowed some elegant furniture and valuable antique objects from a neighbor who is away. Although the stage remains black for several minutes, it does not take us long to realize that what is black to us is light to the characters. Brilliantly, Shaffer picks the middle of a record of loud martial music as the moment when the fuse blows. Thus we have the simultaneous slurdown of the music and the jump to a fully lit stage, to tell us that what is light to us is now black to the characters.

Immediately we see Michael Crawford as the confounded young man and Lynn Redgrave as the plump and nauseatingly cute debutante groping their way around the duplex apartment. Under John Dexter's inventive and marvelously detailed direction awkward postures, movements, and accidents are woven into a hilarious continuum of events. Mr. Crawford is uproarious when he steps on the telephone and slides ten feet on his back. And Miss Redgrave, who seems a caricature of inbred apprehensiveness, manages some very funny ascents and descents of the stairs with squiggly, limping tentativeness.

While the initial fun comes simply from maneuvering in the dark, the playwright skillfully adds a series of complications that exploit the situation. A mousy old lady from next door intrudes and proceeds to get drunk on gin, which in the dark has become confused with lemonade. The conservative father, played with regimental stuffiness by Peter Bull, arrives and quickly becomes infuriated by his inability to function with full military dignity in a situation in which he can't face down his daughter's timid wooer. The owner of the furniture, portrayed with amusing homosexual proprietariness by Donald Madden, turns up unexpectedly to present the young couple with the new necessity of trying to sneak the furniture back to its owner's apartment right under his nose.

Of course, this results in all sorts of near-misses, and in the funniest piece of business of the whole evening, where the father who has risen from a straight chair returns to sit surprisedly in a rocking chair substituted for it in the interim. This builds into more excruciating laughter when the telephone cord becomes entangled around the chair, and the artist unknowingly yanks it to spill his prospective father-in-law on the floor. Further complications are furnished by a man from the electricity company whom they all mistake for the rich art patron, and the ultimate appearance of the real patron, for whom the playwright has prepared a quick and devastating fate. But most important of all is the unexpected intrusion of the artist's former girl friend, a saucy nymphomaniac played with contagious relish by Geraldine Page. Since it is dark nobody knows she is there except her former boy friend—who, upon accidentally touching her buttocks in the dark, instantly recognizes her.

Because she insists upon staying the night, the young man's problem is compounded, and he tries to hide her in the upstairs bedroom. When somebody hears her, however, he pretends she is his cleaning woman. This gives Miss Page a great opportunity to impersonate a cockney charwoman and "innocently" tell a fabricated story about her employer's past designed to shock everyone and break up the engagement.

Is there an implied criticism of social hypocrisy in all this, a suggestion that truer behavior ensues when we are relieved of the burden of appearances? Perhaps. But it is certainly not essential to the popular enjoyment of this season's most risible romp.

A shorter companion piece, called *White Lies*, is in a sadder key. It deals with a rundown clairvoyant, also acted by Geraldine Page, who has been bribed to scare a shy young man from competing with a friend for the love of a girl. While the play contains a fascinating switch and is sensitively acted, it is as yet a somewhat too slow-going fragment, in which too much of the story must be related rather than performed.

The scenery and costumes for both plays have been strikingly designed by Alan Tagg, and at the very least *White Lies* serves to set up *Black Comedy* by introducing us to Miss Page, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Madden in roles so different that that their subsequent contrasting performances emerge even more in the spirit of fun and games than they otherwise would.

SINCE the West wind that has blown over The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center the last two seasons has not resulted in a climate hospitable to exciting theater, one would hope that the current presentation, *The East Wind*, might herald happier days ahead.

Unfortunately, this new work by Polish expatriate Leo Lehman proves tedious and unfocused. Mainly it presents Michael Granger and George Voskovec as two Poles from the same town who do not like each other very much and who are split up during World War II. While the information about them supplied in flashbacks is murky, one gathers that one, Konarski, was captured by the Russians, and that the other, Zauber, was captured by the Germans and survived a concentration camp.

After the war, they both go to England and are discontented with British happiness. Konarski returns to Poland and Zauber tries to make a new life in Australia, but neither course works out. They return to England, bump into each other again, and set up a delicatessen in London, with Konarski marrying a typically British woman nicely played by Estelle Parsons. For Zauber, the new way of life is pleasant, but Konarski is worn down by its lack of purpose. Thus Zauber ends up happy and Konarski kills himself, which seems merely to demonstrate at too great length that our destinies are shaped not by the climate but by our own natures.

—HENRY HEWES.

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When Everybody Loses

"IMAGE, Image, Who's Got The Image?" is the name of the unceasing game played by the public relations professionals of the print and television media. Each medium, by speeches, audience surveys, and statistics, tries to persuade advertisers that it is the most efficient channel for getting sales messages through to better-educated, higher income consumers.

David J. Curtin, Corporate Communications vice president of the Xerox Corporation, made a speech last November in St. Louis to the Broadcasters Promotion Association. He asked the publicity men of local stations around the country to help attract better-educated viewers to Xerox Specials. This audience, asserted Mr. Curtin, is slipping away from television, losing the viewing habit. Xerox is trying to put on thoughtful, controversial programs, he said, but the networks refuse to carry them; and, when Xerox arranges its own network, the local stations fail to promote the programs vigorously. If together we don't reach this intelligent audience, he added, it may give up even trying to find good programs.

The Xerox executive, after he had delivered his talk, was asked on what evidence he based his assertions that upper-income viewers were deserting television. He cited surveys by Louis Harris, the poll-taker, during the past two years, which indicate that young people, especially the group twenty-one to thirty-four years old, are among the defectors. The speaker described this group as "the wealthiest, the most alert, the most literate, and the most mobile generation that this country has ever produced," and charged that television "has consistently failed to pique the interest of this group . . . it often seems to be a medium which is pulling into itself rather than exploring new frontiers for growth and development."

Six weeks later, Roy Danish, director of the Television Information Office of the National Association of Broadcasters, counterattacked—asserting in a letter to Mr. Curtin that quality-audience viewing is on the rise in American homes of upper and middle incomes. Mr. Danish said that findings by Elmo Roper show that "the percentage of adults reporting television is their primary informational medium is highest in the twenty-one to twenty-five age group." Nielsen data, he added, show that young adults' viewing in the average prime-time-minute went up in 1966. "All three networks are presenting more drama than ever before and are experimenting with new forms. . . . Television is offering a record number of specials this year." If there is any loss in television viewing, the TIO director said, it is not in the higher-income but in the lower-income group.

Two weeks after his letter had been sent to the Xerox executive, a new Louis Harris Poll appeared in the press. "Television," concluded the poll-taker, "continues to lose the more affluent while gaining among the least well-to-do. . . . And there are also distinct signs that one former bastion of the general television audience, older people who have no young people in their household, are also losing some of the TV habit." "Image, Image, Who's Got The Image?"—merrily the game goes on.

A plague on all your pollsters, says the bewildered layman, confused by statistics that clash by night. Unfortunately for television, there is evidence in its own house that tends to support the Xerox-Harris allegations. Julian Goodman, president of NBC, in a speech to the Association of National Advertisers last October, told the time-buyers that "television is entering its most remarkable era." Help us, he appealed to the advertisers, by supporting some programing of a controversial nature: It does not always find full support from advertisers. Don't be misled, he said, by myths about the quality-viewer turning away from television; some advertisers have already discovered this audience, to their profit. Then he named some advertisers who have been successfully reaching the affluent, educated American—and among them was the Xerox Corporation.

More disturbing evidence that television is losing the image game comes from two recent announcements in the press. Neil Compton, a Canadian scholar who has been appraising American television for *Commentary*, said farewell to TV in the magazine's January issue. "One of the pleasanter aspects of giving the job up is the thought that I shall never again have to immerse myself in the stiflingly conformist world of the U.S. network news services. . . . The American networks, smug in their devotion to free enterprise, are content to offer three virtually identical versions of the Madison Avenue-corporate establishment ethos." More recently, *Newsweek* was reported about to drop its coverage of television as a separate department because it feels that the medium has declined in quality and variety. An executive for the magazine recalled that *Time* had, some years ago, fused its TV-radio reports in its "Show Business" section.

Television's image is in trouble when two print journals that circulate among better-educated readers decide that the medium no longer is important enough to merit independent coverage. Print is also the loser, however, for this is a time of profound change in broadcasting in America, and intelligent criticism of the medium was never more urgently needed. And there's a bigger stake than even print or television in this game—the image of the nation, as it appears to itself and to the rest of a world rapidly being linked by television.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

(Reprinted from Saturday Review, Sept. 30, 1961.)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"You fool with it if you want to—I'm going back to the cave."

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Perhaps television can give you some fresh new ideas, too. The March programs listed below can advance anyone's thinking.

The Smithsonian
Catlin and the Indians; The World Around Us; Our Vanishing Lands; Meteors. Saturday, March 4, 11, 18. 25 (12:30-1 pm).

Discovery
Discovery Visits New York, Part 2; Moscow's Young Americans; To the Moon and Beyond; Discovery Goes to Hong Kong. Sunday, March 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 noon).

The 21st Century
The Remarkable Schoolhouse; At Home, 2001. Sunday, March 5, 12 (6-6:30 pm).

The Ransom of Red Chief
Children's Film Festival: Russian production of O. Henry's classic story. Sunday, March 5 (4-5 pm).

Rabbit Hill
Burl Ives narrates dramatization of Newbery Medal-winning children's book. Sunday, March 5 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Brigadoon
Tuneful fantasy starring Robert Goulet and Sally Ann Howes. Monday, March 6 (8:30-10 pm).

Mark Twain Tonight!
Hal Holbrook recreates his memorable portrayal of the great American writer. Monday, March 6 (9:30-11 pm).

Captain Kangaroo
Scientists from Franklin Institute: Topology; Light and Lasers. Thursday, March 9, 30 (8-9 am).

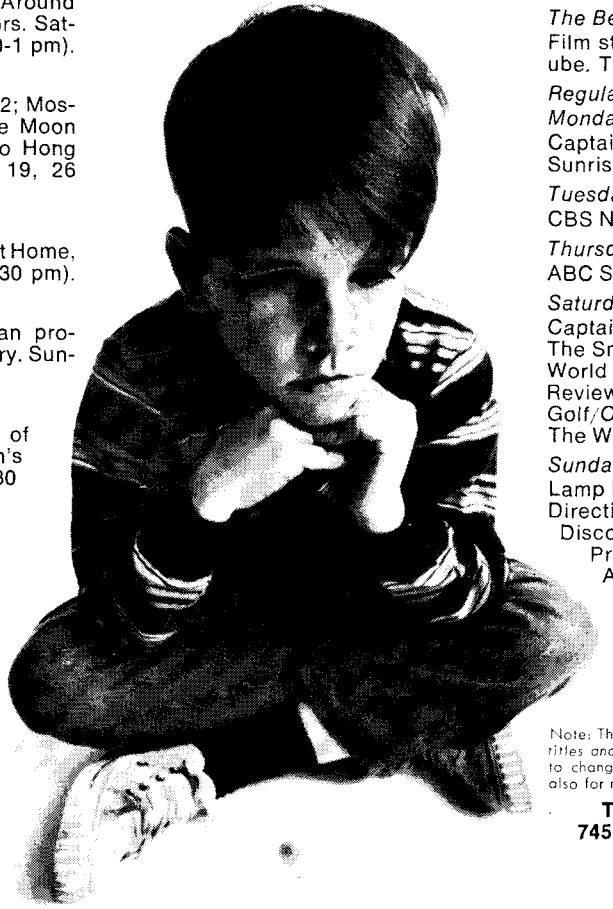
The Vine
The life of Christ filmed at sites in the Holy Land. Sunday, March 12 (4-5 pm).

Bell Telephone Hour
Toscanini: The Maestro Revisited; An Easter Greeting, Handel's Messiah. Sunday, March 12, 26 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Saigon
Portrait of a city and its people at war. Tuesday, March 14 (10-11 pm).

I'm Getting Married
Stage 67: Anne Bancroft and Dick Shawn in Comden-Green-Styne play with music. Thursday, March 16 (10-11 pm).

This Is Marshall McLuhan
The communications professor explains "The Medium is the Massage." Sunday, March 19 (4-5 pm).



Our Time In Hell
Lee Marvin narrates documentary of Marines' World War II role in the Pacific. Tuesday, March 21 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Hand In Hand
Children's Film Festival: British story of friendship and understanding between a Jewish and a Catholic child. Sunday, March 26 (4-5:30 pm).

Antoinette Perry Awards
Presentation of Tony Awards for achievements in Broadway theatre. Sunday, March 26 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Leningrad
The city's history and great moments, including visit to Hermitage museum. Monday, March 27 (10-11 pm).

The Beautiful Blue and Red Danube
Film study of the countries on the Danube. Thursday, March 30 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday through Friday:
Captain Kangaroo/Today/
Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS News Hour

Thursdays:
ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/ The Smithsonian/Animal Secrets/Wide World of Sports/Vietnam Weekly Review/Shell's Wonderful World of Golf/CBS Golf Classic/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam.

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Directions/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/ Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet The Press/Frontiers of Faith/Issues and Answers/CBS Sports Spectacular/ NBA Basketball / The Children's Film Festival/NBC Experiment in Televison / Wild Kingdom / College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Missa" by Szell, Caballé in "Trovatore"

THE PERFORMANCE of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* that returned George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra to its avid Carnegie Hall public was the most encompassing the work has had in New York since the last one of Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. As this covers a period of nearly fifteen years and a variety of ventures from sundry sides, it should provide a measure of the feat that Szell has achieved as organizer of the means as well as instigator of the results.

Of course, no single performance—Toscanini's included – can say the last word on a work of this magnitude. Its horizon is infinity, and no matter how close one comes it will continue to recede in the distance, with some territory still to be covered between the grasp and the reach. What Szell did marvelously well was to project his forces into the world of great thoughts and powerful emotion which Beethoven created from his inner being. This is not to be achieved by gentle persuasion, but only by the kind of driving force he imparted to the fugal finale of the "Gloria," the hushed reverie of "Et Incarnatus," beatified purity of the "Benedictus" (which Rafael Druian's solo violin spoke more eloquently than any of the voices). Without respect for this or that insufficiency, it was Beethoven on the scale of grandeur that the composer conceived, an accomplishment in which any conductor and orchestra could take pride.

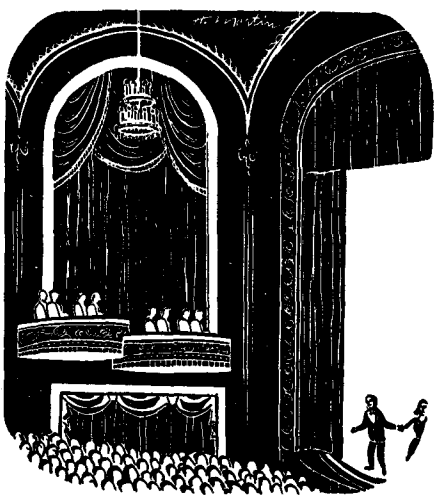
But not, quite, satisfaction. Some of the distance between the reach and grasp is related to the ever receding horizon alluded to above. But there were also tangible, physical factors to be considered. Robert Shaw has done wonders in creating a unified, disciplined choral group in Cleveland, but the quantity of the singers—about 200—did not always produce the quality of sound that was desired. They did manfully—and womanfully—in holding the line of the fugue at the uncompromising tempo propounded by Szell, and also in dropping off to the hush he desired in "Et Incarnatus." But in some moments of stress the sound turned mushy, and the output was more voluminous than vibrant.

Element two of less than the desired quality was the solo quartet. Each of the singers was competent enough, but there was too much disparity of styles and schools in the efforts of Saramae Endich (soprano), Florence Kopleff (contralto), Ernst Haefliger (tenor), and Ezio Flagello (bass), to produce the unified interchange of words, tones, and lines that Beethoven proposed. Admittedly a fine point, it nevertheless points the fine distinctions which enter into recreative effort on this level. Indeed, none of the singers did less than capably; but Flagello's vibrant bass was somewhat fat and Italianate to make a match with Haefliger's Germanic tenor, as Miss Kopleff's firm mezzo was with the floating sounds of Miss Endich.

What Szell has without doubt created is, in the splendid playing of his beautifully balanced orchestra, a basic structure on which an even better performance of the *Missa* can be reared. Theoretically, there may always be a point of infinity beyond human reach in such a work. But if the Einstein theory can be challenged, why not this one? Szell is the man to do it.

ACCORDING to the records, Monserrat Caballé's first appearance of the season in *Il Trovatore* was not her Metropolitan debut, for she had appeared once during the final season downtown. But that was in impromptu circumstances (she had expressed a desire to sing once in the famous surroundings before they faded from view), and in a role—Marguerite in *Faust*—which was hardly her style. Thus, her first Leonora was, in fact, the real beginning of her Metropolitan career.

Whether she was a "great" Leonora will be hotly argued by the aribiters of such matters, especially if they have a favorite among past Leonoras (or such a present one as Price) with which to compare her adversely. But that she is a fine singer and an artist of rare refinement was in no doubt at all from "Tacea la notte" on. Hers is a sound either of silky suavity or creamy consistency, depending on which kind of analogy is preferred. Actually, both may be invoked, according to circumstances. She can spin out a fine line when desired or pour on a flow of protein-rich sound when that is in order.



What especially impressed me—aside from Caballé's likeness, in bulk, to all the Leonoras from the faded pages of the history books—was her musical attitude (stance would be the more fashionable word) toward the part itself. Rather than treating its beautiful configurations with the view, forward, to the Verdi of *Ballo, Forza, Don Carlo, Aïda,* etc. (one particularly favored by sopranos who have earned their reputations in *Ballo, Forza, Don Carlo, Aïda,* etc.), it seemed to me that she saw it, in a backward view. That is, toward *Ernani* and those operas less known today than *Ernani* in which Verdi was still the inheritor of Bellini and partially a contemporary of Donizetti. Thus the waltz element in the writing had an uncommonly limpid line as she delivered it, and the more than occasional moments of embellishment became inherent in the overall shape of the music rather than an intrusion upon it, as is sometimes the case. This is to say, substantially, that her Leonora was more lyric than dramatic, but that would be the broadest kind of categorization. As she is no actress at all, and even oddly costumed, the interests of the occasion were all in the exquisitely formed sound. Possibly, singing of such airy finesse is not what a Metropolitan audience expects of a Leonora—but so much the worse for the Metropolitan audience! She did not fail them in the climaxes, but she left the yelling to others.

AMONG those "others" who indulged themselves in what legions of Metropolitan audiences at *Trovatore* have heard in the past, and will hear in the future, were Richard Tucker (Manrico) and Robert Merrill (di Luna). Conceivably, if this were a *Trovatore* molded from the outset by the excellent Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, it would have been formed throughout with the same concern for continence and musical sobriety that characterized the Caballé performance. Since it was not, one could only commend him for shaping the orchestral sound to her kind of artistry when she sang alone, and accepting the realities of the marketplace when Tucker and Merrill were "selling."

The Azucena of Biserka Cjevic could probably have gone either way in suitable circumstances, but in these particular ones, she began by bearing heavily

(*Continued on page* 89)

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Milky Way or Alimentary Canal?

HAVING BEEN AWAY from the American eating scene for a while, I'm pleased to discover that we now have five-star restaurants in this country. *Oui, Monsieur, cinq étoiles!* I suppose it was inevitable, since everything is supposed to go up in this era of inflation. The French, who are said to know a little about their *cuisine*, awarded only three stars to such gastronomic temples as the Pyramide in Vienna or the Grand Vefour in Paris, but the Americans, not to be outdone, have handed out ★★★★★ to some elegant eateries.

"There are stars and stars," the editors of the *Guide Michelin* write in their preface. "Do not compare the star of an expensive de-luxe restaurant with that of a small establishment serving a well prepared meal at reasonable price." Yes, and do not compare the stars of a gasoline glorified joint with those of a tire-guided bistro. The people who dispense these constellations don't help their country's eating standards. Inevitably, there will have to be seven-star restaurants and, ultimately, nine-star restaurants. It will take that many stars to mollify the customers when they get the check. But if you happen to believe, as I do, that there is plenty of good food in this country, you don't have to play this silly star game.

The trouble with culinary matters in America today is that fine eating has become an occupation for snobs. There are too many self-styled experts around. No man, after driving a Rolls-Royce for an hour, or wearing a Swiss watch, would pretend to know what goes on under the hood of the car or inside his watch. But as soon as a man orders *poularde demi-deuil*, which means "chicken in half-mourning" (because of the black-white effect of the black truffle slices inserted under the skin), he calls himself a gourmet. In France it takes about forty years of resourceful eating, many bouts of indigestion, and countless little liver pills to be respected as a gourmet. In America it takes only an expense account and some nerve.

The difference between French cuisine and American cooking is not one of quality or taste, but of philosophy and method. Voltaire, a severe critic of his own people, said, "*Toute Française sait faire un peu de cuisine*"— every Frenchwoman can cook a little. Great praise, and also a statement of fact. French girls still listen to their grandmas, who tell them that *grand-père*, God bless him, first asked whether she could make an *omelette* or a good *pot-au-feu* before he proposed to her. A lot of trouble could be avoided if men elsewhere would stick to that rule, instead of believing in the feminine mystique.

A nation's standards of eating are not set by its most expensive restaurants but by the quality of its home cooking. The simple French housewife—sorry, homemaker—and not the great three-star restaurants are the real reason for the continuing French hegemony in culinary matters. Only there, and perhaps in Belgium, are the women interested enough to go to a lot of trouble to cook a good meal for their men. Not the sort of meal you can make when you rush home at 6 p.m. and open a couple of cans. An American woman once boasted of her *coq au vin*, which, she said, she could make in a "jiffy," by using canned chicken and "some wine." It tasted that way, too. I remembered that the great Alexandre Dumaine once told me that after forty years in the kitchen he began "to know a little" about how to make a coq au vin, and that it took him at least six hours to prepare it.

In France, where cooking is considered an art and prominent writers on gastronomy are more respected than political columnists, everybody makes a careful distinction between home cooking and *la grande cuisine*. No French woman would try to copy the great dish she's eaten at a famous restaurant. In America, they ask for the recipe and try to make it at home. Nonsense. To make matters worse, something happens to "imported" cuisine in this country. No Italian restaurant in America cooks exactly as in Italy, and the best honest chefs admit it. They have the same ingredients and the same skill, but maybe it's the air or the sunshine or the lightheartedness of Italy that are missing, or the water and the distant sounds of music. The same thing happens to the best French cooks in America: They get caught between high prices and union hours, between profit margins and feminine food coordinators—a profession never mentioned by Brillat-Savarin. "The finest butter and lots of time," the great Fernand Point used to say.

THE road to culinary perfection doesn't lead through the forty-hour week. When Dumaine, after cooking wonderful food for decades, retired a few years ago to his small house in Digoin, he was not a rich man. But he had the satisfaction of having made, among other things, the three most famous *pâtés* of *la grande cuisine*. One is called *Le Chapeau de Monseigneur Gabriel Cortois de Quinsey*, named after Monseigneur Gabriel, who was made Bishop of Belley after Madame de Pompadour "intervened." (He was very good-looking, and so is the *pâté* named after his hat.) It is made of snipe, warbler, quail, and partridge—all left in a marinade for twelve hours—the livers of several chickens, brandy, and a great many other things, baked in a fine piecrust and served hot. It took Dumaine four whole days to make it, but it was worth the effort. Now please don't start to ask for the recipe. It's as hopeless as if I would try to imitate Heifetz on my fiddle.

A lot of fancy foreign cooking in this country is more pretension than quality. The idea is not to create something good but to impress the customers. "You have to *épater les bourgeois* if you want to ask high prices, and unless you ask for high prices, you go broke under the avalanche of rising costs," a famous French restaurateur in America once said to me. Yet the art of good cooking is basically self-effacing: The finest things are simple things, perfectly prepared. Unfortunately, many "connoisseurs" in this country believe there must be at least one flaming dish to make their dinner a

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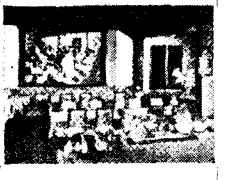

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success. They don't know that *la cuisine alcoolisée* (cooking with alcohol) has no justification in serious good cooking. (The emphasis is on "serious.")

As a naturalized American who doesn't take America for granted and feels strongly about his adopted country, I'm getting a little tired of the phony attitude of some of my native fellow Americans. Once they imported, at considerable expense, for purposes of publicity, an *inspecteur* of the *Guide Michelin* to judge their French restaurants in America. How low can your inferiority complex go? I've never heard of the French or Italians inviting an inspector from Detroit to pronounce judgment on French or Italian automobiles. They have great respect (and much envy) for America's automotive giants, but they are convinced that their own Renaults, Fiats, Ferraris, Peugeots, and Facel-Vegas are nothing to be laughed at. When Americans go out with friends from abroad who are believed to be highly sophisticated people, they always take them to some foreign-style place, rarely to a real American one, as if they wanted to prove that Italians in America cook better food than Italians in Italy. The sensible attitude would be to take your friends to a good place serving unpretentious food from America. There are such things, though in some recently elegant circles they won't admit it.

De gustibus et cetera, but when I happen to be in New York I prefer a good honest hamburger to a dishonest, pseudo *blanquette de veau*, and a glorious baked potato to something that reminds me of the defeat at Marengo. An American friend of mine who lives in Europe and often goes home on business always brings some Idaho or Maine potatoes to Europe when his luggage isn't overweight. Fortunately, European customs officials take a more lenient view of such imports than Americans, who once took away from my friend a small basket of French *fraises des bois*—wild strawberries—because it might contaminate the great United States. The arrival of the friend carrying the big potatoes in a shopping bag with the name of a well-known New York food market always creates more enthusiasm in Paris than if he would carry a can with caviar. You can buy good caviar in Europe; it's just a matter of money. But you cannot buy a real American potato. Neither can you get that supreme delight, American wild rice, which makes my epicurean friends smile—until they've tasted it.

"I didn't know that there are such excellent things in America," they say thoughtfully. You can almost see the revision of their opinions that is taking place in their heads.

The problem of American cooking is not that Americans haven't got good food but that many don't know what to do with it. The nation that made its soft drinks world-famous constantly underrates its *specialités de la maison*. Admittedly, Americans are not quite as bad as the English, who ruin perfect ingredients by overcooking, under-seasoning, and watering their dishes. But culinary matters could improve here. Why is fine fish so often served to look like meat? What is the deeper meaning of a "swordfish steak"? A fish wants to be a fish, not a steer. Is it because "fish" reminds some people of their pre-affluent days? Why is "seafood" considered more elegant than simple "fish"? Why is it screened behind some French name that is often misspelled?

American restaurants often try to "invent" dishes. As though you could invent a dish by spreading mint sauce over a pork roast! Only a genius such as Escoffier or Point truly invents dishes. Other honest cooks are satisfied to make new variations of classical themes. And what, may I ask, is the idea of putting the word "fresh" on a menu card? Should a good restaurant point out that it serves "fresh" food? Furthermore, the "fresh spring garden vegetables" were not served the day they came out of the garden, but often come out of a can. Should a civilized eating place serve thick slices of roast beef that hang over the rim of the plate, and enormous steaks which many customers cannot finish? People talk a lot about hunger in this world now, but no one says a word when piles of good food are taken out and thrown into the garbage can. As I said, there's nothing wrong with the food here—only with the people who cook it and serve it.

IN the past two years I've talked to Europeans who have returned from their first trip to the United States. Almost all are surprised about the good things one can eat there. There is always the refrain, "I didn't know Americans had such things." Of course they didn't know! No one tells them. Every American city has its gourmet shops with imported delicacies. How about setting up some American food stores in Western Europe—surprising the jaded palates of local *cognoscenti* with freshly flown-in lobster and crab meat, pastrami and lovely hams from Chicago, wild rice and Idaho potatoes, hot dogs and good American ice cream?

And since the hamburger has been a *succès fou*, or smash hit, even on the wrong side of the Champs Elysées, how about setting up there a few honest restaurants with good American cooking? Europeans know nothing about clam chowder, American-style cut steaks (such as Porterhouse), and a really good apple pie. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG.

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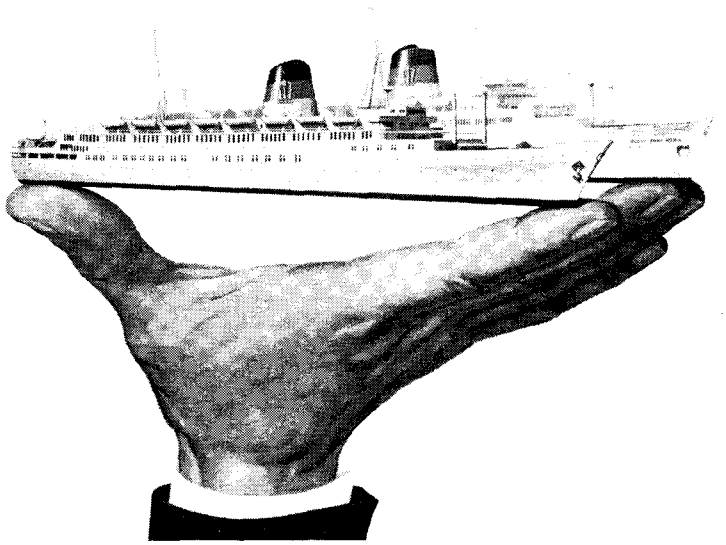

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The Cinematized Movie

BACK IN 1907, a group of very well-intentioned Frenchmen banded together to form a company that would bring the best of French theater to the world by means of the movies. The Comédie Française, the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, the plays of Sardou, even ballets, lay within the ambitious purlieus of this company, which called itself, significantly, Film d'Art. While today we may be extremely grateful to its organizers for preserving on celluloid glimpses of a style of theater and many of its greatest performers, such as Bernhardt herself, that might otherwise be altogether lost to us, no one can seriously pretend that the Film d'Art had anything to do with the art of film. Instead, it followed what the late Siegfried Kracauer termed "the reproductive tendency" of the motion picture camera—its ability to reproduce a scene played before it (as opposed to the camera's "formative," or creative, tendency).

Since the mid-Forties, movies in the Soviet Union, dedicated to the estimable task of bringing art to the masses, have been virtually stultified by the problems of transforming a ballet by Tchaikovsky, an opera by Moussorgsky, or even a novel by Tolstoy into acceptable filmic terms. Because the basic intent is not to create an original work of film art, but rather to cinematize a work that has already found its fullest, and presumably finest, expression in another form, the inevitable result is neither fish, fowl, nor fine Red cinema.

Unfortunately, this "reproductive tendency" has by no means been confined to France's *belle époque* or the post-Stalinist U.S.S.R. We see it constantly in the films of our own country adapted from Broadway hit plays or best-selling novels. Generally, a fair amount of energy is expended on getting away from the look and feel of the original: *The Sound of Music* took its cameras to Salzburg and the Austrian Tyrol; *Dr. Zhivago* was filmed just about everywhere except within the Soviet Union.

But *Marat/Sade*—or, as its producers, United Artists, prefer to have it known, *The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*—eschews such fripperies. The picture, as directed by Peter Brook, makes not the slightest attempt to break out of the confines imposed by theater. Indeed, it insists upon them, glories in them. The script, apart from a few minor elisions, is a word-for-word transcript of the play; and the film itself takes place entirely within the single, stage-like setting of the Charenton bathhouse. Mr. Brook used the Royal Shakespeare Company, which had performed the work innumerable times in London and New York, and often deployed several cameras at once to grab bits of familiar action—a phrase, an expression, a reaction—which, in the long editing process, he fitted into the mosaic-like fabric of his picture.

FASCINATING as the results may be, particularly to anyone who would like to hear again the dialectic interplay between Marat and Sade—the single-minded, embittered social revolutionary vs. the cynical, enlightened individualist (both, under the circumstances set forth in the title, somewhat mad)—and ingenious as are many of the visual effects that Brook (inestimably aided by his director of photography, David Watkin) has worked out, the Peter Weiss play stoutly resists cinematization. Its points are made entirely through long, adroitly written, often quite witty speeches; but the attendant action, particularly in the film, frequently seems completely irrelevent and arbitrary.

Herding the lunatics into their subterranean pens, for example, may be an effective way to clear the stage for an intimate passage, but in motion pictures the same can be accomplished by a change of locale or even a simple cut-away. Being so fully committed to the play as originally performed, Brook is very much the artist hoist by his own petard. Because Weiss is intellectually stimulating, and Brook has at all times been faithful to the content of the play, the picture is not without its exciting moments. But artistically—as a piece of *film* art—it is as wrong-headed as it can possibly be.

The same must be said of *Dutchman*, Anthony Harvey's adaptation of the LeRoi Jones's play. Once again, the action is confined (apart from a few cut-aways) to a single setting—an almost deserted subway car hurtling through the night. But there *is* a difference. With only two characters, Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., Mr. Harvey was forced to play his camera on their faces, with the surroundings merely incidental. And because Shirley Knight—as the self-hating, man-hating young mod who first goads, then kills a Negro—is one of the most dynamic of the new generation of actresses, he almost succeeds in bringing it off.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"For heaven's sake, Harold, do your ode later. The bus is leaving."

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An Arts Council That Works

AMERICANS ARE APT to watch the present alliance of government and art with certain reservations. Memories of over-conservative and not-always-informed Congressional action are fresh enough to justify doubts. Because political interference has at times corroded democratic patronage of the arts, a recent exception merits attention, and could, hopefully, become the prototype for forty-nine newly organized state arts councils and even for the national one in Washington. I refer to New York's Council on the Arts, the oldest, richest, and most effective state institution of its kind in the country. Providing clear proof that imaginative, up-to-date programs can be free of political intervention and yet administered by public agencies, the Council successfully combines professional know-how with open-minded experimentation.

Now that every state in the Union plus the federal government has established arts councils—some, to be sure, little more than euphoric committees—there is growing danger that officialdom eventually could swallow up the artist. And without the artist new buildings, optimistic reports, VIP boards, and earnest meetings are virtually meaningless. This the New York State Council on the Arts fully understands. Established in 1960, the organization in its brief history is distinguished by practical, educational, and creative activities moored to grassroots levels. Its prime function is to develop an intelligent, expanding audience for the arts, an ambition it accomplishes through well organized decentralization. Using the entire state as its arena, the Council studies the resources and needs of each community.

—*Jill Krementz, N.Y. Herald Trib.*

At a Council-sponsored play—"Touring programs of the performing arts literally interlace New York State. . . ."

TAKE, for example, the Council's technical-assistance program covering such varied activities as advice on selling tickets to a ballet performance, instruction on the restoration of old paintings, or aid in the preservation of an eighteenth-century floor. All manner of technical assistance is available to any New York State nonprofit institution requesting specific help. Highly qualified professionals, often top representatives in their fields, work as freelance consultants to become the backbone of a highly useful program. Recently the small town of Cambridge, near Albany, needed advice on the restoration of one of its churches. A consultant, sent by the Council, discovered that the windows as well as the interior had been designed by Louis C. Tiffany—news that well may put Cambridge, New York, on the tourist circuit.

The Council has been especially zealous in matters pertaining to architectural conservation, notably to New York's fine nineteenth-century Neoclassic, Italianate, Federal, and Victorian structures. In a series of publications called "Architecture Worth Saving," the best buildings of various counties are described in depth, and, as a result, are often protected from encroaching bulldozers. Typical is a handsome structure of 1881, originally the office of the Burden Iron Company and recently slated for destruction. Because it was featured in the Council's "Architecture Worth Saving in Rensselaer County," its present owner is now considering restoring and preserving it.

Touring programs of the performing arts literally interlace New York State, at once keeping alive troupes that might otherwise be forced to disperse while also providing less accessible communities with much-needed stimulation. Expenses are usually shared by the Council and the community. Opera, music, dance, poetry readings, round-table discussions, demonstrations, theater, and films for children and adults are all on the move. Recognized companies as well as little known experimental ones provide different points of view. Small-town residents no longer need gravitate to New York City for new experiences.

The most recent touring company, called "Contemporary Voices," was an unorthodox group of seven artists dispatched to enliven seven upstate campuses. Composer John Cage, poet Robert Creeley, choreographer and dancer Merce Cunningham, engineer Billy Klüver, kinetic sculptor Len Lye, painter Jack Tworkov, and filmmaker Stanley VanDerBeek spoke with and to the students, demonstrated techniques, and, above all, interacted as pioneers in their respective fields. Sometimes the students themselves do the touring. Every weekend this winter the Council has assisted the State Education Department in bringing 120 out-of-town high school seniors to Manhattan. Visits to museums, important buildings, theaters, concerts, and operas give teen-agers a concentrated dose of the arts and a superbly good time. Who can say which is more important?

Another new program about to be initiated this spring will make available sixty-five eminent poets prepared to read, lecture, and conduct seminars in colleges and other communities throughout the state. Also traveling are photographic and art exhibitions, many of which might never have been organized had the Council not sponsored them. One ingenious show called "Prints for Home and Office" was a sales exhibition from which visitors were encouraged to buy, the money going directly to the artists involved. Another exhibit I recall with affection was a survey of paintings by John Quidor, a neglected but uniquely original nineteenth-century New York genre artist whose work undoubtedly would not have traveled throughout the state without the Council's support.

IN discussing past programs John Hightower, the Council's able executive director, noted, "We've discontinued support for amateur performing groups. We feel professionals are more useful to the communities they serve." As for the future, he hopes jazz performances will be added and group or individual residencies of outstanding artists will be set up on college and university campuses. "We're also trying to get industry to share some of its technological findings with artists, chiefly with sculptors, filmmakers, and electronic musicians," he said.

The arts councils of Missouri, Illinois, and California are reputedly showing

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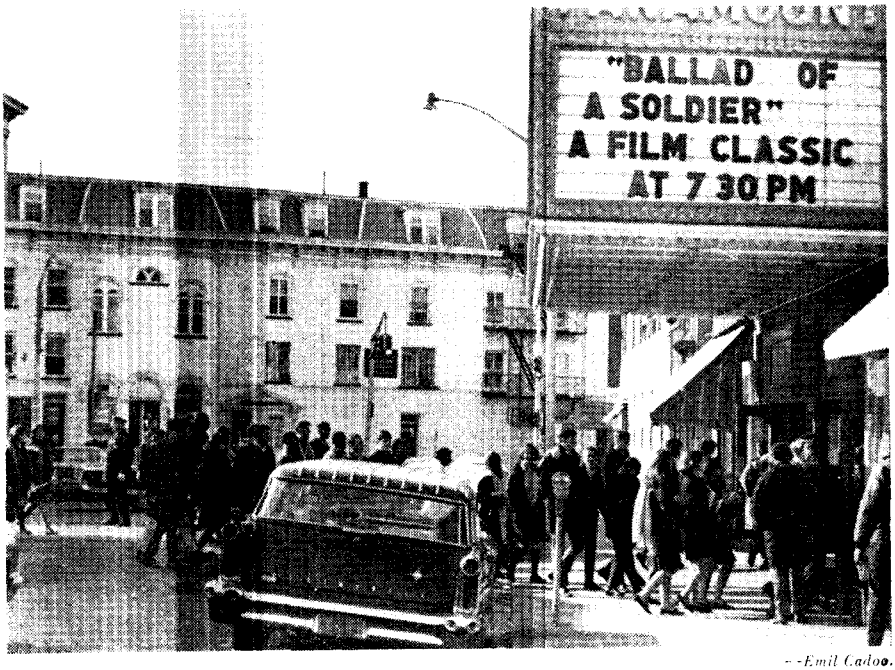
promise, but none of them approach the breadth of New York's program. As always, the roots of excellence stem from dedicated individuals. First and foremost, New York's Council would not exist without Governor Rockefeller, who originated the idea and has never failed to support it. Wisely, he appointed a first-rate chairman, Seymour Knox, a knowledgeable art patron of Buffalo, and gave him and his small nonpolitical board the freedom necessary to operate an enlightened program. Then, too, New York has been fortunate in its choice of executive directors. First came John MacFadyen, a gifted architect open to new ideas, and now John Hightower, a man in close touch with the state's wealth of creative talent. Happily, the members of the Board are not too numerous, not self-perpetuating, and not representative of the usual tired names associated with "culture." What one perhaps misses among them are a few artists in the flesh, a lack, unfortunately, that seems to be standard all over the country.

IT takes money to run good arts councils, but it also takes strong convictions to wangle the funds from state legislatures. We can only hope that New York's youthful example will act as a stimulus to other states, that they, too, will be willing to forego new buildings, overenthusiastic publicity, and reactionary pressure in favor of activities that answer the needs of their people. And, obviously, each state has different needs. —KATHARINE KUH.

—Herbert Migdoll.

Council exhibit at New York World's Fair—"The Council successfully combines professional know-how with open-minded experimentation."



—Emil Cadoo.

Special film program at Peekskill, N.Y.—"[A] prime function is to develop an intelligent, expanding audience for the arts. . . ."

—Berend Foerster.

(Above) Burden Iron Company building (1881), a landmark that may be preserved because of a Council publication.

(Right) Part of "Contemporary Voices" group which made Council-sponsored tour—l to r, dancer-choreographer Merce Cunningham, engineer Billy Klüver, film-maker Stanley VanDerBeek, composer John Cage, painter Jack Tworkov.

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Collision Course

Continued from page 35

the issues so that the dispute will not break out all over again the moment Uncle Sam steps out. A full-fledged labor court would introduce too much rigidity into the process, but compulsory arbitration of the kind used in the railroad feather-bedding case in 1963 ought to be one of the choices open to him. So should fact-finding, injunctions, or temporary seizures covering all of a struck industry or only those parts that are deemed essential to meet national needs. The object of all these distasteful alternatives would be to make the whole process of Presidential intervention as painful as possible to both sides so that it does not get to be a habit. That goal might be further served by special tax levies on employers and suspension of union dues checkoffs during a period of government injunction or seizure. Out of such assorted tortures should come an enhanced appreciation on both sides of the virtues of private decision-making as an instrument for making decisions, not avoiding them.

The salvation of collective bargaining is up to labor and management. They can save it—or kill it. But they cannot tell the government to keep hands off in an interdependent economy in which 10,000,000 people work directly for federal, state, and local agencies, and the borderline between what is public and what is private in industry generally has become so blurred that it is hard to tell whether we have a mixed economy or a mixed-up one. Democratic values are not served when bumbling negotiators are given unlimited right to beat one another over the head, with the public welfare as the stick they use to do the beating.

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Tuchman

Continued from page 31

have worked over remembered visions of the forest so that they come through on the page with extra clarity. As a scout paddles across the lake in autumn, "the mossed rocks double in the watery mirror" and sumachs on the shore glow like rubies against the dark green spruce. Or the frontier settler, returning at evening, sees "a column of blue smoke rising quietly in the still evening air" and runs to find the smoldering logs of his cabin and the scalped bodies of his murdered wife and children.

Vision, knowledge, experience will not make a great writer without that extra command of language which becomes their voice. This, too, was Parkman's. When the English are about to descend the rapids of the upper St. Lawrence, they look on the river whose "reckless surges dashed and bounded in the sun, beautiful and terrible as young tigers at play." In choice of verbs and nouns and images that is a masterpiece. It is only physical description, to be sure, not a great thought, but it takes perfect command of words to express great thoughts in the event one has them.

Steeped in the documents he spent his life collecting, as he was steeped in the forest, Parkman understood the hardship and endurance, grim energy, and implacable combat that underlay the founding of the American nation. He knew the different groups of combatants as if he had lived with each, and could write with equal sympathy of French or Indians, English or colonials. Consider his seventeenth-century French courtiers, "the butterflies of Versailles . . . facing death with careless gallantry, in their small three-cornered hats, powdered perukes, embroidered coats, and lace ruffles. Their valets served them with ices in the trenches, under the cannon of besieged towns." In this case the ices in the trenches is a specimen of the historian's selective insight at work. He has chosen a vivid item to represent a larger whole. It distills an era and a culture in a detail.

Distillation is selection, and selection, as I am hardly the first to affirm, is the essence of writing history. It is the cardinal process of composition, the most difficult, the most delicate, the most fraught with error as well as art. Ability to distinguish what is significant from what is insignificant is *sine qua non*. Failure to do so means that the point of the story, not to mention the reader's interest, becomes lost in a morass of undifferentiated matter. What it requires is simply the courage and self-confidence to make choices and, above all, to leave things out.

In history as in painting, wrote the great stylist Macaulay, to put in everything achieves a less, rather than a more, truthful result. The best picture and the best history, he said, are those "which exhibit such parts of the truth as most nearly produce the effect of the whole." This is such an obvious rule that it is puzzling why so many historians today seem to practice a reverse trend toward total inclusion. Perhaps the reason is timidity; fear of being criticized for having left something out, or, by injudicious selection, of not conforming to the dominant thesis of the moment. Here the independent writer has an advantage over the professional historian: He need not be afraid of the outstuck neck.

FINALLY, the historian cannot do without imagination. Parkman, intense as always in his effort to make the reader "feel the situation," chose to picture the land between the Hudson and Montreal as it would look to a wild goose flying northward in spring. He sees the blue line of the river, the dark mass of forests and shimmer of lakes, the geometric lines and mounds of manmade forts, "with the flag of the Bourbons like a flickering white speck" marking Ticonderoga, and the "mountain wilderness of the Adirondacks like a stormy sea congealed." On reading that passage I feel the excitement of the Count of Monte Cristo when he opened the treasure chest. It would not be remarkable for one of us who has traveled in airplanes to think of the device of the bird's eye view, but Parkman had never been off the ground. It was a pure effort of imagination to put himself behind the eye of the goose, to see the flag as a flickering white speck and the mountains, in that perfect phrase, as "a stormy sea congealed."

Great as this is, the more necessary use of imagination is in application to human behavior and to the action of circumstance on motive. It becomes a deliberate effort at empathy, essential if one is to understand and interpret the actions of historical figures. With antipathetic characters it is all the more necessary. The historian must put himself inside them, as Parkman put himself inside the wild goose, or as I tried to do inside Sir John French in an effort to understand the draining away of his will to fight. As soon as the effort was made the explanation offered itself. I could feel the oppression, the weight of responsibility, the consciousness of the absence of any trained reserves to take the place of the BEF if it were lost. The effort to get inside is, obviously enough, a path to insight. It is the *Einfühlung* that Herder demanded of historians: the effort to "feel oneself into everything." The interpreter of the Hebrew scriptures, as he put it, must be "a shepherd with shepherds, a peasant in the midst of an agricultural people, an oriental with the primitive dwellers of the East."

To describe the historian's task today in terms of narrative history and two romantic practitioners, Parkman and Trevelyan, will seem old-fashioned at a time when interdisciplinary techniques, and horizontal subjects such as demography, and the computerized mechanics of quantification are the areas of fresh endeavor. These are methods of research, not of communication, for one reason because the people who use them tend to lose contact with ordinary language; they have caught the jargon disease. Their efforts are directed, I take it, toward uncovering underlying patterns in history and human behavior which presumably might help in understanding the past and managing the future, or even the present. Whether quantification will reveal anything which could not have been discerned by deduction is not yet clear. What seems to be missing in the studies that I have seen is a certain element of common sense.

The new techniques will, I am sure, turn up suggestive material and open avenues of thought, but they will not, I think, transform history into a science and they can never make it literature. Events happen; but to become history they must be communicated and understood. For that, history needs writers—preferably great writers—a Trevelyan who can find and understand the *cosi poetica* in a soldier's letter and make the right use of it, a Parkman who can see and feel, and report with Shakespeare's gift of words; both, I need not add, assemblers of their own primary material. To be a really great historian, Macaulay said, "is the rarest of intellectual distinctions." For all who try, the opportunity is now and the audience awaits.

You, Walter Cronkite

By William Stafford

THAT one great window puts forth
its own scene, the whole world
alive in glass. In it a war happens,
only an eighth of an inch thick.
Some of our friends have leaped
through, disappeared, become unknown
voices and rumors of crowds.

In our thick house, every evening
I turn from that world,
and room by room I walk, to
enjoy space. At the sink I start
a faucet; water from far is
immediate on my hand. I open our
door, to check where we live.
In the yard I pray birds,
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that they please help to make
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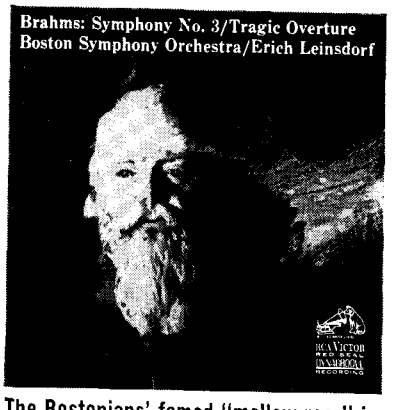

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THE MANY LIVES OF LUKAS FOSS

By ERIC SALZMAN

THE PHENOMENON of Lukas Foss—like Leonard Bernstein, Pierre Boulez, and Gunther Schuller—is that of the man of parts who would like to reintegrate as a whole. Functionally, this means the making and creating of music as one encompassing activity. This always gives rise to the question: Would they be better off concentrating their energies on some part of the whole? The trend in modern times has been to specialization, but Foss, first of all a composer, refuses to specialize, to make only the single binding commitment.

The division between music as a creative art and a performance activity goes back at least to the eighteenth century. The Romantics created the image of the performer as public showman, the composer as private sufferer; the twentieth century elevated the performer to superstar and Culture Hero, deepening the split by creating the role of the composer as outcast-iconoclast. Fewer and fewer performers involved themselves deeply with the creative side of music, and composers concerned themselves less and less with what Beethoven termed Schuppanzigh's "cursed fiddle."

Now, however, in this age of instant electronics and Marshall McLuhan, the possibilities of "total experience" and anti-specialization are again facts of life. Something gained, something lost, no doubt. But in the new musical *rapprochement* between composer and performer it is again possible for the creative and the re-creative functions to be taken by one and the same person. Lukas Foss, born in Berlin, in America since 1937, composer, conductor, pianist, teacher, impresario-organizer, and tireless proponent of newest new music, is an extraordinary case of a one and the same, whose single existence is split into many lives.

Foss's current chronicle gives an idea of the sort of thing he is up to. On February 3 at Philharmonic Hall, Abraham Kaplan and the Collegiate Chorale gave the first New York performance of his *Fragments of Archilochos*, an open-form, chance-and-choice setting of translations of suggestive scraps of ancient Greek. On February 11, Foss, between Buffalo Philharmonic assignments, made his operatic debut at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater conducting Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* with the New York City Opera. On February 23 at Carnegie, Mstislav Rostropovich introduced the Foss Cello Concerto written expressly for him. (This is possibly the first major performance of a far-out

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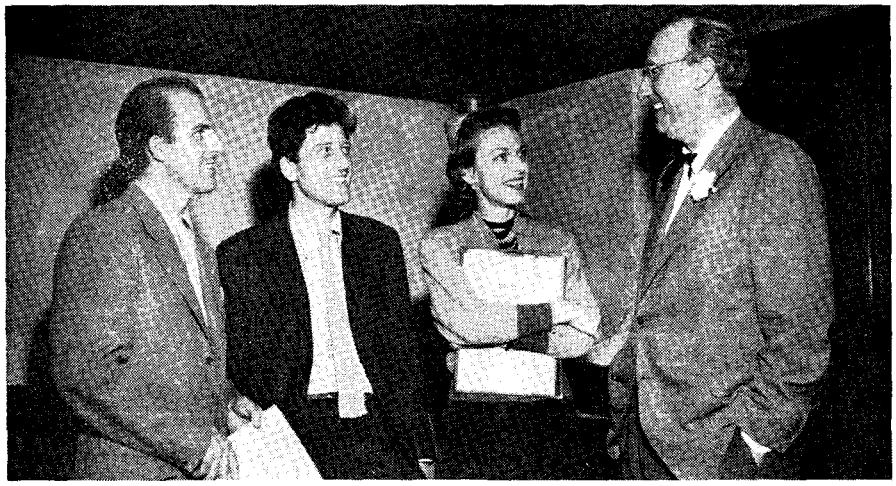

Composer Foss of the Fifties, meets Mayor Charles Farnsley (right) of Louisville, Ky., on the occasion of a recording by the Louisville Orchestra of a work of his. With them are tenor Farrold Stevens and narrator Vera Zorina.

piece of Western music by a leading Soviet artist.) Later on, there will be a new two-part piece for the New York Philharmonic—a first half in April and a second for the big Lincoln Center Festival '67 this summer—itself an event in which Foss, festival organizer *extraordinaire*, will play a major role. "Undoubtedly," a wag commented recently on hearing of the latest big bit of Fossian derring-do, "when the first piece of new music is played on the moon, it will be by Lukas Foss."

As Dr. Johnson said about women writers and dogs walking on their hind legs, the most extraordinary thing is not that it is done well but that it is done at all. But most of Foss's critics, a great number of his friends, and even Foss himself will agree, it isn't enough just to do it all. The problem is how to do it all and still do it all meaningfully and well.

There are, in general, two types of musicians, the Mozarts and the Beethovens, the naturals and the studied. Foss is the former—the natural, the eternal *Wunderkind*. He started early, accomplished a great deal in a short time, and, still a young man, has gone far. He directs a major American orchestra and guest conducts others; he *is* one of a handful of avant-garde composers in the public eye and one of the few American composers and conductors whom Europeans take seriously. He claims to compose slowly but (especially considering the length and breadth of his other activities) he has accumulated a considerable body of work in at least two major styles. He has not practiced the piano seriously in years, but he sits down and plays remarkably well. He is a virtuoso sight reader and a quick study. He is distrusted by many musicians but others swear by him. He is well liked by young people and regularly blasted by the critics. He has accomplished remarkable things, made terrible blunders, and still moves ever onward and upward. He is astonishingly untouched by criticism, yet he does not lack a certain amount of genuine awareness of limitations and a sense of self-criticism coupled with the most natural, unaggressive, un-grandiose self-confidence. He is, no doubt, a Golden Boy, one of the few in the enviable position of being able to make enemies and mistakes and survive both—unsaddened, almost unscathed, and sometimes a little wiser.

It is not hard to see what Foss's problems are. He works on impulse and he overcommits himself just because it all does come so easily. He *can* do it all and, from many points of view, do it all well enough. But there is also the constant danger that it will all be done merely well—*kapellmeister*-style, without depth. One answer to this is that the criticism reflects a Romantic notion of what creativity and performance are about and that Foss is not that kind of musician. The argument has a certain plausibility. There is no question that a reaction from the ultra-Romantic and ultra-personal style in music has been taking place over a period of many years now. In a positive sense, the music-making approach—the *Gebrauchsmusik* ideal brought up to date—informs all of Foss's activities. Still, Marshall McLuhan or no, certain questions may still be asked. Doesn't one eventually have to make certain decisions? Hasn't even Leonard Bernstein found it necessary to give up the New York Philharmonic?

THE parallels between Bernstein and Foss are both instructive and misleading. A cynic once called Foss "The Leonard Bernstein of music," a remark probably not intended to be especially complimentary to either, but one which, beyond its finely honed nastiness, suggests both the similarities and the differences between the two men. Foss and Bernstein are friends and they have many of the same skills and a good deal of the same background: Reiner, Koussevitzky, Tanglewood, and Boston. Bernstein, whose intellectual interests are probably more diversified, is more the popularizer; he speaks to the large public and his public image is very much that of Leo the Lion. Foss, the prodigy, the avant-gardist, speaks rather to the happy few; he is the prophet of the new and the "in," the setter of pace and the maker of taste. Bernstein's diversification is partly a matter of making what he does meaningful to people by connecting it with the rest of culture and The Good Life; thus he tends to educate, to simplify, to proselytize, to get at the core of an idea, reduce it to manageable form, and wrap it up for the good bourgeois.

Bernstein expresses Bernstein through

Pianist Foss, the protégé of Serge Koussevitzky, bows to a Tanglewood audience after performing the solo part in a Bach concerto. Leading the orchestra's applause is concertmaster Richard Burgin.

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Angel Records announces a significant development in cultural relations between the United States and the USSR.

Angel Records and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics have entered into an agreement for release in the Western Hemisphere of the finest recordings by Russia's leading artists and composers.

The new series will be known as "Melodiya/Angel."

Taped in Russia with the latest in stereo recording equipment and techniques, these outstanding recordings are mastered, pressed and packaged in the United States by Angel.

Never before has the Soviet Union granted such rights on an exclusive basis to an American company. These new Melodiya/Angel recordings constitute a unique treasury of contemporary Soviet musical life.

Since music is the only language common to both nations, Angel hopes this significant new program will create opportunities for greater understanding as well as for cultural enrichment.

Leading the Melodiya/Angel release is the world premiere recording of Shostakovich's explosive cantata, **The Execution of Stepan Razin,** based on a poem by young Yevgeny Yevtushenko about the Cossack rebel hero — coupled with **Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony.** Two great "Fifths," of Shostakovich and **Prokofiev,** are played by the magnificent **Moscow Philharmonic.** The Prokofiev work is conducted by violin virtuoso **David Oistrakh** in his symphonic conducting debut on records in America! Oistrakh also conducts **Berlioz' Harold in Italy** with **Rudolf Barshai** as viola soloist and plays **Khachaturian's Violin Concerto** with composer **Aram Khachaturian** conducting.

Stravinsky's suite from **L'Histoire du soldat** and Prokofiev's Quintet for woodwinds and strings is played by ensembles led by **Gennady Rozhdestvensky,** young maestro of the Bolshoi Opera and Symphony.

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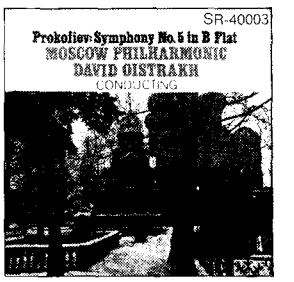

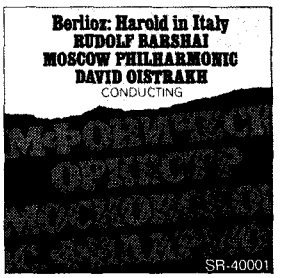

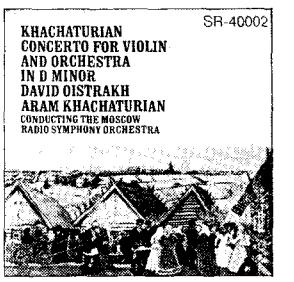

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the particular medium at which he happens to be good. On the other hand, Foss tends to want to bring people to his ideas; it is not a matter of *épater les bourgeois*, but he wants the bourgeois to sit up and take notice—on his terms. Foss's diversification is an expression of different facets of a central activity; he is expressing not so much Foss as ideas about music and musical activity (as he sees it, of course), and he builds on these ideas by seeking out all their—if need be complex—ramifications.

Foss—lean, brilliant, cool, ever the *Wunderkind*—is sometimes the victim of his own facility and his own idea-impulses. Riding high on the strength of one or another of these inspirations, he will sail right into another composer's conception and twist it around considerably; yet sometimes he seems to have a dead-pan, craftsman's approach to traditional repertoire at variance with its original expressive intent.

There are a great many such contradictions and paradoxes in Foss's make-up and in his work. He has a surprisingly large following—especially among young people—as a Bach performer, although he continues to play Bach (unfashionably) on the piano and dares to alter the most holy of musical scriptures (he performs the Bach *Passions* in English and with, among other changes, all references to the guilt of the Jews expunged). He has had a very bad press of late, although his modern-music summer festivals at Lincoln Center have sold out (and he continues to be engaged and re-engaged by major musical organizations). He has attracted a young, knowing audience made up largely of record-buyers who normally do not go to concerts (but he himself is better known on records as a composer than as a performing artist). He has helped turn Buffalo into a major creative center—partly through emphasizing the new and important dialogue between performers and composer—and he has had the audacity to come to New York with his new-music concerts instead of depending on New York for talent (but he still lives in New York and commutes to Buffalo). With his remarkable gift for bringing together the composer, the performer, and the public, he has proved to be a valuable force in American music. But he has also been criticized—and with some justice—for depending too much on imported European avant-gardists, thus neglecting his obligation to help develop the American creative scene. At the same time he has always regarded himself very much as an American performer and composer—even now that he has put his old, popular Americana style definitely behind him.

Foss's own view of his role as a conductor-composer is worth listening to.

(*Continued on page* 93)

From the Banks of the Vlatava

By OLIVER DANIEL

IF ALL that glitters is not gold, all that is gold—and that applies to the "Golden City of Prague"—does not necessarily glitter. While there is an unfortunate drab dowdiness about it, it is nevertheless one of the least spoiled and most beautiful cities in Europe. Three decades of Nazi and Soviet domination have had a visible preservative effect architecturally. It is as if time had stopped. And a somewhat similar condition developed in its artistic life—that such leading composers as Martinu and Karel Husa chose to emigrate did not help.

More detrimental was the temporary infusion of political doctrine into the esthetic bloodstream. Everything was aimed at glorifying the new state of things. Folklore became compulsive and everything seemed directed to the broadest common base. Admittedly, we face something of the same thing here, since most programs of our symphony orchestras must aim for the most conventional musical common denominator in order to survive—so they say. But we have been able to nourish a kind of musical elite which has created a mass of works that will find their larger public in a later time. Czechoslovakia now seems to be getting around to the same sort of thing.

Now is a time of change! Old Prague, like many an old dame, is undergoing a massive face-lifting with rusty scaffolding facing hundreds of buildings in the process of re-stuccoing. The young set seems to be in a state of healthy rebellion and the visible evidence is nowhere more noticeable than on the massive outdoor steps that rise up to the National Museum where, on a recent Sunday afternoon, I saw dozens of young beatle-haired (longer than in London) boys and girls in typical blue jeans playing guitars and singing both authentic and Czech-style rock 'n' roll. There are also some highly adept jazz performers in Prague who manage to give a native slant to their music that is about as unorthodox as a mixture of slivovitz and sour-mash. (Don't try it on your friends!)

Further evidence of the new attitudes is in the vigorous development of the New Cinema. Many of the new films are among the best being made in Europe, and they are being accompanied by scores written by gifted younger composers who are blessed with fresh and inventive ideas.

The extensive government-supported recording project, available here on the Supraphon label, makes it possible to enjoy and evaluate much of the new music being written, and it is a pleasure to discover how much of it is of the very high order. There is not the same wild preoccupation with avant-gardism so evident in the new music of Poland and, while it is more thoroughly grounded in tradition, it is nonetheless blessed with a distinctive profile.

The new trends seem to be mostly toward Vienna, *circa* the early Berg and Schoenberg era. Interest is developing in both aleatoric procedures and in electronic music but curiously little attention, or rather none at all, to the fascinating ideas and experiments of Alois Haba (1893), who was one of the Western pioneers in the use of microtones. His first major work written in quarter tones, his String Quartet, Op. 2, is dated 1920. Three years later he composed a Quartet, Op. 15, which was written in sixth tones. His theoretical writings might well be a guide for developments far more interesting than those currently evolving. As far back as 1927, Haba completed his *New Principles of Harmony for the Diatonic, Chromatic Quarter, Sixth and Twelfth Tone Systems.*

The 1960s mark the time for real

stylistic progress. Marek Kopelent (1932) has written a brief but deeply moving Dirge With A Flute for the recently deceased critic Hana Hlasova. The influence of Webern is evident, but to the serial contour of the predominant flute he discreetly adds electronic sounds and a wordless women's chorus with touching effect; and an ensemble of eight brass instruments break into Cowell-like tone clusters. An even more recent work, completed in 1964, called *The Mother*, was given its premiere during the 1965 autumn festival in Warsaw. Like the Dirge, it relies heavily on a solo flute to make its melodic point and again a syllabic though wordless chorus, which sings a text drawn entirely

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from the fracturing of the Czech word for mother—*Matka*. Again, as in some of the new Polish works, one detects the influence of both Cage and Cowell in his somewhat aleatoric approach and in his cumulative choral crowd effects. It trails off in a melancholy dirge-like evaporation.

Jan Klusak (1934—) is another who, as he says, "crossed the barrier" to embrace now aging techniques that were fresh more than two decades before he was born. His first brush with Webernianism occurred in his *Pictures for Twelve Wind Instruments*, which are a perfect example of a composer's trip from convocational musical usage to the realm of dodecaphony. But they are quite bright for all their stylistic incongruity and form a nice set of contrasting vignettes. Written later are his Inventions I and III. Here he completely jumps the fence and, while it may sound frightfully daring to Klusak's mind's ear, it is ever so like any number of composers from any number of countries who have followed the same course. But against the entrenched academicism of many of his older colleagues it is positively daring.

SIX young Slovak composers are grouped together in a set of well written chamber works. All, born in the Thirties, are still unknown beyond their boundaries. They are: Ivan Parik (1934), Peter Kolman (1937), Pavol Simai (1930), Miroslav Bazlik (1931), Ilja Zeljenka (1932), and Jozef Malovec (1933).

A Sonata for Flute Solo by Parik produces some spectacularly fine playing by Milos Jurkovic in a work that calls to mind both Evangelisti and Castiglioni. Miroslav Bazlik is represented by a set of Five Songs for alto, flute, cello, and piano that are thoroughly musical with an almost impressionistic atmosphere such as may be found in the early works of Schoenberg. Similarly directed is a set of Two Parts for Chamber Orchestra by Jozef Malovec. They flow gracefully over the not too widely spaced intervals that delineate its melody. It ends with a brief and inconclusive dissonant statement that leaves the listener confronted by an auditory cliff-hanger.

Peter Kolman, youngest of the lot, writes like so many of his colleagues that one has the impression that it has just been said before, and the sense of conformity developing in so many young composers on two continents like an esthetic herd instinct. Even the ubiquitous vibes add a bit of third-stream cliché of no individual value.

Ilja Zeljenka has written a Piano Quintet with a sure and controlled hand. It is contemporary in idiom but nervous and spastic in its asymmetry, and, all told, more interesting than moving. In Prague he is known chiefly for his background music for more than thirty documentary films as well as seven full-length features.

Pavol Simai's brief dramatic setting of an intense anti-war text by Jiri Marek may have considerable punch if one can understand it, but to one unfamiliar with Czech it is not of sufficient musical interest to be particularly significant.

Another welcome disc contains works by three other young men: Josef Berg (1927—), Vaclav Kucera (1929—) and Zdenek Pololanik (1935—). Berg has written an interesting, nonproblematical Nonet for two harps, keyboard instruments, and percussion, in which fresh sonic materials make up for unadventurous melodic material. Berg has some fascinating passages using open fourths, fragments of refreshingly naïve melodic bits as innocent as nursery rhymes, etched over rough hewn percussion backgrounds, and, the Comintern forbid, the chimes seem to break into the strain of "Adeste Fideles."

Vaclav Kucera, in an attractive four-movement set of *Dramas* for nine instruments, uses dissonance skillfully in the opening "Tragedy" and flirts with twelve-tone devices as he is prone to do in his introspective movements. But he returns to regular diatonic patterns for his lighter and more jovial moments. His joyousness is not ebullience on demand as it seems to be in some of his older colleagues, but one wonders about other works of his, such as his ballet, *The Brigand's Fire* (1956-58), *The Revolution Victorious* (1961), and *Protests* (1963), which were "inspired by the struggle of Negroes for freedom and civil rights in the American South." Immediately following Kucera's *Dramas* we hear a curiously old-fashioned work by the youngest of the three, Zdenek Pololanik. His set of Variations for Organ and Piano is his Opus 1, and, like the works of many other composers who later renunciate these early efforts, it may well stand as evidence of a firmly grounded composition technique, and from it he may branch out into more venturesome schemes.

Of those composers born in the Twenties, Ilja Hurnik (1922) is one of the more arresting. Stylistically he follows a course which parallels that of many of our own younger men who began as pseudo-Stravinsky neoclassicists and then, following the master's defection, suddenly became neo-Webernians. But Hurnik is a pro; he is a musician of thorough competence and a man of winning ways. Quite a prodigy, he composed *First Melodies* when he was nine, and they were published three years later. One disc is devoted to an early work, his Concerto for Oboe, Piano, and String Orchestra. It is a charming work, filled with a springlike freshness. A *Sonata da Camera* for flute, oboe, cello, and harpsichord was written in 1953. It is a light and, at moments, a quite jubilant work superbly performed and recorded. His *Esecizi* for woodwind quartet, written in 1959, is a similarly buoyant tour de force.

In 1962, Hurnik became interested in the more serially oriented international style and composed a set of *Moments Musicaux* for eleven wind instruments which quite freely wend their skillful way through the twelve-tone brush. He has managed to keep his light touch in a medium more fraught with weight than levity.

An earlier work, a ballet composed in 1950, is quite a different matter. *Ondras* was awarded a silver medal at the Festival of the World Federation of Youth in Warsaw in 1951. It is a big, extrovertive work with strong affinities with both Prokofiev and Shostakovich. It is in its genre a rich, energetic, uncomplicated work.

Although Petr Eben (1929—) writes with considerable fluency, the result is rather routine despite its professional slickness. His Piano Concerto is a flashy piece and its first movement is as busy as the proverbial beaver, though hardly as effective. Its second movement has an introspective, anxious quality, while the concluding one is both brash and boisterous. Karel Ancerl, already known in America, conducts the Czech Philharmonic expertly, and Frantisek Rauch is another name to add to the list of impressive contemporary pianists. Less pretentious is a simple a cappella choral work called *An Old Love Incantation*, which is included on a disc containing choral works by the older contingent, including Eugen Suchon, Jan Kapr, Bohuslav Martinu, and Pavel Borkovec.

Another of the middle-generation lot of composers is Viktor Kalabis, whose Second Symphony is another big, full Soviet cum Martinu piece. He is more preoccupied with the philosophical content than with the purely musical exposition. Completed in 1961, the Symphony bears the subtitle "Peace." "I could not decide," he writes, "whether to write such a subtitle at the head of the score. . . . But I was more concerned with the content, the philosophical aspect of the matter." As a piece of pre-mid-century style it is a fine, rousing example. His big, man-sized Violin Concerto is musically more satisfying. And the quality of recording, as on practically all of the Supraphon discs, is impressive indeed.

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Recordings in Review

Oistrakh, Conductor

BERLIOZ: *Harold in Italy. Rudolf Barshai, viola, with the Moscow Philharmonic conducted by David Oistrakh.* Melodiya-Angel, stereo SR 40001, $5.79; mono R 4001, $4.79.

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 5. Oistrakh conducting the Moscow Philharmonic.* Melodiya-Angel, stereo SR 40003, $5.79; mono R 4003, $4.79.

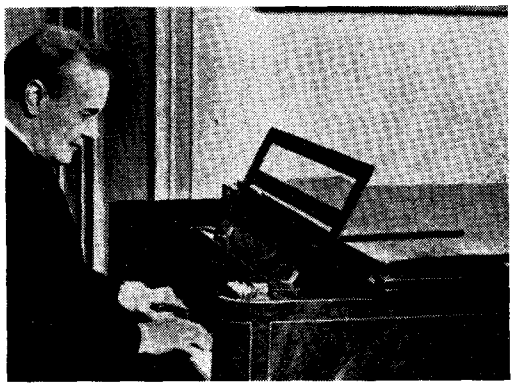
THE VIRTUOSO turned conductor is as old a story as virtuosi and conductors. In some instances, such as that of Hans von Bülow, the careers co-existed and established new criteria of value in both endeavors. In others, such as that of Eugène Ysaye, who was resident maestro in Cincinnati from 1918 to 1922, the existing evidence is inconclusive. With José Iturbi, on the other hand, the second rising of the waters did not reach the flood tide of the first.

It is improbable, with his relatively late start, that Oistrakh can ascend to the Bülow level of distinction. But he might very well add another to the none-too-large number (to judge from the recurrence of the same names in prominent contexts) of distinguished conductors in the U.S.S.R. If, as well as when, that comes about, he will have to invest a major share of his time henceforth in the effort.

In these first instances of major symphonic works under his direction he performs, expectably, with the most substantial personal influence as well as with the most profit to the listener in the Prokofiev. It is broad and songful where it should be, incisive and dramatic where such results are in order, and even productive of some new, moodful insights in the slow movement. Here Prokofiev's way of dissolving one line of thought into another without either a dead stop or a perceptible transition has been impressively clarified by Oistrakh. Some of the orchestral sound is a little raw, but that is more likely in the orchestra than in the way it is conducted.

The Berlioz poses another kind of problem, and one that is not yet quite within Oistrakh's grasp to resolve. That is the tricky one of conveying the pictorial background while simultaneously realizing Berlioz's symphonic intent and not slighting the performer of the solo part. It doesn't quite come off because Oistrakh's *forte* as a performer is straightforward, high powered execution (see comment on his current versions of Debussy and Ravel sonatas, page 82) and he has both hands full in getting the orchestra to play Berlioz's notes as well as they do. Some of it is exciting to hear, but the full measure of the work eludes him. This is in no way a reflection on Barshai, who—though better known as conductor of his own ensemble than he is as a viola virtuoso—has a marvelous command of his instrument.

Whatever the fine points posed in these performances, it is assuredly a contribution to knowledge of what is going on, musically, in the Soviet Union to be able to make them. It is but the beginning of what may be expected to follow as the joint enterprise of Melodiya and Angel grows in size. As a tender of intention, it proves beyond doubt that the technicians who brought the original Russian tapes into existence are the equal of their contemporaries anywhere.



—*Steinway Photo.*

Josef Hofmann takes a turn at an early (1836) Steinway.

Pearl Beyond Price

CHOPIN: *Concerto in F minor, Op. 21. Josef Hofmann, piano, with unidentified orchestra and conductor.* (For price and other data see below.)

THE CHAIN of circumstances through which this now legendary performance of 1938 has come to hearing thirty years later stretches back almost to the composer himself, and forward to one of his greatest devotees and a frequent contributor to these pages. In a central position was the pianist himself, born to a musician father who knew the Poland of Chopin's lifetime. The last link was the late Jan Holcman, who preserved on an acetate disc the sound made from the original, privately recorded, unissued performance. It was this acetate, which came into the hands of the International Piano Library when the Holcman collection was recently sold, that served as the basis for the present issue.

According to the legalities that govern such matters, the record cannot be bought or sold, but it can be "given away" to members of the International Piano Library. Such membership is priced at $10 for a year, and may be obtained by addressing the International Piano Library, 215 West 91st Street, New York, 10024. Members are promised access to the facilities of the Library, admission without charge to concerts sponsored by the Library, a subscription to a quarterly bulletin, and preferential opportunity for purchase of other rare recordings.

Whether or not all the ancillary benefits accrue, the "bonus" disc of the Hofmann performance should be worth the membership price to: a) those who remember this great artist and cherish the memory, too little fed by anything like an audible refresher, for the years since his retirement (which preceded his death in 1957 by more than a few years); b) those who know of him only by reputation and may believe that the tales of his singularity are taller than true.

As a member of category A (class of 1925), this reviewer finds it like reliving a long-gone hour of one's youth to hear the fluency, sonority, and eloquence that flows through these pages. It is a temptation to say that nothing like it exists today, but that would be unfair discrimination against Artur Rubinstein and Guiomar Novaes, both of whom share some of the background against which Hofmann performed. In totality, however, it is Chopin of such freedom, poetry, and beauty of sound as only Hofmann could realize, for it embodied the essence of a great personality, which is always exclusive. Considering the time that has elapsed since the original sound was taken down (from a live concert, obviously), a surprising amount not only of the piano but also of the orchestra is audible. That element, incidentally, is well accounted for by the unnamed conductor.

For those who may want to know exactly what they are getting, it should be mentioned that the third movement is incomplete. As compensation, perhaps, are a few minutes of an interview with Hofmann made for radio broadcast purposes when he turned seventy-six.

"Das Lied" Times Three

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde. Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano, and Richard Lewis, tenor, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.* Columbia stereo, MS 6946, $5.79; mono, ML 6346, $4.79. *Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, with Fritz Wunderlich, tenor, and the Philharmonia and New Philharmonia Orchestras conducted by Otto Klemperer.* (Plus *"Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen," "Um Mitternacht," "Das irdische Leben," "Ich atmet' einen linden Duft,"* and *"Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen"* sung

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by Ludwig). Angel stereo, S 3704-1, $11.59; mono, 3704-1, $9.59. *Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and James King, tenor, with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein.* London stereo, OS 26005, $5.79; mono, 26005, $4.79.

ORDINARILY, the appearance simultaneously from three such estimable sources of such a work as *Das Lied* would be an occasion for close matching of virtues and shortcomings, with, perhaps, the regretful conclusion that an inaccessible combination of values was the only real answer to the problem.

This time, however, there is no need for such soul searching (at least not for me). With Bernstein and Fischer-Dieskau competing only with Kletzki and Fischer-Dieskau (his earlier version for Angel), the conclusion is clear that Ormandy, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and his two fine soloists are easy winners in what might be called a walk.

The analogy comes to mind because what Klemperer has to offer is done with such deliberation that it is more a trudge than a walk. This results in the need for three sides for a work that is readily manageable in two. This brings on, in turn, performances of the five songs listed above which have Ludwig's typically rare qualities of artistry to illuminate them, and Klemperer's equally typical ponderosity to obfuscate them. She sings much of the vocal line in *Das Lied* with finesse and beautiful sound, but such an outburst as "Die liebe Erde" demands the full-throated sound of a real mezzo rather than the brighter coloration of Ludwig, who has become increasingly more of a soprano over the period of time it has taken to complete this recording (attested by the transition of the Legge-Philharmonia to the Klemperer-New Philharmonia).

That real mezzo is, of course, Chookasian, who is here in the glory of her belated but none the less remarkable career. Taken together with the wash of sound in which Ormandy sets her sound off and Lewis's artful articulation of a part he knows better, perhaps, than any contemporary tenor, and the conclusion adduced above is inescapable. It remains to be mentioned that James King's should very soon become the priority voice for the tenor part, for it has the real ring and easy extension that the music demands.

The late Wunderlich, though he sang some of the quieter music endearingly, was overmatched by the bigger demands of the climaxes. For those whose interest, despite all, is Fischer-Dieskau and/or Bernstein, I find the first superior to the second in this music. Bernstein doesn't drag it out in any such fashion as Klemperer, but he tends to agonize over expressions that are agonizing enough in themselves—a secret that Ormandy has clearly learned. All are well reproduced, but the Columbia holds its own in this respect also.

"Grimes," in Part

BRITTEN: *Peter Grimes (excerpts). Peter Pears, James Pease, Claire Watson, Geraint Evans, Owen Brannigan and others with the composer conducting the chorus and orchestra of the Royal Opera.* London stereo, OS 26004, $5.79; mono, OM 36004, $4.79.

THE PROVOCATION for this issue is obvious enough: the recent restoration of *Peter Grimes* to the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera after an absence of nearly twenty years, and the renewal of interest that has accrued therefrom. The justification for it is another matter, however: whether *Peter Grimes* is a work that can really be served (in the several senses of that word) by "highlights," as this issue is blandly described.

For my part the answer is negative. Britten created his own kind of "highlights" in the orchestral interludes that were performed here successfully even before the opera itself, and they synthesize the action more satisfactorily than the detached vocal episodes that have been chosen for this purpose. That may suggest that the elected sequence that starts with the prologue, then offers the sections beginning, "I have to go from pub to pub" and "And now the Great Bear and Pleiades" (from Act I), "We planned that their lives" and "Go there! Go there!" (Act II), "Embroidery in childhood" and "Peter Grimes! Peter Grimes" (to the end of Act III), and the opera would be subject to improvement by the choice of some other excerpts from it. That I doubt, for the work is either an indivisible whole or it is nothing.

Claire Watson—with the Bavarian Order of Merit awarded to her last June.

What the issue does rather more successfully is to focus attention on the quality of the cast and the results that Britten achieved with it as conductor of the complete work which appeared in 1959. It was then by far the best "interpretation" of the composer's intentions to be heard and still retains some share of that singularity despite the excellent effort of Colin Davis. With Pears as a gentler kind of Grimes than Jon Vickers but no less authoritative, Claire Watson far superior to the local Ellen Orford, and James Pease once more singing the part of Captain Balstrode that he originated at Tanglewood in 1946 (in this version, Evans sings Ned Keene, rather than Balstrode, his Met role) it is not likely to be excelled anytime soon.

Tebaldi's Early Maddelena

GIORDANO: *Andrea Chénier. Renata Tebaldi, José Soler, Uga Savarese (Gerard), and Irma Colasanti (Countess di Coigny), with the Symphony Orchestra of Radio Turin conducted by Arturo Basile.* Cetra-Everest 412 stereo, S 412/2, $3.58; mono, 414/2, $3.58.

AS A SAMPLE of what Everest is up to with its assumption of rights for the celebrated Cetra opera series, this reissue of one of the early recordings that endeared Renata Tebaldi to a wide public is as good as any and better than most. It first appeared on the American market in LP form in early 1954, but doubtless dated from some time prior to that. It shows the greatest *spinto* sound of its time in faultless suavity and volume, used with that warmth of spirit and devotion to artistic purposes that characterized her even before her Metropolitan debut in late January 1954 (she had sung in San Francisco four years earlier).

For that reason alone it is more than worth the modest asking price, but it is far from a one-woman show. José Soler had a fine ringing tenor sound which he didn't use too well, Savarese is as good as the average Gerard, and Basile does his work well. The result is the smooth kind of effort that, as of the early Fifties, Radio Turin could turn out without seeming effort. Included in the same series are a *Pagliacci* with Carlo Bergonzi, the famous Gina Cigna-Ebe Stignani-Tancredi Pasero *Norma* (Vittorio Gui conducting), Lina Pagliughi's *Daughter of the Regiment* (with Cesare Valletti and Sesto Bruscantini, and a *Bohème* with Rosanna Carteri, Ferrucio Tagliavini, Giuseppe Taddei, and the very young Cesare Siepi. Considering the date of original issue it is somewhat surprising to find Everest offering a choice of "stereo." Or is it?

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Concertos Nos. 1 and 3. Peter Serkin, piano, with Seiji Ozawa conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2929, $5.79; mono, LM 2929, $4.79.	The Bartók No. 1 may well be the first example of a work recorded by father and son, with the version of each offered in competitive sale (Father Rudolf's performance, joined with the Fourth of Prokofiev in partnership with George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra, may be found on Columbia MS 6405, ML 6215). This might be a provocation for some learned comment on the difference in viewpoint of the two pianistic generations, but the fact is that young Serkin's approach is rather different from that of most of his own pianistic generation. It is more lyric and less percussive, which appeals to me as the right way to go about achieving an individual result, especially in No. 3. There is, however, no want of animation and impulse, for Ozawa has enough to serve a pianist even less equipped with both than Serkin II. The orchestra takes a suitably conspicuous part in the results, which are vividly reproduced.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 7. Hans Rosbaud conducting the Orchestra of SWDR Baden-Baden. Turnabout stereo, TV 34083S, $2.50; mono, TV 4083, $2.50.	Rosbaud's version from the early days of stereo (formerly available on the Vox label) doesn't match some more recent ones in volume of sound or resonant quality, but it pursues its objectives resolutely and with great probity of style. As with virtually everything else he conducted from Haydn to Boulez, Rosbaud managed to keep the personality of the composer in the foreground, his own in the background. That did not mean, as it might with some others, that Rosbaud was either a neuter personality or utterly lacking in that quality. Rather it was his strong personal characteristic to make music in a selfless but wholly self-absorbed way. The consequence, in this instance, is for Bruckner to sound neither bumptious nor embarrassingly naïve, but simple, honest, and straightforward.
Prokofiev: Quintet, Op. 39. N. Menshkov, oboe; I. Mozgovenko, clarinet; A. Futer, violin; M. Mishnayevsky, viola; and Y. Pimenov, cello; with Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting. Stravinsky: *L'Histoire du Soldat* (Suite). I. Belensky, violin; G. Vyunikovsky, clarinet; I. Laptev, bassoon; L. Volodin, trumpet; K. Ladilov, trombone; A. Gegin, bass; and R. Nikulin, percussion; with Rozhdestvensky conducting. Melodiya-Angel stereo, SR 40005, $5.79; mono, R 40005, $4.79.	This item from the first list of Melodiya-Angel releases (see page 78) is less absorbing for content than for the execution of it. The two works were created between 1918 and 1924, and share some identities of style and purpose (the Quintet, created for the balletic purposes of Boris Romanov may have been modeled on the earlier *L'Histoire*, which was intended for a traveling theatrical troupe). In each, the members of the ensemble function as soloists, and the score is sprinkled with the close part writing and clashing lines then *à la mode*. Thus, the problems of performance for Soviet musicians, who have only recently been exposed regularly to writing of this kind, would appear to be greater than for their opposite numbers elsewhere. Despite any such considerations, the performance is meticulous, precise, and full of verve under Rozhdestvensky's compelling direction. The very good recording makes this, immediately, a dividend on Angel's venture into documentation of present-day Soviet music making. For me (and I am sure, many others) *L'Histoire* exists most satisfactorily in its full-length form with narrator. In this mode, the Cocteau-Ustinov-Markevitch version for Philips excels.
Rodrigo, J.: *Concierto de Aranjuez*. Castelnuovo-Tedesco: Concerto in D. Siegfried Behrend, guitar, with the Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Reinhard Peters. Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft stereo, 139 166, $5.79; mono, 39 166, $5.79.	Those who have missed the previous pairing of these works by John Williams (on Columbia) or the several duplications of the Rodrigo by Julian Bream, Narciso Yepes, and others should no longer deny themselves the pleasure contained in both. It is hardly possible that the composers who brought them into being in the late Thirties (the two works were written within a few years of each other) could have imagined a time when the guitar would be as acceptable an orchestral adjunct as any other instrument, but that is one of the better by-products of the electronic age. It would be difficult to find two more economically scored works of recent date, or two more complementary to each other. Behrend is in full command of all the problems, and the little known Peters (he has been heard from previously on a disc of operatic arias by Rita Streich) weights the aural scales discreetly.
Strauss: *An Alpine Symphony*. Rudolph Kempe conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2923, $5.79; mono, LM 2923, $4.79.	Of all the Strauss tone poems later than *Macbeth*, the *Alpine Symphony* has been the least frequently recorded (indeed, a fairly ancient one directed by the composer himself is the sole version listed in a recent Schwann). Thus the order of challenge to the excellent new rendering by Kempe is not severe. Beyond that, however, it is a much more convincing exposition of the score than the average of those heard from time to time in the concert hall. Kempe does not bear down unduly on those massively scored passages for which Strauss specified the most gargantuan of his orchestral complements, giving suitable prominence to other, more modestly conceived effects. The usual complaints about it—overblown, repetitious, self-imitative—remain valid, but it is remarkable the extent to which Strauss invented counter moves to vary his customary gambits, especially in the eloquent "Epilogue" and concluding "Night." The orchestra and conductor function as though they had never heard the word *passé*, and Charles Gerhardt has supervised a tonal production that echoes the enthusiasm for the work expressed in his succinct annotation. Those with an interest in the Strauss-Bavarian State Orchestra (1941) recording will find it in a reissue on the Seraphim label (60006, mono only, of course).
Stravinsky: *Jeu de Cartes* and Symphony in C. Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Philips stereo, PHS 900-113, $5.98; mono, PHM 500-113, $4.98.	The general qualifications of Davis are as applicable to the general requirements of Stravinsky as they are to those of other composers from Handel and Mozart to Britten, with whom he has been productively associated. However, it has been Davis's sensitivity to their *special* requirements which has produced the results for which he has been admired. Such sensitivity is not in strong supply here, either in matters of pace, emphasis, or tonal values. Thus, if one does not accept the composer's own versions as the last word on both of these, I would cite the Munch-B.S.O. performance of the first and the Ansermet-Suisse Romande of the second as preferable. The orchestral execution and recording are very good in themselves, if not altogether suitable to the matter at hand.
Wagner: "Ride of the Valkyries" (*Die Walküre*); "Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla" (*Das Rheingold*); "Forest Murmurs" (*Siegfried*); "Rhine Journey" and "Funeral Music" (*Götterdämmerung*). Leopold Stokowski conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London SPC 21016, stereo only, $5.79.	For ultimate historic service to the consumer, London should have included the "Closing Scene" from *Götterdämmerung* with which Stokowski challenged the new electrical pickup methods of the late Twenties and proved that a trombone could be reproduced. However, what is contained herein is proof that he has lost neither his curiosity nor his ability to take infinite pains to produce a truly superior-sounding recording. Each of the excerpts has its share of flamboyance and a tendency to overstatement, but also a plenitude of excellent orchestral execution. Of special note is the succession of woodwind and brass solo passages in the "Forest Murmurs" section. The printed content of the album espouses a rather old-fashioned approach to the subject not only in its use of Arthur Rackham illustrations but also in its superficial, sometimes misleading annotation. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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"Orfeo" out of "Orphée"

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

CHRISTOPH Willibald Gluck cared much too intensely about the interrelationships of libretto and music to allow another musician to make the adjustments of accent, note-values, and emphasis which would have been inevitable if he had simply allowed someone to translate the text of his two major Italian operas into French. When the 1762 *Orfeo ed Euridice* and the 1768 *Alceste* were staged in Paris in, respectively, 1774 and 1776, he himself largely remade their scores to the new French librettos and otherwise adjusted them closer to Parisian taste and custom. He would have been astonished and disturbed could he have foreseen what time and heedlessness would do to those operas, and particularly to the 1774 *Orphée et Eurydice*.

The central problem that Gluck solved when preparing *Orphée* from *Orfeo* was that he had originally composed the role of Orpheus for the contralto castrato Gaetano Guadagni. Castrati never had been as beloved in France as in Italy and England, and were almost extinct in Paris by 1774. So Gluck recomposed the role of Orpheus for a tenor, Joseph Legros. But when Hector Berlioz, that foremost Gluckian of the next century, prepared *Orphée* for production at the Théâtre-Lyrique in Paris in 1859, he restored Orpheus to his original vocal range by adapting the music for the great contralto Pauline Viardot-Garcia. He did so not by going back to the original Vienna *Orfeo*, but by wholesale transposition of the 1774 *Orphée*.

Largely because of Viardot-Garcia, the 1859 restoration was an impressive success. And since then nearly all performances of Gluck's opera, even including those sung in Italian, have been versions of Berlioz's adaptation. Curiously, this has been true whether the role of Orpheus has been sung by a contralto (as most commonly), a baritone (as with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau), or a tenor (as with Léopold Simoneau). Meanwhile, both the original 1762 *Orfeo ed Euridice* and the 1774 *Orphée et Eurydice* have gone mostly unheard. For more than a century, few people have heard either of Gluck's own versions of his most popular opera with the vocal ranges and the pitch relationships as he intended them.

Now the Bach Guild has issued a recording (stereo, BGS-70686/7, $11.96; mono, BG 6867, $9.96) that can be described as the original three-act 1762 *Orfeo ed Euridice*, with the role of Orfeo sung by a female contralto and with some interpolations of music that Gluck added to the 1774 *Orphée et Eurydice*. The result is at once scholarly and (certain "interpretations" of Gluck's intentions being inescapable) imaginative. The additions from the 1774 version are the "Dance of the Furies," the "Dance of the Happy Spirits," and (in whose translation?) Euridice's aria with chorus beginning "E quest'asilo ameno." In the recording, Charles Mackerras conducts the Akademic Choir and the Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, with Maureen Forrester (Orfeo), Teresa Stich-Randall (Euridice), and Hanny Steffek (Amore). The performance is fascinating and very welcome as a document, but disappointing as opera (which does *not* mean that it ought to sound like Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, or Strauss!).

Its regrettable aspects are both technical and artistic. The words sung by the chorus are much of the time so bathed in orchestral reverberations as to be incomprehensible, whether because of miscalculated conducting or faulty engineering. Charles Mackerras's rather spiritless and unmodulated conducting frequently produces inappropriate tempos—as, for example, when he misses the rapt, ecstatic quality of "Che puro ciel"—one of the musically most compelling of all operatic arias—and of the "Dance of the Happy Spirits." One need only listen to Toscanini's now aged recording of the latter to recognize the purely musical quality that Mackerras has failed to produce. Maureen Forrester's rich contralto is at the command of too placid a temperament and too undulating a sense of musical phrasing to evoke the tremendous intensity of dramatic emotion latent in the music of Orfeo. Why, one asks, all those apparently unmotivated variations of volume, those slightly delayed or slurred attacks? On the other hand, Teresa Stich-Randall's excessively vibrato-less tones rob Euridice of her very human femininity. (The final outcome is that Orfeo sounds robustly female, Euridice sexless.) In the small role of Amore, Hanny Steffek's expertly handled but somewhat acidulous voice utterly fails to suggest the god of love.

Reconstructed with loving care and high musical intelligence, but not illuminated by equally imaginative performance, this recording of *Orfeo ed Euridice* leaves one hoping for recorded and live performances of both the 1762 *Orfeo ed Euridice* and the 1774 *Orphée et Eurydice*. For either, however, we shall have to demand interpreters with more appropriate equipment and a much surer sense of wherein the greatness of Gluck resides.

"Can I help it if I get the giggles?"

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas (No. 8 in C minor, No. 9 in E, and No. 10 in G). Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia stereo, MS 6945, $5.79; mono, ML 6345, $4.79.	To judge from the jacket of this issue, we are in the presence of a "new" Glenn Gould, with hair neatly coiffed, and dark suit and tie rather than the casual tweeds of old. However, it takes more than a change of habit to change musical habits as ingrained as his, and the results are full of the vitality of spirit and restlessness of mind that are the essence of his charm. Thus the *Pathétique* (Op. 13), if thoroughly dynamic, is much less dramatic than some others have made it; the two works of the following opus are delivered with the crispness and sense of line appropriate to their content. Most pronounced in all the works is Gould's chary view of unwritten or nonauthentic ritards, which gives a new sense of urgency to the patterns, familiar or not. He is also very sparing in his use of pedal, preferring to sustain, where appropriate, with fingers alone. One may be grateful, too, that unscored vocal effects are fewer than have sometimes been his custom, though none the less an intrusion when audible.
Brahms: Quintet in B minor (Op. 115). Vladimír Ríha, clarinet, with the Smetana Quartet. Mozart: Duo (K. 423). Jiří Novak, violin, with Milan Skampa, viola. Crossroads stereo, 22 16 0080, $2.49; mono, 22 16 0079, $2.49.	Ríha is a technically proficient clarinetist and produces a generally agreeable sound on his instrument, but neither his solo effort nor the leadership of Jiří Novak offers much that probes beneath the surface of this beautiful work. Without invoking the names of any specific individuals, it may be said the results here are well below the composite level of those which have been offered record buyers previously. However, the leader and his viola-playing associate are in fine form in the Mozart, which has much more of the quality associated with their accomplishments in the quartet literature. Good sound in both.
Britten: *Curlew River*. Peter Pears, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; and a choral-instrumental ensemble under the direction of Benjamin Britten and Viola Tunnard. London stereo, OSA 1156, $5.79; mono, A 4156, $4.79.	The impulse for this latest work of Britten to appear on records (it had its U.S. stage premiere at the Caramoor Festival last summer) was a trip to Japan ten years ago which brought him in contact with the Noh play. What emerged after a suitable period of germination was a flower of another color and texture, but more than vaguely resembling, in design and relationship of elements, the distant ancestor. Here it becomes "A Parable for Church Performance," in which the central situation of a demented mother seeking her lost child has been re-expressed in terms appropriate to its new surroundings in medieval England. Musically, Britten found his starting point in the plainsong "Te lucis ante terminum," elaborating from it, with the simplest means, an affecting example of the humane sympathies that characterize his best work. For those who are not distressed by the presence of an intelligible content in a contemporary work, *Curlew River* should be marked for attention.
Debussy: Sonata. Ravel: Sonata. Ysaÿe: Sonata ("Ballade") in D minor. Prokofiev: Five Melodies (Op. 35). David Oistrakh, violin, with Frida Bauer, piano. Philips stereo, PHS 900-12, $5.98; mono, PHM 500-12, $4.98.	Every note of the Debussy and Ravel sonatas is accounted for with the utmost in clarity, both by Oistrakh and his thoroughly qualified associate (who has also appeared with him in his American recitals). That, however, may be partial reason for a slight sense of discontent with the result. Too much is made palpable, not enough is left to the imagination of the listener. At the same time, the clarity of projection in the Ravel draws attention to something previous performances had slighted: the community of thought between the last movement of the Sonata and the composer's piano concerto in the same key (G major). The early Prokofiev (1920-25) is full of subtle musical points finely made in Oistrakh's re-creation, the Ysaÿe "Ballade," no less apt for demonstration of his superb instrumental command than it was at his Carnegie Hall debut in November, 1955. The sound throughout is both powerful and well balanced.
Dvořák: Quintet in E-flat (Op. 97). *The Cypresses*. Dvořák Quartet, with Josef Kodoušek, viola. Turnabout stereo 22 16 0082, $2.50; mono, 22 16 0081, $2.50.	Even for those with a more than casual acquaintance with Dvořák's chamber music, these works are apt to have their novelty appeal, especially the sequence of movements entitled *The Cypresses*. They are translations into quartet terms of selected items from a series of songs based on poems of Gustav Pfleger and published as his Opus 2. They are attractively melodic and compactly expressive of the sentiments expressed in the titles (the longest is only 3:39). The Quintet is another kind of Dvořák altogether, created in response to Indian influences he encountered in Spillville, Iowa, and also to be found in other works he wrote during the same summer of 1893. The added viola (a member of the Vlach quartet) supports the group in the manner to which its name has accustomed its listeners.
Hindemith: *Die Serenaden*, Op. 35. Adele Addison, soprano; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; Alexander Kouguell, cello; and Ynez Lynch, viola. *Martinslied*, Op. 45, No. 5. Charles Bressler, tenor, and the preceding instrumentalists plus Albert Fuller, harpsichord, and Gerald Tarack, violin. Sonata, Op. 31, No. 1. Tarack, violin. Duet. Tarack, violin, and Kouguell, cello. Nonesuch stereo, H 71149, $2.50; mono, H 1149, $2.50.	Whatever the performance problems—and some of them are far from simple—the members of the New York Chamber Soloists identified at the left meet them with fluency and good sound. What this suggests, especially in *Die Serenaden*, which is full of tricky problems in pitch and intervals, is that there is more reward in these works for the players than for the listener. This may be consistent with the common background of the pieces in the early years of Hindemith's *Gebrauchsmusik* ("music for use"), but does nothing to alleviate the problem of the listener. There is very little to engage either his mind or his emotions. It is a temptation to describe Miss Addison's singing of the German text as matchless in clarity, but Bressler does quite as well in the *Martinslied*, of which the first lines are *"Was haben doch die Gänse getan dass sie so viel müssens Leben lan"* ("What then have the poor geese done to lose their lives one by one?").
Rolon, J.: "Danse Indigène" (*Jalisco*). Marroquin, J. S.: Berceuse. Halffter, R.: Pastorale. Ponce, M.: Sonata Breve. Ponce-Heifetz: *Estrellita*. Ramon: Etude in Octaves. Falla-Kreisler: *Suite Populaire Espagnole*. Albéniz: Tango. Serrato: *Danse Espagnole* (de la Vida Breve). Sarasate: *Romance Andalouse*: *Zapateado*. Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Tasso Janopoulo, piano. Everest stereo, 3153, $4.98; mono, 6153, $4.98.	Either for admirers of Spanish music, Mexican music, or the violin artistry of Henryk Szeryng, this is a disc that will have its rewards. For those whose enthusiasms run to two or three of the foregoing, the benefits will be proportionately greater. None of the Mexican pieces (even the Ponce Sonata Breve) is anything like weighty, but each offers opportunities for Szeryng's vitality and refinement to assert themselves. Kreisler's Suite contains such vocal favorites (in their original form) as "Jota," "Polo," and "Asturiana." Fairly good recording. —I.K.

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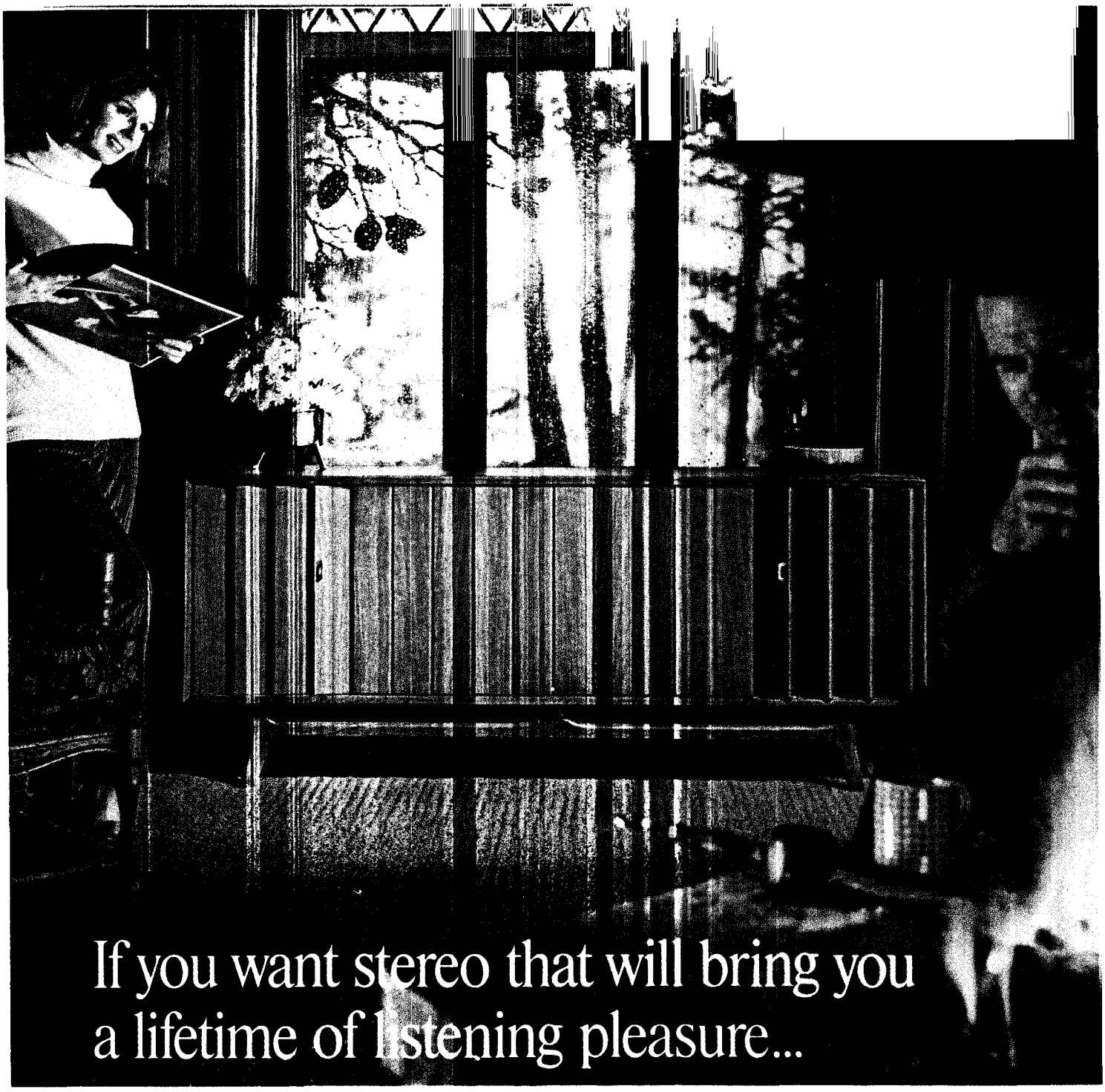

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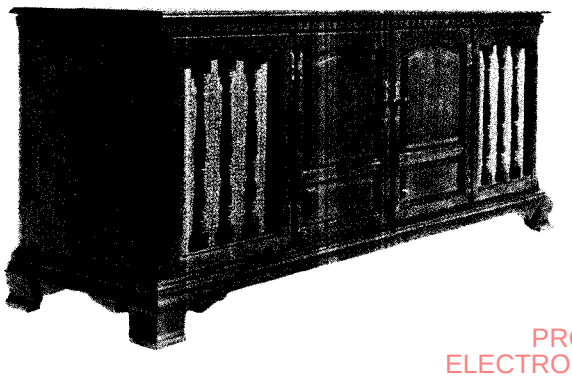

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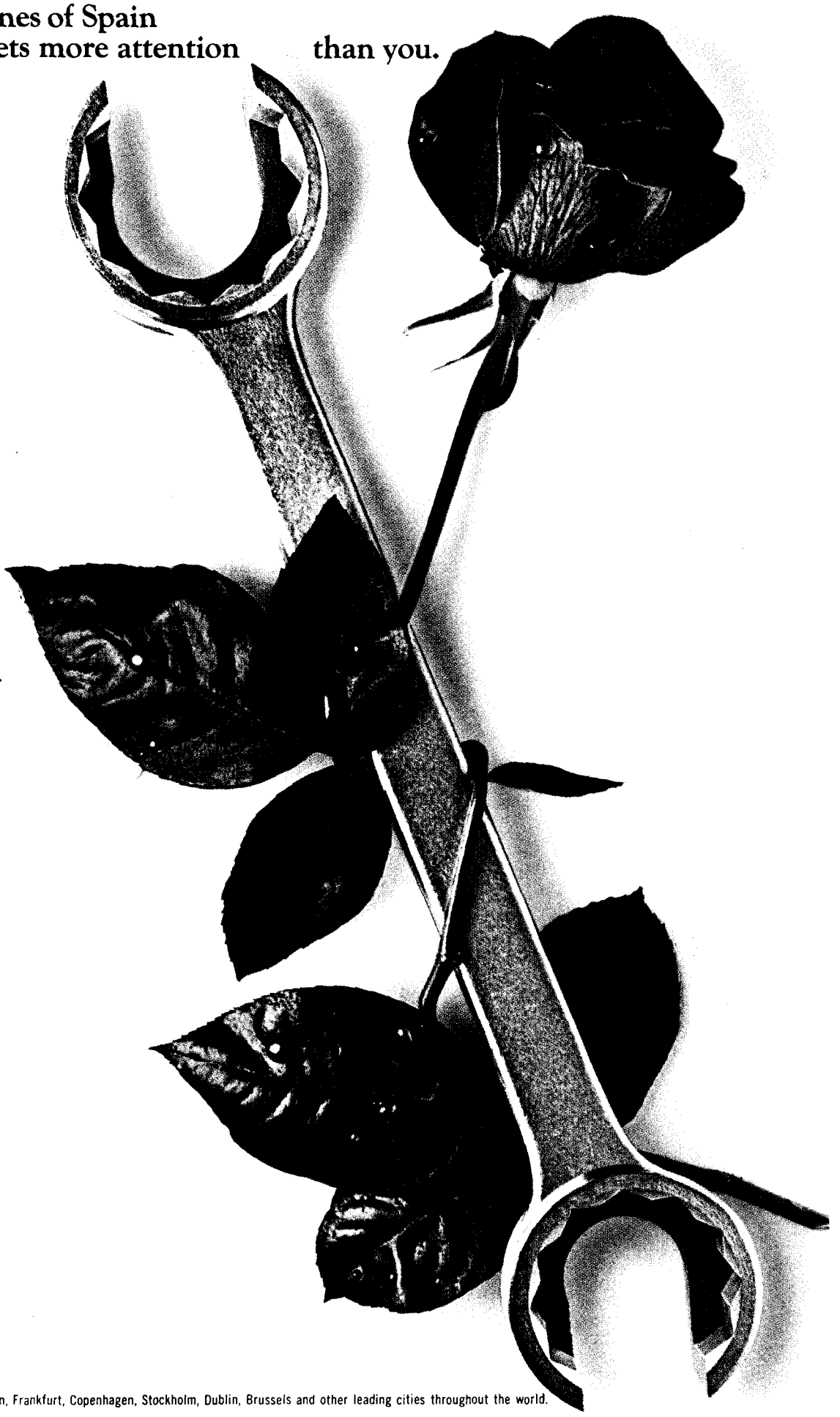

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"Cosi" (Nearly) Complete

OPERAPHILES who previously have doted on recordings of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* conducted by Busch, Karajan, Jochum, and two by Böhm, may now be compelled to add still another version to their collection. Philips World Series's release (PHC 3-005) of what Edward Dent called an "elaborate artificial comedy," conducted by Rudolf Moralt, now appears to be leading the sweepstakes as the most complete recording of the opera ever made available.

This version includes the Ferrando-Guglielmo farewell duet "Al fatto dan legge quegli occhi" (No. 7) and Ferrando's "Ah! io veggio quell'anima bella" (No. 24) for the first time on a complete recording, as well as Ferrando's often-omitted "Tradito, schernito" (No. 27). Typical of the mysteries that plague the record industry, the conspicuous absence of Dorabella's charming "E amor un ladroncello" prevents this reading from being utterly complete in musical pieces.

The performance of *Così*, previously available on European Philips, preserves the essence of what was probably a standard Mozart evening at the Vienna State Opera a handful of years ago. A characteristically excellent cast exhibits the standards for which that house has become justly renowned in its presentation of Mozart. This means a close-knit, finely-balanced ensemble that is the product of repeated rehearsal and performance, as well as an awareness of the heritage it is preserving.

As a result, this *Così fan tutte* flows easily and naturally from aria to recitative to ensemble, with Moralt conducting the Vienna Symphony and Vienna State Opera Chorus in a sensitively-paced and spirited performance. Perhaps because this is essentially an opera of interplay and because the chosen ensemble is just that effective, one remains more conscious of the total integrated effect than of any conspicuously brilliant individual singing.

American-born, Vienna-adopted Teresa Stich-Randall sings with an uncommonly pure, bright tone which serves all her intelligent and musical intentions. Only a less-developed lower range prevents her Fiordiligi from being a complete triumph.

As her equally fickle sister Dorabella, Ira Malaniuk has just the right combination of youthful resilience in the top register and a darker vocal color to make a perfect foil for Stich-Randall. Graziella Sciutti, at a time before vocal unsteadiness set in, is a delectable Despina, singing with pinpoint clarity and irresistible charm.

Waldemar Kmentt effortlessly handles Ferrando's music with glowing tonal warmth and rare technical freedom. Walter Berry, long before the *heldenbariton* repertory loomed on his horizon, is a perfect Guglielmo, singing with a heady, youthful tone and great relish. Only Dezsö Ernster, as the scheming Don Alfonso, seems to lack the flexibility for this music, though his weighty sound does dominate certain situations as it should.

Philips World Series's "Electronically Reprocessed Stereo" produces a few abrupt changes in level, especially between recitatives and set pieces. But, otherwise, there is good balance between soloists and orchestra.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

Poem For David 8 & Open

By Jeannette Nichols

HE was 8
and brought in an armful
of hard tar.

Later, brought
it in again
cubed in a tub of water.

Asked why
he said 'to see
what it's made of'.

Tar is made
of tar
I nearly said

before I saw cubes of curiosity
floating like rafts
in that water,

before I saw the man
walk out of the boy
with an armful of tar

an armful
of what
everything's made of.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK AND BLUES LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Woody Guthrie: *Bonneville Dam and other Columbia River Songs*. Guthrie, vocals with guitar and harmonica accompaniment. Verve/Folkways FV-9036, $4.79, mono only.	*Caveat Emptor!* There is neither excuse nor justification for this release. In this era of the long-play recording, where playing time can closely approximate thirty minutes per side, an offering of some nine minutes on one face and twelve on the reverse is hardly palatable or acceptable. Additionally, much of this material has been previously released and none of it is particularly outstanding.
Sonny Boy Williamson (Williamson vocals and mouth harp with varied accompaniments): *The Original*. Blues Classics 9, mono only, $4.98. *The Real Folk Blues*. Chess 1503, mono only, $3.79. . . . *and the Yardbirds*. Mercury stereo SR 61071, $4.98; mono, MG 21071, $3.98.	Rice Miller, the second "Sonny Boy," another recently deceased artist, was one of the most creative of a veritable legion of recorded blues mouthharp men. Although he was perhaps the most neglected of all, these three records present a near-complete, overall reflection of his artistry (c. 1950-1963). A forceful singer in the "old-style," his delicate, imperceptible exchange between voice and instrument was quite remarkable and the sympathetic, subtle, backing by the "rock" group, the Yardbirds (a concert performance from Europe), comes as an astounding surprise.
Songs and Ballads of the Bituminous Miners. Various artists. Library of Congress AFS L 60, mono only, $4.95.	Sporadic as they may be, releases of material from the Archive of Folk Song, Library of Congress, are always most welcome. The current set was recorded and edited by George Korson in 1940 in several mining areas of the United States, primarily Southern Appalachia, and documents various musical elements which were prominent in the era immediately preceeding World War II. Topical blues, both Negro and white, predominate, and the fare includes a scholarly twenty-seven page booklet by Mr. Korson with song-texts and related background material.
Blues Roots: Mississippi. Tommy Johnson, Bo Carter, Robert Johnson, others. Folkways RBF 14, mono only, $5.79. *The Atlantic Blues*. Barbecue Bob, Blind Willie McTell, Peg Leg Howell, Buddy Moss, others. Folkways RBF 15, mono only, $5.79. *Roots: Rhythm and Blues*. Folkways RBF 20; *Roots: Rock and Roll Sound of La. and Miss.* Folkways FJ 2865. Both with varied artists and accompaniments, mono only, $5.79.	Another pairing of obscure blues recordings "Miss." and "Atlanta" attempt to show the relative development of two regional styles. Although the selections are questionable from an academic standpoint, the music is generally executed with expertise. The spectrum varies from excellence, Tommy Johnson's "Big Road Blues," "Canned Heat," and "Big Fat Mama," to the interesting, yet conventional, material presented on the Alabama volume. The sound transfers are highly uneven and the listener is cautioned not to confuse the fine Mississippi set with the two rock-'n'-roll/rhythm-and-blues releases which bear somewhat similar titles but deal with extremely pedestrian material.
Mississippi John Hurt: *Today*. Hurt, vocals and guitar. Vanguard stereo, VSD 79220, $5.79; mono, VRS 9220, $4.79.	The last recording session of the late *pater familias* of the folk-blues revival of the 1960s results in a testament which will long stand as a musical memorial to this gentle man. Liberally infused with his infectious guitar playing and soft, almost sweet, lyrical renditions, the performances include many of the songs which he included in his in-person repertoire. The sound quality of the offering is excellent. (See page 00)
Cortelia Clark: *Nashville Street Singer*. Clark, guitar and vocals. RCA Victor stereo, LSP 3568, $4.79; mono, LPM 3568, $3.79.	If this is someone's idea of a joke, it is assuredly a cruel one. It is one of the worst efforts of all discs devoted to Negro music. It contains some of the sorriest renditions of blues (?) and related material (again?) ever heard, in an ill-conceived, poorly contrived "production." The results should be avoided.
Simon and Garfunkel: *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme*. Simon and Garfunkel vocals, with guitar and various instrumentation. Columbia stereo, CS 9363, $4.79, mono, CL 2563, $3.79.	Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel are a youthful duo with extremely interesting ideas, both musically and poetically. Their music consists of choral, almost church-like, harmonies and smooth, highly professional arrangements. On many of their efforts they evoke a cantata-like atmosphere, a highly imaginative and refreshing approach to contemporary folk sounds. They are eclectic, perhaps a bit too symbolically obvious at times, but, nevertheless, interesting and creative throughout.
Oliver Smith. *Oliver Smith*. Smith, guitar and vocals. Elektra stereo, EKS 7316, $5.79; mono, EKL 316, $4.79.	Smith is a blind, itinerant hillbilly artist, originally from Georgia, who performs in the older white-rural style of individuals such as Riley Puckett. This is his first recording session, after nearly a lifetime of active street singing, and he shows touches of glimmering excitement in his guitar playing while his vocal renditions are strong and straight-forward in presentation. Paul Nelson's notes describing Smith's "discovery" on the streets of New York City afford an excellent background setting.
Big Joe Williams: *Classic Delta Blues*. Williams, guitar and vocals. Milestone 3001, mono only, $4.98.	A "Mississippi Delta Songbag" might well be the subtitle of this LP. Williams, a native Mississippian, long active and much traveled, puts aside his usual nine-string guitar and performs with the six-string. The songs are those generally associated with the titans of the style: Patton, the Johnsons (both Robert and Tommy), and others, and all of the varied instrumental patterns such as open tunings, bottle-neck, snapped-thumb bass, are included. Throughout, Big Joe maintains his individuality and usual aura of heightened intensity.
Skip James: *Greatest of the Delta Blues Singers* (James, guitar, piano, and vocals). Melodeon MLP 7321, mono only, $4.98. *Today*. Vanguard stereo, VSD 79219, $5.79; mono, VRS 9219, $4.79.	Of the many vaunted delta performers, Nehemiah "Skip" James appears to be possessed of the most personal style and, at first blush, the least derivative. His near falsetto vocals and sensitive guitar playing appear *so* introspective at times that the listener almost experiences a sense of intrusive guilt. These two recordings, with slight duplication, are well recorded examples of the artist's striking individuality and include "Sick Bed Blues," "Devil Got My Woman," (Melodeon), "I'm So Glad," and "Drunken Spree," (Vanguard). *Today* also includes a pair of piano items, not nearly enough to satisfy this ear. —LAWRENCE COHN.

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"Zero Vu"

THE RANGE of sounds we hear—from the barely audible to the threshold of pain—covers an intensity range of 1,000 billion to one (or 120 decibels, to use the standard, logarithmic unit of relative sound intensity). The sounds we record may cover an even greater range, from those too faint to hear up to those whose hearing might cause permanent deafness. The machines on which we record them, however, have a range less than half as great as the ear's, bounded at one end by noise (which masks weak signals) and on the other by overload distortion.

The noise which sets the lower limit to a recorder's dynamic range is not a part of the signal (such as noise picked up when recording in noisy surroundings), but comes in part from the recorder and in part from the tape or disc-recording medium. Both recorders and recording media have improved greatly over the years, but to this day even a "perfectly blank" tape or disc has some noise on it, and more noise is added by even the best recorders. Thus, for an acceptable recording level, the signal must be louder than the noise.

Tapes and recording amplifiers all have some point of no return, beyond which an increase in signal input does not result in a greater output so much as a more distorted one. When a recorder or a tape is driven into this kind of overload distortion, it is said to be "overmodulated." Most distortion in recording is due to overmodulation of the tape. This sets the upper limit for an acceptable recording level: The signal fed to the recording medium must never be strong enough to cause more than a tolerable amount of distortion – though opinions differ slightly as to just how much distortion can be tolerated. However loud or soft a sound may be, and however much it may vary from loud to soft, it must be recorded at a level somewhere between these upper and lower limits of acceptable recording level. This is why all tape recorders have a recording-level control and most have record-level indicators as well.

With the level control, we raise the level of a weak sound or diminish that of a strong one to make it fit within these limits. If the sound level fluctuates beyond the limits of the recorder's dynamic range, we can still record it, by periodically altering the record-level setting; if this process of "riding gain" is done skillfully enough, it is not distracting.

But to set recording levels accurately, we must know what signal level is reaching the tape. Hence, every recorder that aspires to be more than just a toy must have some sort of record-level indicator. (The only exceptions are machines with automatic volume controls, that make "riding gain" unnecessary; but these do not preserve the natural dynamic relationships between sounds, and so cannot be used for accurate musical recording.)

There are three main types of record-level indicators: the flashing neon light, the "magic eye" tube, and the meter. The neon indicator, though a rarity today, was once quite common, and is the least expensive type of indicator. In some recorders, it took the form of a single neon lamp, which flashed whenever the signal exceeded the recommended level, but gave no indication when too little signal was reaching the heads. Other recorders had two indicators, one of which flashed whenever overload occurred, while the other glowed as long as the recording level was above the noise level; the record-level was considered "just right" when the "normal" lamp glowed almost continuously, and the "overload" lamp showed only a tiny, occasional flicker. This is the simplest and easiest record indicator to use.

The "magic eye," or electron-ray tube, goes the neon lamp one better, for it not only indicates insufficient or excessive level but gives some indication as to where the sound level is tending, so that the level control may be advanced or set back *before* the level reaches the lower or upper limits. When the dark green shadow across the eye tube is extended to its fullest, with edges immobile, it indicates insufficient level; too much level registers when the shadow is completely closed and the whole tube glows brightly.

Both the neon tube and magic-eye tube indicators respond instantly to very brief signal peaks, and their associated circuits can be adjusted so that even the briefest of these peaks register long enough to be seen. But professional recorders have for years used an entirely different type of indicator: the VU meter.

The meter's main advantages over the various "tube" level indicators are that it is calibrated, so that one may return at any time to a specific setting, and that it can be used to measure the recorder's bias current, erase current, or any other voltages and currents that may need periodic checking. Both of these advantages are important in professional sound studio operations, and the true VU meter (as used in professional recorders) has the additional advantage of a standardized meter scale and a needle that responds in a standardized way to various stimuli, rising and falling neither faster nor more slowly than the needles of other VU meters under the same stimulus. But professional VU meters respond to average, rather than instantaneous peak signal levels (a characteristic that takes some getting used to, when one is accustomed to tube indicators). And they are rather expensive ($20 to $50 each), so they are seldom used on home recorders.

However, in the past few years, most home recorders have come equipped with recording meters, and most of these meters—while not true VU meters in all respects—have come equipped with a "VU" scale. This scale, by now familiar to most recordists, indicates the region of acceptable recording with a long, black line covering about two-thirds of the meter face, and calibrated from —20 or so VU up to 0 VU, with a red section (calibrated from 0 to +3 VU) indicating the "overload" portion of the scale.

In part, the move to VU-type meters was due to a hope that some professional status would rub off on the machines using them—with little expense, since these amateur meters are now available for as little as $2 or $3. But in the main, the switch was a quite legitimate by-product of the switch to transistors in recorder circuits. "Eye" tubes require a fairly high voltage to light them; this was no problem in tube circuits, for the needed high voltages could be drawn from the supply that fed the tubes. But transistors are low-voltage devices, and to use eye-tubes with them would require a separate, and expensive, high-voltage supply. But low-voltage meters can be used with transistor circuitry as is; hence, their nearly universal adoption (I know of no transistor recorder using electron-tube indicators save the new Tandberg 12). In battery-powered portable recorders—another offshoot of the transistor era—record-level meters check battery condition as well.

Both the meter and the eye will give equally good results when used carefully by someone familiar with their characteristics. Despite the cachet of the VU meter, it carries little advantage in most home-recording situations. But it carries little disadvantage, either. The important thing is that whatever indicator your recorder boasts, you follow it closely. It is your principal guide to top-quality tape recordings.

—IVAN BERGER.

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Vintage Strauss

JOHANN STRAUSS: *Waltzes (Wein, Weib und Gesang and Geschichten aus dem Wienerwald); Künstler Quadrille (nach Motiven berühmter Meister); Egyptian March; Overture (Der Zigeunerbaron); Polkas (Champagner & Vergnügungszug);* JOSEF STRAUSS: *Polka (Feuerfest). Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra.* RCA Victor stereo, LSC-2928, $5.79; mono, LM-2928, $4.79.

JOHANN STRAUSS: *Waltzes (Wein, Weib und Gesang and Seid umschlungen, Millionen!); Overture and Einzugsmarsch (Der Zigeunerbaron); Polkas (Vergnügungszug, Im Kräpfenwald'l and Tritsch-Tratsch);* JOSEF STRAUSS: *Waltz (Aquarellen). Willi Boskovsky conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.* London stereo, CS-6485, $5.79; mono, CM-9485, $4.79.

AT OR NEAR the beginning of the discography of Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops (well before both *Zur Weihe des Hauses* and "Look Sharp, Be Sharp") was a 1935 recording of the Strauss waltz *Wo die Zitronen blüh'n,* which more than a few commentators at the time welcomed as "more Viennese than the Viennese." The latest Fiedler-Pops release may not inspire quite the same words, but surely few of the recordings in this team's first thirty-two years with Victor have offered more solid pleasure. Moreover, the appearance of their new Strauss collection in juxtaposition with the latest in Willi Boskovsky's series for London serves as an apt reminder that this wonderful material is far from being music that plays (or conducts) itself, even for the Vienna Philharmonic.

Of prime interest here is *Wein, Weib und Gesang,* the most substantial of the three pieces common to both discs, performed without cuts in both cases. It should not be necessary to insert that last remark, for the work is perhaps the most truly "symphonic" of all the great Strauss waltz-poems, but it is also probably the most abused. Not only has it been worked over, as the *Blue Danube* and the other popular waltzes have, in arrangements for everything from marimba solo to an "orchestra" of forty pianos, but even the "respectable" performances, including those from Vienna itself, are almost invariably cut to eliminate the magnificent introduction. The Boskovsky recording, in fact, is the first complete version by the Philharmoniker, whose only previous recording of the piece, conducted by Herbert von Karajan, was the short form which fit comfortably on a single 78 rpm side.

Does the inclusion or omission of the introduction really make so much difference? Well, such conductors as Bruno Walter, Erich Kleiber, and, of course, Clemens Krauss showed what marvellous works the Strauss waltzes can be when played with their poetic introductions and postludes intact. (Fritz Reiner broke many a Strauss-lover's heart by omitting the dreamy postlude in his recording of the *Kaiserwalzer,* but atoned eloquently with an incredibly beautiful *Wiener Blut* in a subsequent collection.) It was with these sections that Strauss made glorious tone poems of his waltzes, as Weber had done in his *Invitation to the Dance,* and *Wein, Weib und Gesang* has the grandest introduction in the lot—actually longer than the dance portion itself—with only the unique zither prelude in *Tales from the Vienna Woods* (whose inclusion we take for granted now) approaching it in terms of imaginativeness.

It was Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops who made the first complete recording of *Wein, Weib und Gesang* nearly thirty years ago, and there have been only a half-dozen others between that one and their own remake on the disc considered here, including a 78 by Felix Weingartner, one short-lived offering of the original version with male chorus (under Karl Etti's direction, on a Philips-derived Epic), and the new Boskovsky. Such esteemed conductors as Josef Krips, Ferdinand Leitner, Wolfgang Sawallisch, and even Eduard Strauss (in his otherwise admirable Vox Box of Straussiana) have continued to favor the truncated waltz-only format.

Mention of Eduard Strauss brings us back to Fiedler, with whom he shares a basic approach—straightforward phrasing, naturally flowing, genuinely danceable tempi, both respect and affection for the material—which both learned from the same mentor in this specialized field. At the age of sixteen, Fiedler was a violinist in the orchestra conducted by Eduard's father, Johann III, son of the Waltz King's youngest brother, an experience whose lasting effect has been to serve as an equalizer between the Bostonian and the Vienna Philharmonic Strauss tradition.

In any event, it is clearly an uneven race between Fiedler's *Wein, Weib und Gesang* and Boskovsky's, as it is in the case of the other titles they both have recorded. Fiedler's waltzes do not lack tenderness, but they do have animation; he is all geniality and charm in the polkas, contrasting sharply with Boskovsky's often exaggerated attempts at enlivenment. Is it that Fiedler finds his way more naturally to what this music is all about, or is it simply that his greater experience and skill as a conductor enable him to project so persuasively that hardly accidental blend of elegance and exhilaration which the unforgettable Krauss conveyed so irresistibly in his own unique style? For all Boskovsky's excellence as a chamber music player (which made his series of Viennese dances with a small ensemble on Vanguard quite another matter), his conducting here fails to bring out anything like the breadth and cohesiveness of the Fiedler versions. Nor, in this case, are the Philharmoniker recorded with the warm opulence RCA has lavished on the Pops.

The *Artists' Quadrille,* which uses themes of Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Weber, et al., may not be the most fascinating discovery of the year, but it's agreeable enough. The only complaints I have about the Fiedler package are: a) it might have included remakes of the delectable *Lagunen Walzer* and *Neu Wien,* but doesn't, and b) "Fireproof" is a pretty goofy rendering of Josef's celebrated *Feuerfest.*

The two less familiar waltzes in the Boskovsky assortment are certainly worth having, but *Seid umschlungen, Millionen!* has more sparkle under Anton

Paulik on Vanguard SRV-150SD, where its five companion pieces are still less familiar waltzes by various other composers. As for *Aquarellen,* I would hold out for eventual reissue on World Series of the old Epic version by Franz Salmhofer. (Now *there's* a Strauss conductor, but what has become of him?)

As any true Strauss buff need hardly be reminded, three of the items on the Fiedler disc—*Tales from the Vienna Woods,* the *Egyptian March,* and the polka *Vergnügungszug*—are performed quite incomparably by the Philharmoniker under Clemens Krauss in that classic of classics, the 1952 New Year's Concert, still current as Richmond B-19066. But no real *aficionado* would be deterred by concern over such duplications, and the Fiedler *Wein, Weib und Gesang* is simply too basic to think of foregoing.

—RICHARD FREED.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 62

on the conventional kind of chest sound and throbby middle in "Stride la vampa!" and the following "Condotta." However, it appears that this artist is gradually losing her inhibitions about appearing in these surroundings, and as the evening progressed she gave as good as she took from Tucker and Merrill. Some of her high register phrases were vibrant as well as powerful, which naturally attracted the response of those to whom such values are paramount. However, she certainly has all the resources to make a fine Azucena in a start-from-scratch production. Should the present well worn sets and costumes be replaced in the next decade or so, Raymond Michalski's Ferrando could still be an asset. He gave conviction as well as good sound to a part which, too often, has neither.

AS OPERAS start well before concerts, there was time on the evening of Szell's *Missa* to sample the Metropolitan's current *Aïda* and take some bearings on its probable course. This was quite another Met *Aïda* than heard earlier in the season (also under the direction of Thomas Schippers), for it disposed Leontyne Price in the title role, Grace Bumbry as Amneris, and Carlo Bergonzi as Radames. It was the latter who made the evening memorable almost before it began by concluding his well sung "Celeste Aïda" with—*mirable dictu*— the softly spun out *pianissimo* B flat directed by the composer rather than the stentorian shout it usually gets. It was perhaps an evidence of the artistry with which it was done that the subtle gesture was rewarded with a tempest of applause (on the last recollectable occasion, when Torsten Ralf was the singer, he earned a mere patter of hands for his trouble).

What was heard otherwise in this first scene suggested that it would be a very good night for Miss Bumbry, whose first Amneris had a degree of haughtiness rarely encountered, and not such a good one for Miss Price, whose Aïda is invariably well acted whatever the vocal fortunes of a particular night. This time she was producing much more of a mezzo sound in the middle register than was Miss Bumbry, which perhaps added to the confusion for Radames that is inherent in the plot itself. What it suggested to me was that Miss Price is not yet over the after-effects of Barber's *Cleopatra*, a heavy price for a one-season part. Robert Merrill was the Amonasro, and Bonaldo Giaiotti the Ramfis. Raymond Michalski, who doesn't seem to know how to do otherwise, sang beautifully as Il Re. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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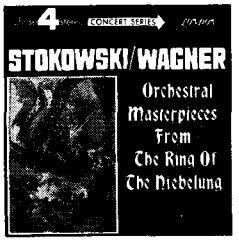
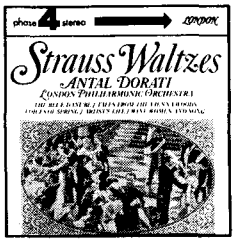
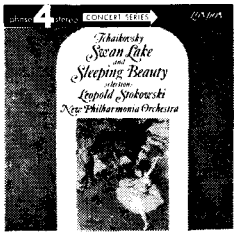
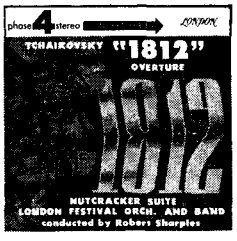
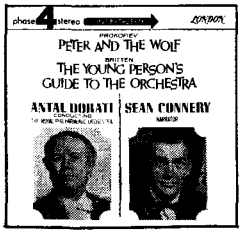


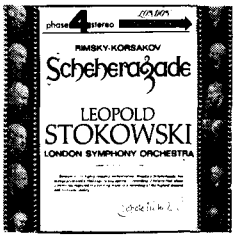


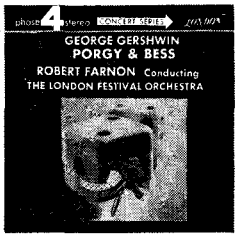
Some previous releases











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Mississippi John Hurt: 1892-1966

John S. Hurt died quietly November 2, 1966. Thank you for your kindnesses.

THUS READ the plain white card received from Avalon Productions. And so, quite unobtrusively and relatively unnoticed, much in the manner in which he spent most of his life, Negro songster John Hurt, the Mississippi John of the Okeh race recordings of the 1920s and the "rediscovered" darling of the folk *aficionados* of the 1960s, died.

Mississippi John Hurt, a diminutive, elfin, almost gnome-like figure, died in Grenada, Mississippi, having enjoyed three years of great popularity and, apparently, financial success—the last three years of his life. A capable singer of the myriad elements which comprise the vast spectrum of Negro music—blues, religious songs, country-dance pieces, and bits of suggestive erotica/*double-entendre*—he had as his forte rolling, effervescent, guitar-picking style. Outwardly basic, this style possessed a simple, melodic elegance which, along with his personality, never failed to captivate the audiences for whom he performed. From the time of his rediscovery he was in great demand at college concerts, coffee-houses, and the plethora of diverse folk-festivals which have become a hallmark of the folk-boom of the 1960s. (Parenthetically it might be noted that Hurt's death has occurred, almost coincidentally, at a time when the zenith of commercial (ized) folk music has begun to fall sharply, giving way to electrified folk-rock and raga-influenced music.)

Hurt had made a number of recordings for the Okeh Recording Company in 1928, some of which sold quite well for their time. But, despite the modicum of success achieved by his efforts, he still slipped back into obscurity and spent most of his life as a laborer in his native Mississippi. Throughout the years, he continued his guitar playing and singing at many local dances and other functions. He was to remain much in this manner until a young blues enthusiast from Washington, D.C., Tom Hoskins, located him in his hometown of Avalon.

John Hurt was born in Teoc, Mississippi, and the better part of his life was spent in the immediate region of Avalon. A self-taught guitarist, he first started to play when he was about nine years old and he also taught himself how to play the mouth harp. Eventually he became quite proficient but, although his local reputation grew, remuneration was very small. He was never an active musician in the sense of being a traveler nor did he perform in "jook-joints" or with medicine shows. Thus, unlike so many other Mississippi Delta artists, his self-curtailed movements were rather static and uneventful. This lack of movement seems to account for his instrumental style, one almost totally dissimilar to those prevailing in the area. Evidently his restricted movement and the resultant lack of interchange with other artists, contributed to his very warm and personal approach.

In 1928, Okeh recording director Tommy Rockwell, discovered Hurt as a result of information received from two local, white, country musicians. Shortly thereafter Hurt traveled to Memphis and recorded a number of sides, only two of which were released. However, the two sides, "Frankie" and "Nobody's Dirty Business," sold well enough for Hurt to be invited to go to New York City later that year to do some more recording. "Spike Driver Blues," "Stack o' Lee Blues," and "Avalon Blues" were among the group which he recorded. Oddly enough it was "Avalon Blues," with the line "Avalon's my home town, always on my mind," which afforded the clue that resulted in young Hoskins's finding Hurt some thirty-five years later. These two sessions were to be John Hurt's only commercial efforts until his later rediscovery, nearly half a lifetime later.

Hurt was a shy, quiet, introspective person, and I well remember a day that I spent with him at his apartment in Washington, D.C., some time ago. Soft-spoken and gracious, he impressed with a soft dignity and subtle, refreshing candor when discussing his life and his music. He was amazed when told that his original recordings were worth a great deal of money and accepted his newly found success in stride, almost stoically, never compromising his personality to please the hordes—so much so that he performed in his everyday work-clothes and the battered hat which eventually became his trademark.

And so Mississippi John Hurt is gone. Thankfully, this unembittered and unusually talented man did enjoy some belated success and, fortunately, he lived long enough to learn that a handful of recordings which he made in 1928 not only withstood the onslaught of time artistically, but also survived the many intervening musical changes which had transpired. —LAWRENCE COHN.

Mississippi John Hurt—"unembittered and unusually talented man."

Discography

Original Okeh Recordings

The Mississippi Blues: 1927-40.
Origin. OJL-5
Blues Rediscoveries.
Folkways RBF 11
American Folk Music (Vols. I and III).
Folkways FP 251, 253

Recorded in the 1960s

Presenting Miss. John Hurt.
Piedmont 13157
Worried Blues.
Piedmont 13161
Miss. John Hurt/Today.
Vanguard VRS 9220
VSD 79220 (stereo)
Blues at Newport, 1963.
Vanguard VRS 9145
VSD 79145 (stereo)
Evening Concerts (Newport 1963, Vol. I).
Vanguard VRS 9148
VSD 79148 (stereo)
Friends of Old-Time Music.
Folkways FA 2390
Blues at Newport, 1964 (Part 2).
Vanguard VRS 9181
VSD 79181 (stereo)
Traditional Music at Newport, 1964 (Part 2).
Vanguard VRS 9183
VSD 79183 (stereo)

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The Art of the Cantor

RCA VICTOR has done a great service for a wide segment of the listening public. For that audience previously interested in Cantorial music, the quality inherent in this set is so far above that in recordings previously available that for this alone Victor deserves our thanks. Up to now, the only recordings by two of these artists were either old 78s or "bootleg" LP's which occasionally appeared on the market; these latter were re-recorded from the old 78s, themselves not always in prime condition. And, for those people previously uninitiated into the world of Jewish liturgical music, this set provides a pleasant and informative introduction. (*The Art of the Cantor.* Josef Rosenblatt, Samuel Vigoda, Moshe Koussevitsky. RCA Victor VCM 6173, mono only, $9.59.)

All of the three Cantors here presented had stirring tenor voices; they all possessed, in addition to a free and easy top, that characteristic of the great tenor voice, a warm, dark middle register; they all possessed coloratura techniques which would be the envy of most singers performing today. They all had that sweetness of quality which is a prerequisite for successful synagogal chant. And, as here collected, there are fine representative selections from their extensive repertoires.

The Rosenblatt selections, recorded in the 1920s, disclose his phenomenal coloratura and make use of his uniquely executed falsetto. As was his wont, he resorts excessively, on occasion, to the sob. But his innate musicianship-cum-showmanship add up to a bravura performance.

Vigoda, in his selections recorded during the 1930s, discloses a more "legitimate" *bel canto* approach. His quality, somewhat more velvety than Rosenblatt's, is admirably suited to the material, and his use of controlled head tone makes for effective contrast. In the area of another prerequisite for Cantorial excellence—musical interpretation of the text—he scores, in this reviewer's opinion, higher than Rosenblatt, but somewhat beneath Koussevitsky.

Moshe Koussevitsky, whose selections were recorded during the 1940s, shows here the reason for his stature as the world's leading Cantor until his death on August 23, 1966. He combined fine vocalism with the best Hebrew liturgical tradition, performed in a straightforward, highly artistic musical style. His meaningful interpretation of text is illustrated in the Israel Alter setting of "Akavyoh Ben Mahalalel," which provides an interesting comparison of the styles of all three of these Cantors. Rosenblatt and Vigoda are prone to excessive sobbing, whereas this selection from the Mishna hardly calls for such an excessively emotional approach.

The improvement in musical taste in performance from decade to decade is made evident here, as is also the improvement in the quality of the accompaniment, which proceeds from the use of relatively simple major and minor chords on the organ to a modally valid and sensitive instrumental ensemble.

All in all, this is a presentation of the art of the Cantor done with great taste and understanding of the elements involved. It is to be hoped that the three other Cantorial giants mentioned in RCA Victor's excellent informational booklet accompanying this handsome album – Gerson Sirota, Zavel Kwartin, Mordecai Hershman – will now also be re-recorded. —PAUL KWARTIN.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Granados and the Player Piano

THE REVIEW, "The Non-Veritable Granados" [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, Dec. 31], was a study in inaccuracies. Everest records, in mono or stereo, are priced at $1.98, not $4.98.

The author states that the recordings were made with multiple microphone "pickup." This is not true. The "pickup" was made in stereo in its purest form, one microphone into each of two channels. A third track fed with one microphone was for protection only and not used in the mastering of this series of recordings.

The editor also contradicts himself when he praises the piano used, then states the recording has insufficient percussion, which is a direct characteristic of the piano.

HAROLD L. POWELL.
Hollywood, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The only prices for Everest records then or now listed in Schwann are as printed. The series in which this record appears was not separately identified. The reference to 'multi-microphone' pickup stands: two is a multiple of one. The reference to "non-percussive" was a characteristic of Granados's touch, not of the piano which reproduced it. And it was not derogatory at all.*

The Pros and Cons of W.W.

THE EXCELLENT ARTICLE entitled "The World of Wieland Wagner," by George London [*SR*, Jan. 28], should be a great inspiration to the lovers of the great Wagner, and should rouse the curiosity of the "lethargic anti-Wagnerites" to seek and to find those beauties described so vividly.

One can sense that the writing of the above-mentioned article was accomplished by not only a great singer but a warm and human artist as well.

MARIO SILVA.
Los Angeles, Calif.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT to the deceased, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility for a layman to attribute Wieland Wagner's modernistic staging of his grandfather's operas to a waning interest in these works. Pilgrims to Bayreuth may have tired of seeing the same old designs year after year. To focus the attention on stagecraft would seem to belittle the music composed for such innovations. A bare stage would seem to resolve itself to a costumed recital.

EARL P. REES.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There was no "waning interest" when Wieland Wagner began his work, and it does not exist in any place where the works are properly performed.*

Casals's Ninetieth

I HAVE JUST READ for the third time Irving Kolodin's article about Pablo Casals [*SR*, Dec. 31]. Thanks to *SR* for it and the discography, which I hope will bring me more joy when the records arrive, as I have only two recordings of Festivals in Perpignan that he directed.

It might amuse some people to hear how I first became acquainted with the Master's art. It was in Cologne, 1906 or 1907, when a group of us were students in Carl Friedberg's piano master class. One day C.F. told us that a young Spanish cellist was going to play a concert in the Bürgenich, that he was a wonderful musician, and that he wanted us to hear him. Like the teen-agers we were, we talked it over, turned up our noses, and decided *not* to go. "What for?" we said.

At the next class meeting Friedberg asked us: "Have you secured your tickets for the Casals concert?" We told him, "Of course not—we are pianists and have no time for a mere cellist." Friedberg became angry and said: "*You are going*—or else."

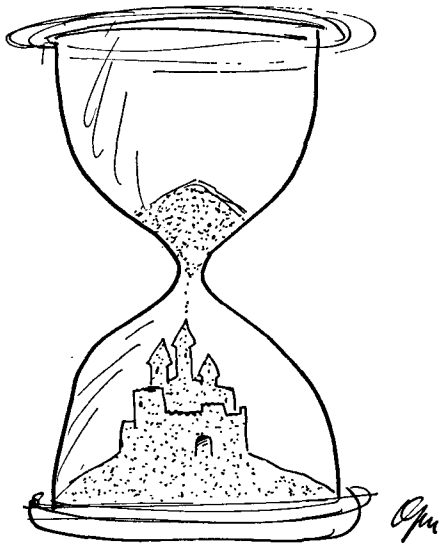
Well, we took our seats in the wooden gallery of the Bürgenich, bored and annoyed. On the stage there was nothing but one lone chair. After a while a young man carrying a cello came from the side of the stage, sat down, lightly touched the strings with his fingers, and then began to play. Did I say "play"? I mean for two hours he gave us an ideal of music, an inspiration never to be forgotten!

Since then, and after I married and came to live in this country, my husband and I have tried every year to get to the Festival—Perpignan, Prades, St. Michel de luxe (even before it was repaired)—to hear him and the artists whom he inspired: Thibaud, Cortot, Tortellier, Grumiaux, Clara Haskil, William Kappell, and others. Now I am crippled and cannot go even to Puerto Rico, but I am looking forward to the records, which I hope will come soon.

(MRS.) FRIEDA BECKMAN.
Knoxville, Tenn.

IRVING KOLODIN may wish to add to his Casals Discography a record (which I have in my far-from-complete Casals collection): Bach: Aria (from Suite in D) accompanied by Otto Schulhof; Bach: Andante (arr. Siloti) accompanied by Blas-Net. H.M.V.-D.B. 1404. I have been a follower of Mr. Kolodin's criticisms ever since the days of the 78s and his "guide books." If he is published nationally elsewhere than in *SR* I would appreciate knowing of it.

ROBERT M. SHIPLEY.
South Laguna, Calif.



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Lukas Foss

Continued from page 76

"It was," he points out, "composers who gave us the profession in the first place—Mendelssohn, Wagner, Mahler—and now we are simply returning to the earlier situation. Specialization has to go because it is no longer helpful but a hindrance."

Composition is a school that most conductors don't go to anymore and Foss insists that this gives him an edge. "There are certain results as a conductor which I can get and non-composing conductors cannot. Take the very best type of non-composing conductor—a Weingartner, for instance. He got the idea to conduct the *Grosse Fuge* with a string orchestra on a perfectly good premise—that a quartet cannot get the power needed. But then he went and did what a performer-conductor would do—he added the 'musical expression.' In other words, he normalized the abnormal expression of a unique piece with the result that, great conductor that he was, he didn't make any sense with the piece at all. The non-composer as interpreter simply applies certain sensitive rules he has learned. But *learned*. Yet what it takes is sometimes something entirely different from what has been learned, and this it takes a composer to find. In much old music and most of the new, the act of conducting has to be constantly re-created as though it didn't already exist; the profession has always to be invented over and over again in the light of insight.

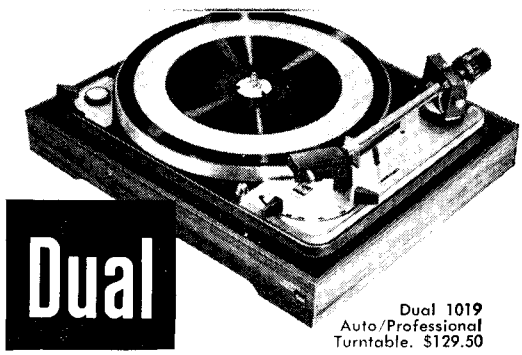
"Of course," he continues, "one has to be a good composer and a good conductor." Then, with a smile, "I know it's very arrogant of me to make that statement since, obviously, I'm implying it includes me in. Well, most of the time anyway."

He emphasizes again and again his lack of interest in conducting as a "career" and his opposition to the mentality of the "musical market place," his distaste for "all that idiocy which is supposed to be connected with the profession."

"The Career is a bore—intellectually shoddy; even audiences are beginning to recognize it. That's what makes conducting intellectually suspect. I've been told I should be more aloof; that I should take a lordly attitude more in keeping with what people expect. You know—the lion tamer, the conquering general, the great statesman-politician. Well, I can't. To me, all the beauty is in the function; the gesture is meaningful for what it does.

"I have done myself over as a composer . . . not out of duty, not out of fashion, but out of discovery. Well, the same job has to be done in conducting as well."

Foss was born Lukas Fuchs on August 15, 1922, in Berlin; his father was (and still is) a professor of philosophy; his mother, a painter. At the age of seven, having already demonstrated considerable musical talent, he took up composition. He says it was *Figaro*—the work he has just conducted for the first time in a theater—which was responsible for his early decision to devote his life to music. He learned the Act II finale from memory and could sing all the parts, an accomplishment which made him a star at family dinner parties. *Figaro* also inspired an opera of his own, the accomplishment of which put him a couple of



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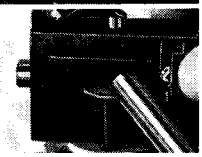

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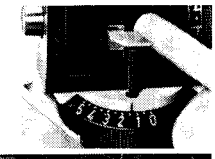

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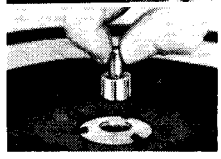

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years ahead of Mozart in the prodigy-composition department.

In 1933, at the moment of Hitler's accession to power, the family moved to Paris (where he studied briefly at the Conservatoire) and then to the United States. Foss's first American studies were at Curtis (piano with Isabelle Vengerova, composition with Rosario Scalero and Randall Thompson, and conducting with Fritz Reiner). His fellow students included Scalero's protégés, Samuel Barber and Gian Carlo Menotti, and it was in that musical *milieu* that he started out as a mature composer; Scalero to Stockhausen is the musical and psychic distance that Foss has traveled.

It was during this period that he made his debut as a conductor—with the Pittsburgh Symphony. He was seventeen. Foss has always started at the top. "I have never," he insists, "applied for a conducting job."

In 1940-41 he went to Yale to study with Hindemith. During the war years he subsisted on fellowships (Pulitzer, Guggenheim) and spent summers at Tanglewood, where he studied with Serge Koussevitzky. In 1944, Koussevitzky brought him to Boston as the official pianist of the Boston Symphony, a job that, as was well known, also involved reading and playing off scores—especially difficult modern ones—at the piano for the conductor. It was at this time that Foss earned a reputation as a pianist; these were also his Americana years as a composer. He became a major member of the *Amerikanische Schule*, producing neoclassical, Stravinskian music with a strong American—and Fossian—flavor.

IN 1950 Foss left Boston to go to Rome on a Fulbright. In 1953 he was appointed professor of composition and director of the orchestra at the University of California at Los Angeles, a position he held until he was appointed music director of the Buffalo Philharmonic in 1963. At UCLA he became especially interested in the composer-performer problem and began to work with it creatively. In 1957 he founded an Improvisation Chamber Ensemble—clarinet, cello, percussion, and piano—with the idea of developing an improvisational style specifically intended to break down the barriers between performance and the creative act.

In the five or six years of the Ensemble's existence, it followed a course which was, in effect, parallel to and the result of an extraordinary transition in Foss's own musical thinking. The early work of the Ensemble was in the manner of a free and neoclassical diatonicism closely related to Foss's own earlier written compositions. Then, in a frankly experimental way, new techniques were introduced, sometimes merely in a playful spirit, sometimes in a genuinely exploratory mood. Quite obviously the Improvisation Ensemble could not use avant-garde materials in complex, plotted serial structures, so the work of the group began to evolve quite naturally toward a kind of free, far out, performance-practice music. In his written-out work, Foss did flirt with stricter twelve-tone ideas; but even a work like *Time Cycle*, his closest approach to pure serialism and Webernism, has different versions for orchestra and chamber ensemble and can be performed with interpolated improvisations.

In the meantime, Foss turned down at least one major conducting post because of his fear that its heavy demands would interfere with his creative work. Then, in 1963, Buffalo came up with the right kind of schedule—one that didn't make it necessary for him to become an ex-composer—and he packed his bags. (His ties with Los Angeles had been tragically weakened, in any case, during the big fires of 1962, when his house burned down; he lost most of his personal possessions, including many manuscripts and works of art.)

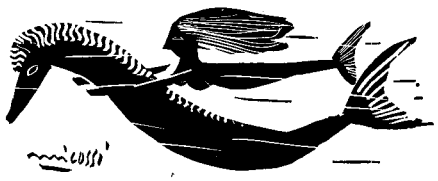
At Buffalo, Foss immediately instituted a policy of performing avant-garde music side by side with the classics. With the cooperation of the University (and its energetic music department headed by Alan Sapp) and the astonishing Albright-Knox Museum, he also formed a Center for the Creative and Performing Arts which brings young performers and avant-garde composers to Buffalo.

"I was very fortunate in Buffalo," Foss says. "Steinberg and Krips had already created a great instrument. And it's still a growing concern; since I've arrived we've expanded the season from twenty-four to thirty-six weeks. Of course, the subscribers kick about all the new music. But they come anyway—if only to find out what to kick about. When I get really too deep in trouble I go on television. Look how we've de-provincialized Buffalo; it's become a place where things are really happening."

Foss had already made his mark as a festival organizer in California with the Ojai Festival, which he helped give a national name. In addition to his new-music concerts in Buffalo and in New York and his regular guest appearances at the New York Philharmonic, he served as artistic director for two summer festivals at Lincoln Center—the first, a French-American Festival; the second, an event in honor of Igor Stravinsky.

After *Time Cycle*, his work increasingly took on the characteristics of open-form and a kind of performance-practice aleatory. *Echoi*, written for the instruments of the Improvisation Ensemble, is a kind of summation of the improvisational experiences but also a big step outward, incorporating action, gestural, and chance techniques along with serial and post-serial ideas, the whole bound together by a superb sense of gesture and ensemble sound and color. An orchestral work, *Elytres*, consists of a large score out of which various possibilities may be selected so that one performance will differ from another. The *Fragments of Archilochos* are an even more successful application of a similar idea. The Rostropovich Concerto is, in part, a rather startling gloss on a Bach unaccompanied suite, a Rauschenberg "combine" idea in which Bach is a departure point, not for neo-Dada or anti-art "pop," but as a kind of commentary on our experience of traditional art and performance today.

In fact, the best "neoclassical" art performed a similar function, and, in one sense, Foss actually "neoclassicizes" cer-



tain avant-garde ideas. He has so many obvious gifts as a composer that many people feel he should cut down on other activities and concentrate on creativity; even Foss seems to have his doubts from time to time about his public career as a performer. Yet it is likely that, if Foss feels his strength as a conductor derives at least in part from his role as a composer, his contribution as a composer is inevitably tied up with his experience as a performer. What in fact Foss, the pupil of Hindemith and admirer of Stravinsky, is creating is a kind of new *Gebrauchsmusik* and this music gains strength from its contact with the meaning of performance as an activity.

Gebrauchsmusik—music for use or "practical music"—has a bad name, but in fact the concept has considerable validity today if it is understood in terms of the new involvement and the new concreteness which are becoming an important and major aspect of new music. Contemporary music must certainly move away from its older exclusivist concerns toward a new broadness and a new reality which represent in some way the range and the richness—the hopefulness, the complexity, and the terror—of contemporary experience. And it is undoubtedly the constant and almost tangible connection with the reality of making music which gives Foss's work that distinct vitality and meaning which gets the newest, most complex, or "far out" idea instantly across. Foss's role—as a performer and as a composer—is right here, and it is in the matter of making these connections of parts and of integrating these experiences into a whole that he is a valuable presence.

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Editorial

Continued from page 36

military hardware that the Russians have, even if they don't have very much of it, and we think they are foolish and wasteful to have it. The U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff seem to want any military hardware they can get, and have recommended anti-missile deployment. Secretary of Defense McNamara, being interested in the efficiency of the military establishment, has been holding out against it, with the backing of the President.

Influenced by the Joint Chiefs (and probably by other considerations, including local economics), Congress last summer tried to jam it down the throat of the Administration by passing a supplemental appropriation, not requested by the President, for some initial stages of deployment. Only fourteen thoughtful Senators voted against it. The Administration still hasn't spent it, but shows signs of feeling the pressure, and much larger appropriations are being discussed for this session. The Senate seems to look on the anti-missile race as a drag-race, being concerned mainly with getting started and not with where we are going in foreign policy. But once the momentum of hardware procurement is built up, there will be no stopping and very little freedom to steer.

National politics being what it is, an anti-anti-missile agreement with the Russians probably is the only way that this next upward spiral in the arms race can be avoided, and it is fervently to be hoped that they will agree. Yet it seems rather unlikely that they will, in the light of their complex psychological and political problems involving Napoleon and Peking, not to mention Vietnam. If this be the course of events, as seems likely, it will be a pity that the foreign policy of our great nation should miss urgent opportunities for constructive diplomacy in a world of want by being so paranoid and imitative.

The alternative would be for us this once to forego a compulsive response, to permit Moscow the psychological lift of girding itself with an inefficient anti-missile system, and to watch the deployment stop at modest proportions for lack of competition. Our more-than-comfortable margin of superiority in strategic missiles permits us the option of waiting to observe this development without losing our position of strength. In the politics of tacit agreement and arms control by example, we could make it clear that our lack of response is predicated on their stopping within reason. Because of their peculiar bias toward defensive measures, they could be content with a static situation in which our side would retain an overall margin of superiority, and both sides should be happy. Then, in an atmosphere of relative cordiality, we and Russia could pursue the difficult and delicate problems posed by our truly mutual interests in avoiding the proliferation of nuclear weapons and in otherwise calming a hungry world. This restraint on the part of the giants may be used as a basis for wheedling restraint from the nuclear dwarfs.

—David R. Inglis.

Spring Reading

Continued from page 47

mentator Gordon Baxter counters with a photographic essay, *13/13 Vietnam: Search and Destroy* (World, $6.95, February), which salutes U.S. military intervention. In his foreword Trappist monk Thomas Merton seconds the appeal for peace by Buddhist monk, editor, philosopher, and poet Thich Nhat Hanh, *Vietnam: Lotus in a Sea of Fire* (Hill & Wang, hardbound, $3.50, paperback, $1.25, February). Recent antecedents to the conflict are dramatically depicted by Lucien Bodard, a Frenchman born and bred in Asia, who won the Prix d'Aujourd'hui for *The Quicksand War: Prelude to Vietnam* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $7.95, March), translated and abridged by Patrick O'Brian.

Let's get out of this mindless mess, challenges Howard Zinn, professor of government at Boston University. In *Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal* (Beacon, hardbound, $4.95, paperback, $1.25, March) he rebuts all arguments against retreat, then ghosts a public address for LBJ explaining with more gain than loss of dignity or face, why we're quitting the fight. Robert Lowell, Denise Levertov, Allen Ginsberg, James Dickey, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti are among the eighty-seven American poets who also cry out against the war in *Where Is Vietnam?*, edited by Walter Lowenfels (Anchor Original, paperback, $1.25, March).

For their legion of aficionados, *Double-Crostics #57* and *Double-Crostics #58*, by Doris Nash Wortman (Simon & Schuster, $2.50 each, respectively February and June), will between them afford 100 new puzzles. Finally SR editors are on the spring lists with *Present Tense: A Quarter Century at the Saturday Review*, by Norman Cousins (McGraw-Hill, $7.95, March); *Village School Downtown: Politics and Education—A Boston Report*, by Associate Education Editor Peter Schrag (Beacon, $5.95, April), and *Maiden Voyages: A Lively Guide for the Woman Traveler*, by Book Review Editor Rochelle Girson (Harcourt, Brace & World, April).

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(Continued from page 95)

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ISOLATED WILDERNESS VACATION available for two boys, age eleven. Fred Meader, Wild Lake, Alaska 99726.

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TRAVELED MOTHER (secretary), daughter (artist, 17) desire position Nantucket area July-August. Like children. Box A-458.

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INDEPENDENT COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL for girls located in Southwest has teaching openings in history, French, mathematics and physical education. If interested send resume. Box A-114.

DIRECTOR, PRESS AND PUBLIC RELATIONS: Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and Hollywood Bowl desire creative person, young at heart, to head expanding program. Send resume and salary requirements to General Manager, Southern California Symphony-Hollywood Bowl Association, 135 North Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90012.

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(Continued from page 97)

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GRENADA, WEST INDIES—6 room ranch house; 2 baths. ½ acre, private waterfront. Box A-423.

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Several readers have expressed displeasure at the wording, "Not available to New York residents," in a few of our property for sale classified advertisements. The statement was included because of New York's Real Property Law, Article 9-A, requiring that advertisers offering large tracts of land for subdivision wherever located must file an offering statement with the Department of State of New York. If this is not done, the words, "Not available to New York residents," must be included in the advertising copy. SR is simply obeying the law.

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ASPEN—America's sporting and cultural wonderland—offering acreages, homesites, condominiums, business opportunities. Not available to New York residents. Tri-Aspen Realty, Box 1831, Aspen, Colorado.

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CAMPS

GOLDEN ARROW in Sunapee, N.H., offers a personal noncompetitive approach where campers from varied backgrounds use the wilderness setting in creative living experiences. A balanced program from log-cabin building to music and photography. Bruce Charpentier, 35-54 88th Street, Jackson Heights, N.Y. 11372.

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IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

THE ROOTABAGA COUNTRY. A nation of 50 children, 6-13, self-governing under mature staff. Fun and adventures start with unusual musical, dramatic, and craft activities and extend to the deep woods of the Green Mountains. Explorations in mathematics. Wenonah and Michael Powsner, TRUMBULL HILL, Shaftsbury, Vermont 05262.

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SUMMERLANE CAMP: freedom, love, work and joy. Box 25Y, North Branch, New York.

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SEA TEE. Morning at Adventure Inn on subtropical Hilton Head Island, S.C. Surf scoters skim the ebbing tide. Cries of the children reveal a lucky catch on their crab lines. The balcony outside is bathed in sunlight. Tradewinds ruffle the palmettos, while beyond, emerald green golf courses beckon by the sea. Even pet alligator, Caesar, bellows: This is the way a vacation should be! Box 15, The Adventure Inn, Hilton Head Island, S.C.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1716

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. (Government) finds living quarters (for people dislodged by slum clearance projects).	15 199 132 115 125 153 98 8 110
B. Contrary; adverse.	179 106 197 194 131 32 40
C. N. American *Dominion*, as ruled by Edmund Andros, 1686-9 (2 wds.)	140 168 159 36 4 60 182 113 189 203
D. Invalidate something of a supposedly permanent nature.	200 31 124 161 143 67 46
E. Best thing to take to lose weight (2 wds.)	73 160 92 111 44 123 5 201
F. Twists out of shape.	169 34 121 215 16 134 72 170
G. Interesting name, probably from the Indian, of a region, parkway, etc. in S. Bronx, N.Y.C.	28 211 23 55 154 130 101
H. People who entreat in a solemn manner; magicians.	112 177 59 48 95 27 18 165 85
I. Special illumination, rich in actinic rays (2 wds.)	155 107 41 3 79 84 6 166 38 14 195
J. Nitrate export center, seaport in N. Chile.	214 94 58 70 87 26 141
K. Ancient prophet regularly invited to the Jewish ceremonies of Seder, for whom a cup is ready.	53 19 208 57 164 207
L. Preserve of mixed fruit, ginger, etc., orig. a Chinese confection.	149 185 175 129 142 69 157 204
M. Could describe any region where certain birds of prey are not found.	171 158 52 114 13 7 33

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Engrossed the whole of.	151 173 50 188 119 9 198 205 103 47 35
O. Cut partly, twine and weave into a hedge.	117 167 147 21 122
P. Rather dangerous liquor, prohibited in France, 1915.	97 100 86 118 174 54 127
Q. Candy made with almonds, pistachio nuts, etc., smoothed into a paste.	42 43 88 51 150 176
R. Criminal tramps.	109 82 66 163 12 137 178
S. Popular older actress of Russian origin in N.Y. theater of the Thirties.	128 29 138 213 152 78 126 91 24 183 11
T. Breadth of a clenched hand with the thumb extended—about 7 inches; a measure in archery.	10 148 212 196 172 89 162 96
U. Phases.	135 63 17 62 144 187 181
V. One of most popular 19th-cent. illustrators (d. 1924; given name Peter).	65 56 68 202 61 83
W. Utters many times.	22 37 120 76 90 1 190 116
X. Smallest in area, second in population, of the four U.S. Commonwealths.	25 191 71 99 145 133 2 180 80 39 45 184 105
Y. Endeavor to perform.	108 209 206 104 193 136 210
Z. Powerful natural motive forces in general.	192 64 81 77 146 139 75
Z¹. International Law's wd. for a state that exercises political control over another state.	93 49 102 74 30 186 20 156

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 W	2 X	3 I		4 C	5 E	6 I	7 M	8 A		9 N	10 T		11 S					
	12 R	13 M	14 I	15 A	16 F	17 U	18 H	19 K	20 Z¹	21 O		22 W	23 G		24 S		25 X					
26 J	27 H	28 G	29 S	30 Z¹		31 D	32 B	33 M	34 F	35 N	36 C		37 W	38 I	39 X		40 B					
41 I	42 Q		43 Q	44 E		45 X	46 D	47 N		48 H	49 Z¹	50 N	51 Q	52 M	53 K		54 P					
55 G	56 V		57 K	58 J	59 H	60 C	61 V	62 U		63 U	64 Z	65 V	66 R	67 D		68 V	69 L					
70 J	71 X	72 F	73 E	74 Z¹	75 Z		76 W	77 Z	78 S	79 I	80 X		81 Z	82 R	83 V	84 I	85 H					
	86 P	87 J	88 Q	89 T	90 W	91 S	92 E		93 Z¹	94 J	95 H	96 T	97 P	98 A	99 X		100 P					
101 G	102 Z¹	103 N	104 Y	105 X		106 B	107 I	108 Y	109 R	110 A		111 E	112 H	113 C	114 M	115 A	116 W					
	117 O	118 P	119 N	120 W	121 F		122 O	123 E	124 D	125 A	126 S		127 P	128 S	129 L	130 G	131 B					
	132 A	133 X	134 F	135 U	136 Y	137 R	138 S		139 Z	140 C	141 J		142 L	143 D	144 U	145 X	146 Z					
147 O		148 T		149 L	150 Q	151 N	152 S		153 A	154 G		155 I	156 Z¹	157 L	158 M		159 C					
160 E	161 D	162 T		163 R	164 K	165 H	166 I	167 O	168 C	169 F		170 F	171 M		172 T	173 N	174 P					
175 L	176 Q	177 H	178 R	179 B	180 X	181 U	182 C	183 S		184 X	185 L	186 Z¹	187 U		188 N	189 C	190 W					
	191 X	192 Z	193 Y	194 B	195 I	196 T		197 B	198 N	199 A	200 D	201 E	202 V	203 C		204 L	205 N					
206 Y	207 K		208 K	209 Y		210 Y	211 G		212 T	213 S	214 J	215 F										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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